Cuntia inflat Cantus aliferat: Rott Jones.

BRITANNIA'S

PASTORALS.

Sam: Hall

The first Booke.

Gift of Cousin R: C.

HORAT.

Carmine Dij superi placantur, carmine Manes.

LONDON,
Printed by IOHN HAVILAND.
1625.

10 m

BRITANNIUS

PASTORALS.

TO THE NO LESSE ENOBLED BY VERTVE, THEN ANCIENT IN NOBILITIE, the Right Honorable EDVVARD Lord *Zouch*, *Saint-Maure*, and *Cantelupe*, and one of his MAIESTIES *most Honourable Priuie* COVNCELL.

HOnors bright Ray,
More highly crown'd with *Vertue* thē with *yeares*,
Pardon a Rusticke *Muse* that thus appeares
In *Shepheards gray*,
Intreating your attention to a Lay
Fitting a *Siluan Bowre*, not *Courtly Traines*;
Such choiser eares,
Should haue *Apollo's* Priests, not *Pans* rude
But if the *Musick* of contented Plaines (Swaines:
A thought vpreares
For your approuement of that part she beares,
When time (that *Embrions* to perfection brings)
Hath taught her straines,

May better boaſt their being from the *Spring*
Wherebrane *Heroës* worths the *Siſters* ſing:
(In Lines whoſe raignes
In ſpight of *Enuy* and her reſtleſſe paines:
Be vnconfin'd as bleſt eternitie:)
The Vales ſhall ring
Thy Honor'd Name; and euery Song ſhall be
A *Pyramis* built to thy *Memorie*.

Your Honors:

W. BROVNE.

To the Reader.

THE times are swolne so big with nicer wits,
That nought sounds good but what Opinion *strikes.*
Censure *with* Iudgement *seld together sits;*
And now the Man *more then the* Matter *likes.*

The great Rewardresse *of a* Poets *Pen,*
Fame, *is by those so clogg'd shee seldome flyes,*
The Muses *sitting on the graues of men,*
Singing that Vertue *lines and neuer dyes,*

Are chas'd away by the malignant Tongues
Of such, by whom Detraction *is ador'd:*
Hence growes the want of euer-liuing Songs,
With which our Ile *was whilome brauely stor'd.*

If such a Basiliske *dart downe his Eye,*
(Impoyson'd with the dregs of vtmost hate)
To kill the first Bloomes of my Poesie,
It is his worst, and makes me fortunate.
Kinde wits I vaile to, but to fooles precise
I am as confident as they are nice.

From the Inner Temple, *Iune* the 18. 1613.

W. B.

IN
Bucolica G. BROVN.

Quod, per ſeceſſus Ruſtici otia, Licuit ad *Amic. & Bon. Lit. amantiſſ.*

ANACREONTICVM.

Καλλῶ σὸν Κυζίκεμ,
Σὲθ, Κύεραι Διὸς, ἤδος
Εμπίτευς, Ἑρμέ.
Τῇ συμπεσξαν Ἐρώτες·
Ταῖς ζωὴ Πσυχαὶ θοῖς·
Τῆς Μύσαι σοφίαν χεν·
Τοῖς σὺ Δέλ· ἀσφάλειαν·
Τῆς ἐμοὶ ἀσκίσης.

Ὡς γδῆς· αἰέρασθε
Ψυχῇ, Ἔρωτα πιῶν
Φόβγασ· αἰπῦ ἔπον·
Οἷς σοφοσυνῆ Ἐρῶτας.
Μύσαις κ' Ἀφροδίτη
Πεσθαῖον τῶν πλέκειν.
Νόσαις ἐμφοτερῆσιν
Οὗτος ἐστὶ φίλτερος.

Ad Amoris Numina.

QVin *voſtrum* Paphie, Anteros, Eróſq;
Vt Regnum capiat mali quid, abſit!
Venus, *per Syrium nimis venuſtum!*
Amplexus teneros, pares, ſuaues
Pſyches, *per, tibi, Baſiationum*
Eros *quantum erat! & per* Anterotis
Fœlices Animas! periclitanti
Obteſtor, dubiæq; conſulatis
Rei voſtræ! Miſerùm magis fauete
Languori, Miſerùm fauete Amantum,
Diui, cordolio! Quod eſt amatum

lctu

Ictu propitij ferire pectus!
Ictus quin sit ab aureâ sagittâ!
Ortas Spe placitâ fouere flammas!
Ortis quin Similes parate flammas!
Suas gnauiter ambiant * Neæras!
Et cautim laciant suos Neæræ!
Dextras sternuite adprobationes!
Adsuctis detur Osculum labellis!
Et iunctis detur Osculum saliuis!
Tui Nectaris adde, Diua, * *quinctam,*
Conturbet tremula libido linguæ,
Ne quis Basiâ * *fascinare possit!*
Morsus mutua temperet voluptas!
Dormitis, nimiumq; defuistis
Procis, atq; Adamantinis Puellis.
Isthæc prospiciens tibi, Cupido,
Audax admonui. Tuas Apollo,
Deusq; Arcadiæ, Minerua, *&* Hermes
Supplantant Veneres. Murinus *arcum*
Tendit, quin iaculis tuâ pharetrâ
Surreptis petimur. Camena *texit*
Cantu dædala, blandulum Aphrodites
Cestum, & insidias plicat. Mineruæ
Buxus, Mercurij *Chelys, Cicuta*
Fauni, *dulce melos canunt.* Erota
En, olim * *docuit, plagas* Eroti

* *Amica, Domina* (nostro idiomate amatorio, Mistrella) & *Neæra* sunt ytisynonyma *Prudentio*, ante alios, Peristeph. hymn. 12. & alieno biv. fiplacèt & *Ios. Scalig.* ad 3. *Tibull.*

* *Horat.* Carm. 1. od. 13.

* Ne felicem quis pernumeret. Finitus & notus numerus fascino, apud Veteres, obnoxius. Idq; in *Basij* obseruatum habes ap. *Catul.* carm. 5. & 7.

* *Amor* à *Pastore* omne genus Musices olim edoctus. *Bion* Idyll. 3.

Iam tendit, Iuuenis, Poëta, Pastor,
Isthac prospiciens tibi Cupido,
Audax admonuit. Esto Cupido.

By The Same.

SOmuch a Stranger my *Seuero Muse*
Is not to Loue-straines, or a Shepwards Reed,
But that She knowes some Rites of *Phœbus* dues;
Of *Pan*, of *Pallas*, and hir Sisters meed.
Reade and Commend She durst these tun'd essaies
Of *Him that loues her* (She hath euer found
Hir studies as one circle.) Next She prayes
His Readers be with *Rose* and *Myrtle* crown'd!
No *Willow* touch them! As His * *Baies* are free
From wreng of Bolts, so may their Chaplets bee.

I. Selden *Iuris C.*

* Baies (saies Reader) secure the memorials of Poets Garlands, (as Myrtle and Roses, are for easeguing Louers, and the Francise Willow, for those wounds your vnconstancy, goe oft, makes most vnhappy,) are supposed not subiect to any hurts of Iupiters stipendeibus, as other Trees are.

To his Friend the AVTHOR.

DRiue forth thy Flock, young Pastor, to that Plaine,
Where our old Shepheards wont their flocks to feed;
To those cleare walkes, where many a skilfull Swaine
To'ards the calme euning, tun'd his pleasant Reed.
Those, to the Muses once so sacred, Downes,
As no rude foot might there presume to stand:
(Now made the way of the vnworthiest Clownes,
Dig'd and plow'd up with each vnhallowed hand)
If possible thou canst, redeeme those places,
Where, by the brim of many a Siluer Spring,
The learned Maidens, and delightfull Graces
Often haue sate to heare our Shepheards sing:
Where on those Pines the neighb'ring Groues among,
(Now vtterly neglected in these daies)
Our Garlands, Pipes, and Cornamutes were hung
The monuments of our deserued praise.
So may thy Sheepe like, so thy Lambs increase,
And from the Wolfe feed euer safe and free!
So waist thou thriue, among the learned preasse,
As thou young Shepheard art below'd of mee!

MICHAEL DRAITON.

To his Ingenious and worthy Friend the
AVTHOR.

HE that will tune his Oaten-pipe aright,
To great *Apollo's* Harp: he that will write
A liuing Poem; muſt haue many yeeres,
And ſetled iudgement 'mongſt his equall peeres,
In well-rig'd Barke to ſteere his doubtfull courſe;
Leſt ſecret, rocky Enuy, or the ſource
Of froathy, but sky-towring Arrogance;
Or fleeting, ſandy vulgar-cenſure chance
To leaue him ſhip-wrackt, on the deſert Maine
Imploring aged *Neptunes* help in vaine.
The younger Cygnet, euen at beſt doth teare,
With his harſh ſquealings, the melodious eare:
It is the old, and dying Swan that ſings
Notes worthy life, worthy the *Theſpian* Springs.
But thou art young; and yet thy voice as ſweet,
Thy Verſe as ſmooth, Compoſure as diſcreet
As any Swans, whoſe tunefull Notes are ſpent
On *Thames* his bancks; which makes me confident,
He knowes no Muſick, hath nor eares, nor tongue,
That not commends a voice ſo ſweet, ſo young.

On him; a Paſtorall ODE *to his faireſt*
Shephearddeſſe.

Syren more then earthly faire,
Sweetly breake the yeelding Ayre:

Sing

Sing on *Albions* whitest Rocks:
Sing; whilst *Willy* to his Flocks,
Deftly tunes his various Reed.
Sing; and hee, whilst younglings feed,
Answer shall thy best of singing,
With his *Rurall Musicke*, bringing
Equall pleasure; and requite
Musickes sweets with like delight.
What though *Willyes* Songs be plaine?
Sweet they be: for hee's a Swaine
Made of purer mould then earth,
Him did *Nature* from his birth,
And the *Muses* single out,
For a second *Colin Clout*.
Tityrus — ide him a Singer:
Pan hin — ught his Pipe to finger:
Numbers, curious eares to please,
Learn'd he of *Philisides*.
Kala loues him: and the Lasses
Point at him, as by he passes,
Wishing neuer tongue that's bad
Censure may so blithe a Lad.
Therefore well can he requite
Musicks sweets with like delight:
Sing then; breake the yeelding ayre,
Syren more then earthly faire.

EDVVARD HEYVVARD,

è So. Int. Templ.

To his Friend the AVTHOR upon his Poem.

THis *Plant* is knottesse that puts forth these leaues,
Vpon whose Branches I his praise doe sing:
Fruitfull the Ground, whose verdure it receiues
From fertile Nature, and the learned *Spring*.
In zeale to Good; knowne, but vnpractiz'd Ill,
Chast in his thoughts, though in his youthfull *Prime*,
He writes of Past'rall Loue, with Nectar'd Quill,
And offers vp his first Fruits vnto Time.
Receiue them (*Time*) and in thy Border place them
Among thy various Flowers of Poesie;
No *Enuy* blast, nor *Ignorance* deface them,
But keepe them fresh in fairest *Memorie*!
And, when from *Daphne's tree* he plucks more *Baies*,
His *Shepheards Pipe* may chant more heau'nly laies.

CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

ANA-

ANAGRAMMA.

GVILIELMVS BROVVNE.

Ne vulgo Librum eius.

SI vulgus gustare tuo velis apta palato;
I, pete vulgares, ac aliunde, dapes.
Nil vulgare sapit Liber hic; hinc vulgus abesto,
Non nisi delicias haec tibi mensa dabit.

FR: DYNNE,

è So. Int. Templ.

To his Friend the Author.

ON (Iolly Lad) and hye thee to the Field
Among the best Swains that the Vallies yeeld;
Goe boldly, and in presence of them all,
Proceed a Shepheard with his Pastorall;
Let *Pan*, and all his rurall Traine attending,
From stately *Mountaines* to the *Plaines* descending,
Salute this Pastor with their kinde embraces,
And entertaine him to their holy places.
Let all the *Nymphes* of Hills and Dales together
Kisse him for earnest of his welcome thither.
Crowne him with Garlands of the choisest flowres,
And make him euer dwell within their Bowres:
For well I wote in all the Plaines around,
There are but few such Shepheards to be found,
That can such learned Layes and Ditties frame,
Or aptly fit their tunes vnto the same.
And let them all (if this young Swaine should die)
Tune all their *Reeds* to sing his *Memorie*.

THO. GARDINER,

& So. Int. Templ.

To the AVTHOR.

HAd I beheld thy Muſe *vpon the Stage,*
A Poeſie in faſhion with this age;
Or had I ſeene, when firſt I view'd thy taske,
An actiue wit dance in a Satyres *Maske,*
I ſhould in theſe haue prais'd thy Wit and Art,
But not thy ground, A Poems better part:
Which being the perfect'ſt Image of the Braine,
Not fram'd to any baſe end, but to gaine
True approbation of the Artiſts *worth,*
When to an open view he ſets it forth,
Indicioufly, he ſtriues; no leſſe t'adorne
By a choiſe Subiect, then a curious Forme:
Well haſt thou then paſt o'er all other rhime,
And in a Paſtorall *ſpent thy leaſures time:*
Where fruit ſo faire, and field ſo fruitfull is,
That hard it is to iudge whether in This
The Subſtance or the faſhion more excell,
So precious is the Iem, and wrought ſo well.
Thus reſt thou prais'd of me, Fruit, Field, Iem, Art,
Doe claime much praiſe to equall ſuch Deſart.

W. FERRAR,

of So. Med. Templ.

To the AVTHOR.

FRiend, Ile not erre in blazing of thy Worth;
This Worke in truest termes will set it forth:
In these few lines the all I doe intend,
Is but to shew that I haue such a Friend.

FR. OVLDE,
è S. In. Templ.

BRIT-

BRITANNIAS PASTORALS.

THE FIRST SONG.

THE ARGVMENT.

Marina's *Loue ycleep'd the faire,*
Celand's *disdaine, and her dispaire,*
Are the first wings my Muse puts on
To reach the sacred Helicon.

THat whilere neere *Tauies* straglingspringe,
Vnto my seely Sheepe did vse to singe,
And plaid to please my selfe, oh ruffick Reed,
Nor sought for *Bay*, (the learned Shepheards meed,)

* *Taule* is a riuer, hauing his head in *Dartmore* in *Deuon.* some few miles from *Marie Taule*, and falls Southward into *Tamar*: out of the same Moore riseth, running Northward, another called *Tau*: which by the way the rather I speake of, because, in the priuiledge of *Malmesburie de gest. Pontific. lib.* 2. *fol.* 146. you reade, *Est in Domynia Glastoniensium Monachorum iuxta Tam fluuium, quod Tadstock vocatur*: whereas vpon *Tau* stands (neere the North side of the Shire) *Tauistock* (being no remnants of a Monasterie:) so that you must heere reade, *Iuxta Tam Fluuium*, as in a manuscript Copie of *Malmesbury* (the forme of the hand assuring *Malmesburies* time) belonging to the Abbey of *S. Augustine* in *Canterburie* I haue seene, in the hande of my very learned Friend *Master Selden.*

But as a Swaine vnkent fed on the plaines,
And made the *Eccho* vmpire of my straines:
Am drawne by time (although the weak'st of many)
To sing those Laies as yet vnsung of any.
What need I tune the Swaines of *Thessaly?*
Or, bootlesse, adde to them of *Arcadie?*
No: faire *Arcadia* cannot be compleater,
My praise may lessen, but not make thee greater.
My *Muse* for lofty pitches shall not rome,
But homely pipen of her native home:
And to the Swaines, Loue rurall Minstralsie,
Thus deare *Britannia* will I sing of thee.

High on the plaines of that renowned Ile,
Which all men *Beauties* Garden-plot enstile,
A Shepherd dwelt, whom Fortune had made rich
With all the gifts that silly men bewitch.
Neare him a Shepherdesse for beauties store
Vnparalell'd of any Age before.
Wights those Bright heritrices flame did moue,
Which neuer knew before what twas to loue,
Dazling each Shepherds sight that viewd her eies.
And as the *Persian* did Idolatrise
Vnto the *Sunne:* they thought that *Cinthia's* light
Might well be spar'd, where she appear'd in night.
And as when many to the goale doe runne,
The prize is giuen neuer but to one:
So fitst, and onely *Celandine* was led,
Of Destinies and Heauen much fauoured,
To gaine this Beauty, which I here doe offer
To memory: his paines (who would not proffer

Paines

Paines for such pleasures?) were not great nor much,
But that his labours recompence was such
As countervailed all: for she whose passion,
(And passion oft is loue) whose inclination
Bent all her course to him-wards, let him know
He was the Elme whereby her Vine did grow:
Yea, told him, when his tongue began this taske,
She knew not to deny when he would aske.
Finding his suit as quickly got as mou'd,
Celandine, in his thoughts not well approu'd
What none could disallow, his loue grew fained,
And what he once affected now disdained.
But faire *Marina* (for so was she call'd)
Hauing in *Celandine* her loue install'd,
Affected so this faithlesse Shepherds Boy,
That she was rapt beyond degree of ioy.
Briefly, shee could not liue one houre without him,
And thought no ioy like theirs that liu'd about him.
This variable Shepherd for a while
Did Natures Iewell by his craft beguile:
And still the perfecter her loue did grow,
His did appeare more counterfeit in show.
Which she perceiuing that his flame did slake,
And lou'd her onely for his *Trophies* sake:
"For hee that's stuffed with a faithlesse tumour,
"Loues only for his lust and for his humour:
And that he often in his merry fit
Would say, his good came, ere he hop'd for it:
His thoughts for other subiects being prest,
Esteeming that as nought which he possest:

"For what is gotten but with little paine,
"As little griefe we take to lose againe:
Well-minded *Marine* grieuing, thought it strange
That her ingratefull Swaine did seeke for change.
Still by degrees her cares grew to the full,
Ioyes to the waine, heart-rending griefe did pull
Her from her selfe, and she abandon'd all
To cries and teares, fruits of a funerall:
Running, the mountaines, fields, by watry springs,
Filling each caue with wofull ecchoings;
Making in thousand places her complaint,
And vttering to the trees what her teares meant.
"For griefes conceal'd (proceeding from desire)
"Consume the more, as doth a close pent fire.
Whilst that the daies sole *Eye* doth guild the Seas,
In his daies iourney to th'*Antipodes*:
And all the time the *Ietty-Charioteere*
Hurles her blacke mantle through our *Hemisphere*,
Vnder the couert of a sprouting Pine
She sits and grieues for faithlesse *Celandine*.
Beginning thus: Alas! and must it be
That Loue which thus torments and troubles me
In setling it, so small aduice hath lent
To make me captiue, where enfranchisement
Cannot be gotten? nor where, like a slaue,
The office due to faithfull Prisoners, haue?
Oh cruell *Celandine*, why shouldst thou hate
Her, who to loue thee, was ordain'd by Fate!
Should I not follow thee, and sacrifice
My wretched life to thy betraying eies?

Aye

Aye me! of all my most vnhappy lot;
What others would, thou maist, and yet wilt not.
Haue I reiected those that me ador'd,
To be of him, whom I adore, abhor'd?
And pass'd by others teares, to make election
Of one, that should so passe-by my affection?
I haue: and see the heau'nly-powers intend,
"To punish sinners in what they offend.
May be he takes delight to see in me
The burning rage of hellish Ielousie;
Tries if in fury any loue appeares;
And bathes his ioy within my flood of teares.
But if he lou'd to soile my sportlesse soule,
And me amongst deceiued Maids enroule,
To publish to the world my open shame:
Then heart take freedome; hence accursed flame;
And, as Queene regent, in my heart shall moue
"*Disdaine*, that only ouer-ruleth *Loue*:
By this infranchiz'd sure my thoughts shall be,
And in the same sort loue, as thou lou'st me.
But what? or can I cancell or vnbinde
That which my heart hath seal'd & loue hath sign'd?
No, no, griefe doth deceiue me more each houre;
"For, who so truly loues, hath not that power.
I wrong to say so, since of all 'tis knowne,
"Who yeelds to loue doth leaue to be her owne.
But what auailes my liuing thus apart?
Can I forget him? or out of my heart
Can teares expulse his Image? surely no.
"We well may flie the place, but not the woe:

"Loues fire is of a nature which by turnes
"Conſumes in preſence, and in abſence burnes.
And knowing this: aye me! vnhappy wight!
What meanes is left to helpe me in this plight?
And from that peeuiſh ſhooting, hood-winckt elſe,
To repoſſeſſe my Loue, my heart, my ſelfe?
Onely this helpe I finde, which I elect:
Since what my life nor can nor will effect,
My ruine ſhall: and by it, I ſhall finde,
"Death cures (when all helps faile) the grieued mind.
And welcome here, (then Loue, a better gueſt)
That of all labours art the onely reſt:
Whilſt thus I liue, all things diſcomfort giue,
The life is ſure a death wherein I liue:
Saue life and death doe differ in this one,
That life hath euer cares, and death hath none.
But if that he (diſdainfull Swaine) ſhould know
That for his loue I wrought my ouerthrow;
Will he not glory in't? and from my death
Draw more delights, & giue new ioyes their breath?
Admit he doe, yet better 'tis that I
Render my ſelfe to *Death* then *Miſery*.
I cannot liue, thus barred from his ſight,
Nor yet endure, in preſence, any wight
Should loue him but my ſelfe. O reaſons eye,
How art thou blinded with vilde Iealouſie!
And is it thus? Then which ſhall haue my blood,
Or certaine ruine, or vncertaine good?
Why do I doubt? Are we not ſtill aduiz'd
"That certaintie in all things beſt is priz'd?

Then

Then, if a certaine end can helpe my mone,
"Know *Death* hath certaintie, but *Life* hath none.
Here is a Mount, whose top seemes to despise
The farre inferiour Vale that vnder lies:
Who like a great man raisd aloft by Fate,
Measures his height by others meane estate:
Neere to whose foot there glides a siluer-flood,
Falling from hence, Ile climbe vnto my good:
And by it finish Loue and Reasons strife,
And end my misery as well as life.
But as a Cowards hartener in warre,
The stirring Drum, keepes lesser noyse from farre:
So seeme the murmuring waues, tell in mine eare,
That guiltlesse bloud was neuer spilled there.
Then stay a while; the Beasts that haunt those springs,
Of whom I heare the fearefull bellowings,
May doe that deed, (as moued by my cry)
Whereby my soule, as spotlesse Iuory,
May turn from whence it came, and, freed from hence,
Be vnpolluted of that foule offence.
But why protract I time? Death is no stranger:
"And generous spirits neuer feare for danger:
"Death is a thing most naturall to vs,
"And Feare doth onely make it odious.
As when to seeke her food abroad doth roue
The *Nuncius of peace*, the seely Doue,
Two sharpe-set hawkes doe her on each side hem,
And she knowes not which way to flie from them:
Or like a ship that tossed to and fro
With wind and tide; the wind doth sternly blow,

And driues her to the Maine, the tide comes fore
And hurles her backe againe towards the shore.
And since her balaft, and her sailes doe lacke,
One brings her out, the other beats her backe:
Till one of them increasing more his shockes,
Hurles her to shore, and rends her on the Rockes:
So stood she long, twixt Loue and Reason toft,
Vntill Despaire (who where it comes rules most)
Wonne her to throw her selfe, to meet with Death,
From off the Rocke into the floud beneath.
The waues that were aboue when as she fell,
For feare flew backe againe into their Well;
Doubting ensuing crimes on them would frowne,
That they so rare a beauty helpt to drowne.
Her fall, in griefe, did make the streame so rore,
That sullen murmurings fill'd all the shore.

A Shepheard (neere this floud that fed his sheepe,
Who at this chance left grazing and did weepe)
Hauing so sad an obiect for his eyes,
Left Pipe and Flocke, and in the water flyes,
To saue a Iewell, which was neuer sent
To be possest by one sole Element:
But such a worke Nature disposde and gaue,
Where all the *Elements* concordance haue.
He tooke her in his armes, for pitie cride,
And brought her to the Riuers further side:
Yea, and he sought by all his Art and paine,
To bring her likewise to her selfe againe:
While she that by her fall was senselesse left,
And almost in the waues had life bereft,

Lay

Lay long, as if her sweet immortall spirit
Was fled some other Palace to inherit.
But as cleere *Phœbus*, when some foggy cloud
His brightnesse from the world a while doth shrowd,
Doth by degrees begin to shew his light
Vnto the view: Or, as the Queene of night,
In her increasing homes, doth rounder grow,
Till full and perfect she appeare in show:
Such order in this Maid the Shepheard spies,
When she began to shew the world her eyes.
Who (thinking now that she had past Deaths dreame,
Occasion'd by her fall into the streame,
And that Hells Ferriman did then deliuer
Her to the other side th'infernall Riuer)
Said to the Swaine: O *Charon*, I am bound
More to thy kindnesse, then all else, that round
Come thronging to thy Boat; thou hast past ouer
The wofullst Maid that ere these shades did couer:
But prithee, Ferriman direct my Spright
Where that blacke Riuer runs that *Lethe* hight,
That I of it (as other Ghosts) may drinke,
And neuer of the world, or Loue, more thinke,
The Swaine perceiuing by her words ill sorted,
That she was wholly from her selfe transported:
And fearing least those often idle firs
Might cleane expell her wholl collected wits:
Faire Nymph, (said he) the powers aboue deny
So faire a Beauty should so quickly die.
The Heauens vnto the World haue made a loane,
And must for you haue interest, Three for One;

Call

Call backe your thoughts ore-cast with dolours night,
Do you not see the day, the heauens, the light?
Doe you not know in *Plutoes* darksome place
The light of heauen did neuer shew his face?
Do not your pulses beat, y'are warme, haue breath,
Your sense is rapt with feare, but not with death?
I am not *Charon*, nor of *Plutoes* host;
Nor is there flesh and bloud found in a Ghost:
But as you see, a seely Shepheards swaine,
Who though my meere reuenues be the traine
Of milk-white sheepe, yet am I ioyd as much,
In sauing you, (O, who would not saue such?)
As euer was the wandring youth of *Greece*,
That brought, from *Colchos*, home, the golden *Fleece*.
The neuer-too-much-praised faire *Marine*,
Hearing those words, beleeu'd her eares and eyne:
And knew how she escaped had the flood
By meanes of this young Swaine that neere her stood.
Whereat for griefe she gan againe to faint,
Redoubling thus her cryes and sad complaint:
Alas! and is that likewise barr'd from me,
Which for all persons else lies euer free?
Will life, nor death, nor ought abridge my paine?
But liue still dying, dye to liue againe?
Then most vnhappy I! which finde most sure,
The wound of *Loue neglected* is past cure,
Most cruell *God of Loue* (if such there be)
That still to my desires art contrarie!
Why should I not in reason this obtaine,
That as I loue, I may be lou'd againe?

Alas!

Alas! with thee too, *Nature* playes her parts,
That fram'd ſo great a diſcord tweene two harts:
One flyes, and alwayes doth in hate perſeuer;
The other followes, and in loue growes euer.
Why doſt thou not extinguiſh cleane this flame,
And plac't on him that beſt deſerues the fame?
Why had not I affected ſome kinde youth,
Whoſe euery word had beene the word of Truth?
Who might haue had to loue, and lou'd to haue,
So true a Heart as I to *Celand* gaue.
For *Pſyches* loue! if beautie gaue thee birth,
Or if thou haſt attractiue power on earth,
Dame *Venus* ſweeteſt Childe, requite this loue.
Or Fate yeeld meanes my ſoule may hence remoue!
Once ſeeing in a ſpring her drowned eyes,
O cruell beautie, cauſe of this, (ſhe cryes,)
Mother of *Loue*, (my ioyes moſt fatall knife)
That workſt her death, by whom thy ſelfe haſt life!
The youthfull Swaine that heard this louing Saint
So oftentimes to poure forth ſuch complaint,
Within his heart ſuch true affection prais'd,
And did perceiue kinde loue and pittie rais'd
His minde to ſighs; yea, beautie forced this,
That all her griefe he thought was likewiſe his.
And hauing brought her what his lodge affords,
Sometime he wept with her, ſometime with words
Would ſeeke to comfort; when alas poore elſe
He needed then a comforter himſelfe.
Daily whole troopes of griefe vnto him came,
For her who languiſh'd of another flame.

If that she sigh'd, he thought him lou'd of her,
When 'twas another saile her wind did stirre:
But had her sighs and teares beene for this Boy,
Her sorrow had beene lesse, and more her ioy.
Long time in griefe he hid his loue-made paines,
And did attend her walkes in woods and plaines:
Bearing a fuell, which her Sun-like eies
Enflam'd, and made his heart the sacrifice.
Yet he, sad Swaine, to shew it did not dare;
And she, lest he should loue, nie dy'd for feare.
She, euer-wailing, blam'd the powers aboue,
That night nor day giue any rest to Loue.
He prais'd the Heauens in silence, oft was mute,
And thought with teares and sighs to winne his sute.
Once in the shade, when she by sleepe repos'd,
And her cleere eies twixt her faire lids enclos'd;
The Shepheard Swaine began to hate and curse
That day vnfortunate, which was the nurse
Of all his sorrowes. He had giuen breath
And life to her which was his cause of death.
O *Æsops* Snake, that thirstest for his bloud,
From whom thy selfe receiu'dst a certaine good.
Thus oftentimes vnto himselfe alone
Would he recount his griefe, vtter his mone;
And after much debating, did resolue
Rather his Grandame earth should cleane inuolue
His pining bodie, ere he would make knowne
To her, what Tares Loue in his breast had sowne.
Yea, he would say when griefe for speech hath cride;
" 'Tis better neuer aske than be denide.

But

But as the Queene of Riuers, faireſt *Thames*,
That for her buildings other flouds enflames
With greateſt enuie: Or the *Nymph* of *Kent*,
That ſtatelieſt *Ships* to Sea hath euer ſent;
Some baſer groome, for lucres helliſh courſe,
Her channell hauing ſtopt, kept backe her fourſe,
(Fill'd with diſdaine) doth ſwell about her mounds,
And ouerfloweth all the neighb'ring grounds,
Angry ſhe teares vp all that ſtops her way,
And with more violence runnes to the *Sea*:
So the kinde Shepheards griefe (which long vppent
Grew more in power, and longer in extent)
Forth of his heart more violently thruſt,
And all his vow'd intentions quickly burſt.
Marina hearing ſighs, to him drew neere,
And did intreat his cauſe of griefe to heare:
But had ſhe knowne her beautie was the ſting
That cauſed all that inſtant ſorrowing;
Silence in bands her tongue had ſtronger kept,
And ſh'ad not aſk'd for what the *Shepheard* wept.
The Swaine firſt, of all times, this beſt did thinke,
To ſhew his loue, whilſt on the Riuers brinke (her
They ſate alone, then thought, hee next would moue
With ſighs and teares, (true tokens of a Louer:)
And ſince ſhe knew what helpe from him ſhe found
When in the Riuer ſhe had elſe beene drown'd,
He thinketh ſure ſhe cannot but grant this,
To giue reliefe to him, by whom ſhe is:
By this incited, ſaid; Whom I adore,
Sole Miſtreſſe of my heart, I thee implore,

Doe

Doe not in bondage hold my freedome long.
And since I life or death hold from your tongue,
Suffer my heart to loue; yea, dare to hope
To get that good of loues intended scope.
Grant I may praise that light in you I see,
And dying to my selfe, may liue in thee.
Faire Nymph, surcease this death-alluring languish,
So rare a beautie was not borne for anguish.
Why should'st thou care for him that cares not for thee?
Yea, most vnworthy wight, seemes to abhorre thee.
And if he be as you doe here paint forth him,
He thinkes you best of beauties are not worth him;
That all the ioies of Loue will not quite cost
For all lou'd-freedome which by it is lost.
Within his heart such selfe-opinion dwels,
That his conceit in this he thinkes excels;
Accounting womens beauties fugred baits,
That neuer catch, but fooles, with their deceits:
"Who of himselfe harbours so vaine a thought,
"Truly to loue could neuer yet be brought.
Then loue that heart where lies no faithlesse feed,
That neuer wore dissimulations weed:
Who doth account all beauties of the Spring,
That iocund Summer-daies are vshering,
As foiles to yours. But if this cannot moue
Your minde to pittie, nor your heart to loue;
Yet sweetest graunt me loue to quench that flame,
Which burnes you now. Expell his worthlesse name,
Cleane root him out by me, and in his place
Let him inhabit, that will runne a race

More

More true in loue. It may be for your rest.
And when he sees her, who did loue him best,
Possessed by another, he will rate
The much of good he lost, when 'tis too late:
"For what is in our powers, we little deeme,
"And things possest by others, best esteeme.
If all this gaine you not a *Shepherds* wife,
Yet giue not death to him which gaue you life.
Marine the faire, hearing his wooing tale,
Perceiued well what wall his thoughts did scale.
And answer'd thus: I pray sir Swaine, what boot
Is it to me to plucke vp by the roote
My former loue, and in his place to sow
As ill a seed, for any thing I know?
Rather gainst thee I mortall hate retaine,
That seek'st to plant in me new cares, new paine:
Alas! th'hast kept my soule from deaths sweet bands;
To giue me ouer to a Tyrants hands;
Who on his racks will torture by his power,
This weakned, harmelesse body, euery howre.
Be you the Iudge, and see if reasons lawes
Giue recompence of fauour for this cause:
You from the streames of death, brought life on shore;
Releas'd one paine, to giue me ten times more.
For loues sake, let my thoughts in this be free;
Obiect no more your hapelesse sauing mee:
That Obligation which you thinke should binde;
Doth still increase more hatred in my minde;
Yea, I doe thinke more thankes to him were due
That would bereaue my life, than vnto you.

The

The Thunder-stroken Swaine lean'd to a tree,
As void of sense as weeping *Niobe*:
Making his teares the instruments to woe her,
The Sea wherein his loue should swimme vnto her:
And, could there flow from his two-headed font,
As great a flood as is the *Hellespont*;
Within that deepe he would as willing wander,
To meet his *Hero*, as did ere *Leander*.
Meane while the *Nymph* with-drew her selfe aside,
And to a Grouo at hand her steps applide.

With that sad sigh (O I had it neuer seene,
His heart in better case had euer beene)
Against his heart, against the streame he went,
With this resolue, and with a full intent,
When of that streame he had discouered
The fount, the well-spring, or the bubling head,
He there would sit, and with the Well drop vie,
That it before his eies would first runne drie:
But then bethought the god that haunts that Lake
The spoiling of his Spring would not well take.
And therefore leauing soone the Crystall flood,
Did take his way vnto the neerest Wood,
Scaring himselfe within a darksome Caue,
(Such places heauie *Saturnists* doe craue,)
Where yet the gladsome day was neuer seene,
Nor *Phœbus* piercing beames had euer beene.
Fit for the *Synods* house of those fell Legions,
That walke the Mountaines, and *Siluanus* regions.
Where *Tragedie* might hauc her full scope giuen,
From men aspects, and from the view of heauen.

With

a *Dea fand, i. Nymphæ, plurimumque fontibus & fluuijs præsunt apud poetas, quæ Ephydriades, & Naiades dicitæ: verum & nobis tamen deum præficere (sic Alpheum Tyberinum, & Rhenum, & ad genus alios duces legimus) haud illicitum.*

Within the ſame ſome crannies did deliuer
Into the midſt thereof a pretty Riuer
The *Nymph* whereof came by out of her veines
Of our firſt mother, hauing late tane paines
In ſcouring of her channell all the way,
From where it firſt began to leaue the Sea:
And in her labour thus farre now had gone,
When cõming through the Caue, ſhe heard that one
Spake thus: *If I doe in my death perſuer*
Pittie may that effect, which Loue could neuer.
By this ſhe can coniecture 'twas ſome Swaine,
Who ouerladen by a Maids diſdaine,
Had here (as fitteſt) choſen out a place,
Where he might giue a period to his race
Of his loath'd life: which ſhe (for pitties ſake)
Minding to hinder, diu'd into her Lake,
And haſtned where the neer-reuiuing Earth
Vnto her Current giues a wiſhed birth,
And by her new deliuered Riuers ſide,
Vpon a Banke of flow'rs, had ſeene eſpide
Remond, young *Remond*, that full well could ſing,
And tune his Pipe at *Pans* birth carolling,
Who for his nimble leaping, ſweeteſt layes,
A Lawrell garland wore on Holy-dayes;
In framing of whoſe hand Dame *Nature* ſwore
There neuer was his like, nor ſhould be more:
Whoſe locks (inſnaring nets) were like the rayes,
Wherewith the Sunne doth diaper the Seas:
Which if they had beene cut, and hung vpon
The ſnow-white Cliffes of fertile *Albion*,

Would haue allured more, to be, their winner,
Then all the * Diamonds that are hidden in her.
Him she accosted thus: Swaine of the *Wreathe*,
Thou art not placed, onely here to breathe;
But *Nature* in thy framing shewes to mee,
Thou shouldst to others, as she did to thee,
Doe good; and surely I my selfe perswade,
Thou neuer wert for euill action made.
In heauens Consistory 't was decreed,
That choyseſt fruit should come from choyseſt seed;
In baser vessels we doe euer put
Baſeſt materials, doe neuer shut
Those Iewels most in estimation set,
But in some curious costly *Cabinet*.
If I may iudge by th'outward shape alone,
Within, all vertues haue conuention:
" For't giues most lustre vnto Vertues feature,
" When she appeares cloth'd in a goodly creature.
Halfe way the hill, neere to those aged trees,
Whose insides are as Hiues for labring Bees,
(As who should say (before their roots were dead)
For good workes sake and almes, they harboured
Those whom nought else did couer but the Skies:)
A path (vntroden but of Beasts) there lies,
Directing to a Caue in yonder glade,
Where all this Forrests Citizens, for shade
At noone-time come, and are the first, I thinke,
That (running through that Caue) my waters drinke:
Within this Rocke there sits a wofull wight,
As void of comfort as that Caue of light;

And

* Iulium Cæsarem, *sic Margaritas, Britanniam pensile, scribit* Sueton. *in* Iul. *cap.* 47. & *ex iis Thuræ cum fustum Veneri genetrici dicasse.* Plin. *Hist. Nat.* 9. *ca.* 35. *De Margaritis verò nostris consulas* Camden. *in Comit.* & *Somers.*

And as I wot, occasion'd by the frownes
Of some coy *Shepheardesse* that haunts these Downes.
This I doe know (whoſ'euer wrought his care)
He is a man nye treading to deſpaire.
Then hie thee thither, ſince 'tis charitie
To ſaue a man; leaue here thy flocke with me:
For whilſt thou ſau'ſt him from the *Stygian* Bay,
Ile keepe thy Lambkins from all beaſts of prey.
The neerneſſe of the danger (in his thought)
As it doth euer, more compaſſion wrought:
So that with reuerence to the Nymph, he went
With winged ſpeed, and haſt'ned to preuent
T h'vntimely ſeiſure of the greedy graue:
Breathleſſe, at laſt, he came into the Caue;
Where, by a ſigh directed to the man,
To comfort him he in this ſort began: (Caue
Shepheard all haile, what meane theſe plaints? this
(Th'image of death, true portrait of the graue)
Why doſt frequent? and waile thee vnder ground,
From whence there neuer yet was pitty found?
Come forth, and ſhew thy ſelfe vnto the light,
Thy griefe to me. If there be ought that might
Giue any eaſe vnto thy troubled minde,
We ioy as much to giue, as thou to finde.
The Loue-ſicke Swaine replide: *Remond*, thou art
The man alone to whom I would impart
My woes, more willing then to any Swaine,
That liues and feeds his ſheepe vpon the plaine.
But vaine it is, and 'twould increaſe my woes
By their relation, or to thee or thoſe

That cannot remedy. Let it suffise,
No fond distrust of thee makes me precise
To shew my griefe. Leaue me then, and forgo
This Caue more lad, since I haue made it so.
Here teares broke forth. And *Remond* gan anew
With such intreaties, earnest to pursue
His former suit, that he (though hardly) wan
The Shepherd to disclose, and thus began:
Know briefly *Remond* then, a heauenly face,
Natures Idea, and perfections grace,
Within my breast hath kindled such a fire,
That doth consume all things, except desire;
Which daily doth increase, though alwaies burning,
And I want teares, but lacke no cause of mourning:
"For he whom Loue vnder his colours drawes,
"May often want th'effect, but ne're the cause.
Quoth th'other, haue thy starres maligne been such,
That their predominations sway so much
Ouer the rest, that with a milde aspect
The Liues and loues of Shepherds doe affect?
Then doe I thinke there is some greater hand,
Which thy endeuours still doth countermand:
Wherfore I wish thee quench the flame, thus mou'd,
"And neuer loue except thou be belou'd:
"For such an humour euery woman seiseth,
"She loues not him that plaineth, but that pleaseth.
"Whē much thou loueſt, most disdain coms on thee,
"And whē thou think'st to hold her, she flies fr̄ thee:
"She follow'd, flies; she fled from follower post,
"And loueth best where she is hated most.

"Tis

"Tis euer noted both in Maids and Wiues,
"Their hearts and tongues are neuer Relatiues.
"Hearts full of holes, (so elder Shepherds saine)
"As apter to receiue then to retaine.
Whose crafts and wiles did I intend to show,
This day would not permit me time I know:
The dayes swift horses would their course haue run,
And diu'd themselues within the *Ocean*,
Ere I should haue performed halfe my taske,
Striuing their craftie subtilties t'vnmaske.
And gentle Swaine same counsell take of me;
Loue not still where thou maist; loue, who loues thee;
Draw to the courteous, flie thy loues abhorrer,
"And if she be not for thee, be not for her.
If that she still be wauering, will away,
Why shouldst thou striue to hold that will not stay?
This Maxime, Reason neuer can confute,
"Better to liue by losse then die by lute.
If to some other Loue she is inclinde,
Time will at length cleane roote that from her minde.
Time will extinct Loues flames, his hell-like flashes,
And like a burning brand consum'd to ashes.
Yet maist thou still attend, but not importune:
"Who seekes oft mischeife, sleepers light on fortune,
Yea and oft women too. "Thus doth the Sors
"Haue Fate and fairest women for their lots.
"Fauour and pittie wait on Patience:
And harred oft attendeth violence.
If thou wilt get delire, whence Loue hath pawn'd it,
Releeue me, take thy time, but ne'er demand it.

Women, as well as men, retaine desire;
But can dissemble, more then men, their fire.
Be neuer caught with looks, nor selfe-wrought rumor;
Nor by a quaint disguise, nor singing humor.
Those out-side shewes are toies, which outwards snare:
But vertue lodg'd within, is onely faire.
If thou hast seene the beautie of our Nation,
And find'st her haue no loue, haue thou no passion:
But seeke thou further; other places sure
May yeeld a face as faire, a Loue more pure:
Leaue (ô then leaue) fond Swaine this idle course,
For Loue's a God no mortall wight can force.

Thus *Remond* said, and saw the faire *Marine*
Plac'd neere a Spring, whose waters Crystalline
Did in their murmurings beare a part, and plained
That one so true, so faire, should be disdained:
Whilst in her cries, that fild the vale along,
Still *Celand* was the burthen of her song.
The stranger Shepherd left the other Swaine,
To giue attendance to his fleecy traine;
Who in departing from him, let him know,
That yonder was his freedomes ouerthrow,
Who sate bewailing (as he late had done)
That loue by true affection was not wonne.
This fully knowne: *Remond* came to the Maid
And after some few words (her teares allaid)
Began to blame her rigour, call'd her cruell,
To follow hate, and flie loues chiefest Iewell.

Faire; doe not blame him that he thus is moued;
For women sure were made to be beloued.

If

If beautie wanting louers long should stay,
It like an house vndwelt in would decay:
When in the heart if it haue taken place
Time cannot blot, nor crooked age deface.
The Adamant and Beauty we discouer
To be alike; for Beauty drawes a Louer,
The Adamant his Iron. Doe not blame
His louing then, but that which caus'd the same.
Who so is lou'd, doth glory so to be:
The more your Louers, more your victorie.
Know, if you stand on faith, most womens lothing,
Tis but a word, a character of nothing.
Admit it somewhat, if what we call constance,
Within a heart hath long time residence,
And in a woman, she becomes alone
Faire to her selfe, but foule to euery one.
If in a man it once haue taken place,
He is a foole, or dotes, or wants a face
To win a woman, and I thinke it be
No vertue, but a meere necessitie.
Heauens powers deny it Swain (quoth she) haue done,
Striue not to bring that in derision,
Which whosoe'er detracts in setting forth,
Doth truly derogate from his owne worth.
It is a thing which heauen to all hath lent
To be their vertues chiefest ornament:
Which who so wants, is well compar'd to these
False tables, wrought by *Alcibiades*;
Which noted well of all, were found t'haue bin
Most faire without, but most deform'd within.

Then Shepherd know, that I intend to be
As true to one, as he is false to me.

To one? (quoth he) why so? Maids pleasure take
To see a thousand languish for their sake:
Women desire for Louers of each sort;
And why not you? Th' amorous Swaine for sport;
The Lad that driues the greatest flocke to field;
Will Buskins, Gloues, and other fancies yeeld;
The gallant Swaine will saue you from the iawes
Of rauenous Beares, and from the Lions pawes.
Beleeue what I propound; doe many chuse,
"The least Herbe in the field serues for some vse.

Nothing perswaded, nor allwag'd by this,
Was fairest *Marine*, or her heauinesse:
But prai'd the Shepherd as heere-to did hope
His silly sheepe should fearelesse haue the scope
Of all the shadowes that the trees doe lend,
From *Raynards* stealth, when *Titan* doth ascend,
And runne his mid-way course: to leaue her there,
And to his bleating charge againe repaire.
He condescended; left her by the brooke,
And to the Swaine and's sheepe himselfe betooke.

He gone: she with her selfe thus gan to faine;
Alas poore *Marine*, think'st thou to attaine
His loue by sitting here? or can the fire
Be quencht with wood? can we allay desire
By wanting what's desired? O what breach
The cause of life, should be the cause of death!
That who is shipwrackt on loues hidden shelfe,
Doth liue to others, dies vnto her selfe.

Why

Why might not I attempt by Death as yet
To gaine that freedome, which I could not get,
Being hind'red heretofore, a time as free:
A place as fit offers it selfe to me,
Whose seed of ill is growne to such a height,
That makes the earth groane to support his weight.
Who so is lull'd asleepe with *Mida's* treasures,
And onely feares by death to lose lifes pleasures;
Let them feare death: but since my fault is such,
And onely fault, that I haue lou'd too much,
On ioyes of life, why should I stand! for those
Which I neere had, I surely cannot lose.
Admit a while I to these thoughts consented,
"Death can be but deferred, not preuented.
Then raging with delay, her teares that fell
Vsher'd her way, and she into a Well
Straight-waies leapt after: "O! how desperation
"Attends vpon the minde enthral'd to passion!
The fall of her did make the God below,
Starting, to wonder whence that noise should grow:
Whether some ruder Clowne in spight did fling
A Lambe, vntimely falne, into his Spring:
And if it were, he solemnly then swore
His Spring should flow some other way: no more
Should it in wanton manner ere be seene
To writhe in knots, or giue a gowne of greene
Vnto their Meadowes, nor be seene to play,
Nor driue the Rushy-mils, that in his way
The Shepherds made: but rather for their lot,
Send them red waters that their sheepe should rot.

And

And with such Moorish Springs embrace their field,
That it should nought but Mosse and Rushes yeeld.
Vpon each hillocke, where the merry Boy
Sits piping in the shades his Notes of ioy,
Hee'd shew his anger, by some floud at hand,
And turne the same into a running sand.
Vpon the *Oake*, the *Plumbe-tree*, and the *Holme*,
The *Stock-dove* and the *Blackbird* should not come,
Whose muting on those trees doe make to grow
Rots curing* *Hyphear*, and the *Misseltoe*.
Nor shall this helpe their sheep, whose stomacks failes,
By tying knots of wooll neere to their tailes:
But as the place next to the knot doth die,
So shall it all the body mortifie.
Thus spake the God: but when as in the water
The corps came sinking downe, he spide the matter,
And catching softly in his armes the Maid,
He brought her vp, and having gently laid
Her on his banke, did presently command
Those waters in her to come forth: at hand
They straight came gushing out, and did contest
Which chiefly should obey their Gods behest.
This done, her then pale lips he straight held ope,
And from his siluer haire let fall a drop
Into her mouth, of such an excellence,
That call'd backe life, which grieu'd to part from
Being for troth assur'd, that, then this one, (thence,
She ne'er possest a fairer mansion.
Then did the God her body forwards steepe,
And cast her for a while into a sleepe;

Sitting

* *Hyphear ad sequanda Pecora valet.* Nec cuiquam furens valet mala mederier, nec nisi per alium cuncta reddens maxime Palumbes & Turdi. Plin. Hist. Nat. 16. cap. 44. Hinc illud vetus verbum, Turdus sibi malum cacat.

Sitting still by her did his full view take
Of Natures Master-peece. Here for her sake,
My Pipe in silence as of right shall mourne,
Till from the watring we againe returne.

The Second Song.

The Argvment.

Obliuions *Spring, and* Dory's *loue,*
With faire Marina's *rape, first moue*
Mine Oaten Pipe, which after sings
The birth of two renowned Springs.

NOw till the Sunne shall leaue vs to our rest,
And *Cynthia* haue her Brothers place possest,
I shall goe on: and first in diffring stripe,
The floud-Gods speech thus tune on Oaten Pipe.

Or

Or mortall, or a power aboue,
I rag'd by Fury, or by Loue,
Or both, I know not; such a deed
Thou would'st effected, that I bleed
To thinke thereon: alas poore elfe,
What growne a traitour to thy selfe?
This face, this haire, this hand so pure
Were not ordain'd for nothing sure.
Nor was it meant so sweet a breath
Should be expos'd by such a death;
But rather in some louers breft
Be giuen vp, the place that best
Befits a louer yeeld his soule.
Nor should those mortals ere controule
The Gods, that in their wisdome sage
Appointed haue what Pilgrimage
Each one should runne: and why should men
Abridge the iourney set by them?
But much I wonder any wight
If he did turne his outward sight
Into his inward, dar'd to act
Her death, whose body is compact
Of all the beauties euer Nature
Laid vp in store for earthly creature.
No sauage beast can be so cruell
To rob the earth of such a Iewell.
Rather the stately Vnicorne
Would in his breast enraged scorne,
That Maids committed to his charge
By any beast in Forrest large

Should so be wronged, *Satyres* rude
Durst not attempt, or ere intrude
With such a minde the flowry balkes
Where harmlesse Virgins haue their walkes.
Would she be won with me to stay,
My waters should bring from the Sea
The Corrall red, as tribute due,
And roundest pearles of Orient hue:
Or in the richer veines of ground
Should seeke for her the Diamond.
And whereas now vnto my Spring
They nothing else but grauell bring,
They should within a Mine of Gold
In piercing manner long time hold,
And hauing it to dust well wrought,
By them it hither should be brought;
With which Ile paue and ouer-spread
My bottome, where her foot shall tread.
The best of Fishes in my flood
Shall giue themselues to be her food.
The *Trout*, the *Dace*, the *Pike*, the *Breame*,
The *Eele*, that loues the troubled streame,
The *Millers thombe*, the hiding *Loach*,
The *Perch*, the euer-nibling *Roach*,
The *Shoat* with whom is *Tanie* traught,
The foolish *Gudgeon* quickly caught,
And last the little *Minnow*-fish,
Whose chiefe delight in grauell is.
In right she cannot me despise
Because so low mine Empire lies.

For

For I could tell how Natures ſtore
Of Maieſty appeareth more
In waters, then in all the reſt
Of Elements. It ſeem'd her beſt
To giue the waues moſt ſtrength and power:
For they doe ſwallow and deuoure
The earth; the waters quench and kill
The flames of fire: and mounting ſtill
Vp in the aire, are ſeene to be,
As challenging a Seignorie
Within the heauens, and to be one
That ſhould haue like dominion.
They be a ſeeling and a floore
Of clouds, caus'd by the vapours ſtore
Ariſing from them, vitall ſpirit
By which all things their life inherit
From them is ſtopped, kept aſunder.
And what's the reaſon elſe of Thunder,
Of lightnings flaſhes all about,
That with ſuch violence breake out,
Cauſing ſuch troubles and ſuch iarres,
As with it ſelfe the world had warres?
And can there any thing appeare
More wonderfull, then in the aire
Congealed waters oft to ſpie
Continuing pendant in the Skie?
Till falling downe in haile or ſnow,
They make thoſe mortall wights below
To runne, and euer helpe deſire
From his foe Element the fire,

Whic

Which fearing then to come abroad,
Within doores maketh his aboad.
Or falling downe oft time in raine,
Doth giue greene Liueries to the plaine,
Make Shepheards Lambs fit for the dish,
And giueth nutriment to fish.
Which nourisheth all things of worth
The earth produceth and brings forth;
And therefore well considering
The nature of it in each thing:
As when the teeming earth doth grow
So hard, that none can plow nor sow,
Her breast it doth so mollifie,
That it not onely comes to be
More easie for the share and Oxe,
But that in Harvest times the shocks
Of *Ceres* hanging eared corne
Doth fill the Houell and the Barne.
To Trees and Plants I comfort giue,
By me they fructifie and liue:
For first ascending from beneath
Into the Skie, with lively breath,
I thence am furnish'd, and bestow
The same on Herbs that are below.
So that by this each one may see
I cause them spring and multiply.
Who seeth this, can doe no lesse,
Then of his owne accord confesse,
That notwithstanding all the strength
The earth enjoyes in breadth and length,

She

She is beholding to each ſtreame,
And hath receiued all from them.
Her loue to him ſhe then muſt giue
By whom her ſelfe doth chiefly liue.
This being ſpoken by this waters God,
He ſtraight-way in his hand did take his rod,
And ſtroke it on his banke, wherewith the flood
Did ſuch a roaring make within the wood,
That ſtraight the Nymph who then ſate on her ſhore,
Knew there was ſomewhat to be done in ſtore:
And therefore haſting to her Brothers Spring
She eſpide what caus'd the waters ecchoing:
Saw where faire *Marine* faſt aſleepe did lie,
Whilſt that the God ſtill viewing her ſate by:
Who when he ſaw his Siſter Nymph draw neare,
He thus gan tune his voice vnto her eare.
My faireſt Siſter (for we come
Both from the ſwelling *Thetis* wombe)
The reaſon why of late I ſtrooke
My ruling wand vpon my Brooke
Was for this purpoſe; Lare this Maid
Which on my banke aſleepe is laid,
Was by her ſelfe or other wight,
Caſt in my ſpring, and did affright
With her late fall, the fiſh that take
Their chiefeſt pleaſure in my Lake:
Of all the Fry within my deepe,
None durſt out of their dwellings peepe.
The *Trout* within the weeds did ſcud,
The *Eele* him hid within the mud.

Yea

* The watry Nymph that ſpoke to *Remond.*

Yea, from this feare I was not free:
For as I musing sate to see
How that the prettie Pibbles round
Came with my Spring from vnder ground,
And how the waters issuing
Did make them dance about my Spring;
The noise thereof did me appall:
That starting vpward therewithall,
I in my armes her bodie caught,
And both to light and life her brought:
Then cast her in a sleepe you see.
But Brother, to the cause (quoth she)
Why by your raging waters wilde
Am I here called *Thetis* childe,
Replide the God, for shee I sent,
That when her time of sleepe is spent,
I may commit her to thy gage,
Since women best know womens rage.
Meane while, faire Nymph, accompanie
My Spring with thy sweet harmonie;
And we will make her soule to take
Some pleasure, which is said to wake,
Although the body hath his rest.
She gaue consent, and each of them addrest
Vnto their part. The warrie *Nymph* did sing
In manner of a prettie questioning:
The God made answer to what she propounded,
Whilst from the Spring a pleasant musicke sounded,
(Making each shrub in silence to adore them)
Taking their subiect from what lay before them.

Nymph.

WHat's that, compact of earth, infus'd with fire;
A vessell, made full with vncertainties;
Sway'd by the motion of each severall Spheare;
Who's fashion'd nought but infelicities;
Endures not heat nor cold, is like a Swan,
That this houre sings, next dies?

God. It is a Man.

Nymph. What's he, borne vnto sicke, so almaies dying,
That's guided by inexorable Fate;
That comes in weeping, and that goes out crying;
Whose Kalender of woes is still in date;
Whose life's a bubble, and doth weigh a straw;
A carkasse still in discontent?

God. 'Tis a woman.

Nymph. What's shee, whose thoughts are still quell'd in
Though not of lawfull, by the opposite, (th'euent,
Hath all things fleeting, nothing permanent:
And at his eares weares still a Parasite;
Hath friends in wealth, or wealthie friends, who can
In their prosperities illusions?

God. 'Tis a Man.

Nymph. What's he, that what he is not, strives to seem
Who doth support an Atlas weight of care;
That of an outward good doth best esteeme,
And looketh not within how solid they are;

The

That doth not vertuous, but the richest finde
Learning and worth by wealth God. *It is a man.*

Nymph. *What's that possessor which of good makes bad;*
And what is worst, makes choice still for the best;
That grieueth most to thinke of what he had;
And of his chiefest lesse account is thought;
That doth not what he ought, but what he can;
Whose fancie's euer boundlesse?
God. *Tis a man.*

Nymph. *But what is it wherein Dame Nature wrought*
The best of works, the onely frame of Heauen;
And hauing long to finde a present sought,
Wherein the worlds whole beautie might be giuen;
She did resolue with all arts to summon,
To ioine with Natures framing?
God. *Tis this Woman.*

The first woman is fained to be named *Pandora*, a creature framed of the concurrence of the gifts and graces of all the Gods. As *Hesiod*, ὁ δ' ἀνεμίσγετο ὄτρυνε δὲ μιν κλυτὸς ἐρμείας Δῶρον ἐπιφραδέων.

Nymph. *If beautie be a thing to be admired;*
And if admiring draw to it affection;
And what we doe affect is most desired;
What wight is he to loue denies subiection?
And can his thoughts within himselfe confine?

Marine that waking lay, said; *Celandine.*
He is the man that hates which some admire;
He is the wight that loathes whom most desire:
'Tis onely he to loue denies subiecting,

And but himselfe, thinkes none is worth affecting.
Vnhappy me the while, accurst my Fate,
That Nature giues no loue where she gaue hate.
The watrie Rulers then perceiued plaine,
Nipt with the Winter of loues frost, Disdaine;
This *Non-par-el* of beautie had beene led
To doe an act which Ennie pitied:
Therefore in pitie did conferre together,
What Physicke best might cure this burning Feuer.
At last found out that in a Groue below,
Where shadowing *Sicamours* past number grow,
A Fountaine takes his iourney to the Maine,
Whose liquors nature was so soueraigne,
(Like to the wondrous Well and famous Spring,
Which in * *Boetia* hath his issuing)
That whoso of it doth but onely taste,
All former memorie from him doth waste.
Not changing any other worke of Nature,
But doth endow the drinker with a feature
More louely, faire *Medea* tooke from hence
Some of this water, by whose quintessence,
Æson from age came backe to youth. This knowne,
The God thus spake:
Nymph, be thine owne,
And after mine. This Goddesse here
(For shees no lesse) will bring thee where
Thou shalt acknowledge Springs haue doe
As much for thee as any one.
Which ended, and thou gotten free,
If thou wilt come and liue with me,

* *Plinie* writes of two Springs rising in *Boetia*, the first helping memory, called *Mnemon*: The latter causing oblivion, called *Λνθη*.

No Shepherds daughter, nor his wife,
Shall boast them of a better life.
Meane while I leaue thy thoughts at large,
Thy body to my sisters charge;
Whilst I into my Spring doe diue,
To see that they doe not depriue
The Meadowes neere, which much doe thirst,
Thus heated by the *Sunne*. May first
(Quoth *Marine*) Swaines giue Lambs to thee;
And may thy Floud haue seignorie
Of all Flouds else, and to thy fame
Meet greater Springs, yet keepe thy name.
May neuer *Eues* not the *Toade*,
Within thy bankes make their abode!
Taking thy iourney from the Sea,
Maist thou ne'er happen in thy way
On Niter or on Brimstone Mine,
To spoile thy taste! this Spring of thine
Let it of nothing taste but earth,
And salt concreted, in their birth
Be euer fresh! Let no man dare
To spoile thy Fish, make locke or ware,
But on thy Margent still let dwell
Those flowers which haue the sweetest smell.
And let the dust upon thy strand
Become like *Tagus* golden sand.
Let as much good betide to thee,
As thou hast fauour shew'd to mee.
Thus said, in gentle paces they remoue,
And hastned onward to the shadie Groue:

Where both arriu'd; and hauing found the Rocke,
Saw how this precious water it did locke.
As he whom Auarice poſſeſſeth moſt,
Drawne by neceſſitie vnto his coſt,
Doth drop by peece-meale downe his priſon'd gold,
And ſeemes vnwilling to let goe his hold:
So the ſtrong Rocke the water long time ſtops,
And by degrees lets it fall downe in drops,
Like hoarding huſwiues that doe mold their food,
And keepe from others, what doth them no good.
The drops within a Ceſterne fell of ſtone,
Which fram'd by *Nature*, ſeem'd had neuer one
Halfe part ſo curious. Many Nymphs there vſing
The water; Nymph-wiſe *Aſtrea* dips in ſwinging
Part of this water, ſhe might ſoone perceiue
How ſoone her troubled thoughts began to leaue
Her Loue-ſwolne-breaſt, and that her inward flame
Was cleane aſſwaged, and the very name
Of *Celandine* forgotten, did ſcarce know
If there were ſuch a thing as Loue or no.
And ſighing, therewithall threw in the aire
All former loue, all ſorrow, all deſpaire;
And all the former cauſes of her mone
Did there wiſh buried in oblitione.
Then muſtring vp her thoughts, grown vagabonds
Preſt to releeue her inward bleeding wounds,
She had as quickly all things ſtrait forgotten,
As men doe Monarchs that in earth lie rotten.
As one new borne ſhe ſeem'd of all diſcerning ſpring
" Though things long ſcarce, are ſoone forgotten ſtrange

Then

Then walk'd they to a Grove but neere at hand,
Where fierie *Titan* had but small command,
Because the leaues conspiring kept his beames,
For feare of hurting (what her's in extremes)
The vnder flowers, which did enrich the ground
With sweeter scents than in *Arabia* sounde
The earth doth yeeld (which they through pores exhale)
Earths best of odours; th'Aromaticall
Like to that smell which at our feasts we vse
Within a field which long vnplowed hes
Somewhat before the rising of the Sunne,
And where the Raine-bow in the *Horizon*
Doth pitch her tips; or as when in the prime
The earth being troubled with a drought long time,
The hand of Heauen his spungie Clouds doth straine
And throwes into her lap a shoure of raine,
She sendeth vp (conceiued from the Sunne)
A sweet perfume and exhalation,
Not all the Ointments brought from *Delos* Ile,
Nor from the confines of seuen-headed *Nile*,
Nor that brought whence *Phœnicians* haue abodes,
Nor *Cyprus* wilde Vine-flowers, nor that of *Rhodes*,
Nor Roses oile from *Naples*, *Capua*,
Saffron confected in *Cilicia*,
Nor that of *Quinces*, nor of *Marierams*
That euer from the Hoof *Gnos* came,
Nor these, nor any else, though neere so rare,
Could wish this place for sweetest smels compare.
There stood the *Elme*, whose shade so mildly dim
Doth nourish all that groweth vnder him.

Cypresse that like *Pyramides* runne topping,
And hurt the least of any by their dropping.
The *Alder*, whose fat shadow nourisheth,
Each Plant'fe neere to him long flourisheth.
The hemis-headed *Plane*-tree, by whose shade
The grasse growes thickest, men are freshest made.
The *Oake*, that best endures the Thunder-shocks:
The euerlasting *Ebene*, *Cedar*, *Box*.
The *Olive* that in Wainscot neuer cleaues,
The amorous *Vine* which in the *Elme* still weaues.
The *Lotus*, *Iuniper*, where wormes neer enter:
The *Pyne*, with whom men through the *Ocean* venter.
The warlike *Yewgh*, by which (more then the Lance)
The strong-arm'd *English* spirits conquer'd *France*.
Amongst the rest the *Tamariske* there stood,
For Huswiues bosomes onely knowne most good.
The cold-place louing *Birch*, and *Seruis* tree:
The *Walnut* louing vales, and *Mulbury*.
The *Maple*, *Ashe*, that doe delight in Fountaines,
Which haue their currents by the sides of Mountains.
The *Laurell*, *Myrtle*, *Iuy*, *Date*, which hold
Their leaues all Winter, be it ne'er so cold.
The *Firre*, that oftentimes doth Rosin drop:
The *Beech* that scales the Welkin with his top:
All these, and thousand more within this Groue,
By all the industry of Nature shroue
To frame an Harbour that might keepe within it
The best of beauties that the world hath in it.
Here entring, at the entrance of which shroud,
The *Sunne* halfe angry hid him in a cloud,

As

As raging that a Grove should from his sight
Locke vp a beauty whence himselfe had light.
The flowers pull'd in their heads as being sham'd
Their beauties by the others were defam'd.
Neere to this Wood there lay a pleasant Mead,
Where Fairies often did their Measures tread,
Which in the Meadow made such circles geene,
As if with Garlands it had crowned beene,
Or like the Circle where the Signes we tracke,
And learned Shepherds call't the *Zodiacke*:
Within one of these rounds was to be seene
A Hillocke rise, where oft the *Fairy-Queene*
At twy-light sate, and did command her Elues,
To pinch those Maids that had not swept their (shelues:
And further if by Maidens ouer-sight,
Within doores water were not brought at night:
Or if they spread no Table, set no Bread,
They should haue nips from toe vnto the head:
And for the Maid that had perform'd each thing,
She in the Water-paile bade leaue a Ring.
Vpon this Hill there sat a louely *Swaine*,
As if that Nature thought it great disdaine
That he should (so through her his *Genius* told him)
Take equall place with *Swaines*, since she did hold him
Her chiefest worke, and therefore thought it fit,
That with inferiours he should neuer sit.
Narcissus change, sure *Ouid* cleane mistooke,
He dy'd not looking in a Crystall brooke,
But (as those which in emulation gaze)
He pinde to death by looking on this face.

When

When he stood fishing by some Riuers brim,
The fish would leape more for a sight of him
Then for the flie. The Eagle highest bred,
Was taking him once vp for *Ganimed*.
The shag-haird *Satyres*, and the nipping *Fawnes*,
With all the troope that frolicke on the Lawnes,
Would come and gaze on him, as who should say
They had not seene his like this many a day.
Yea *Venus* knew no difference twixt these twaine,
Saue *Adon* was a Hunter, this a Swaine.
The woods sweet Queristers from spray to spray
Would hop them neerer him, and then there stay:
Each ioying greatly from his little hart,
That they with his sweet Reed might beare a part:
This was the Boy, (the Poets did mistake)
To whom bright *Cynthia* so much loue did make;
And promis'd for his loue no scornfull eye:
Should euer see her more in hornèd guize:
But she at his command would as of dutie
Become as full of light as he of beautie.
Lucina at his birth for Mid-wife sucke;
And *Citherea* nurs'd and gaue him sucke,
Who to that end, once Doue-drawne from the Sea,
Her full Paps drope, whence came the *Milkie way*.
And as when *Pluto* did rth' Cradle striue,
Bees to his lips brought honey from their Hiue:
So to this Boy they came, I know not whether
They brought, or from his lips did honey gather.
The Wood-Nymphs oftentimes would bathed be,
And plucke for him the blushing Strawberie.

Making

Making of them a Bracelet on a Bent,
Which for a fauour to this Swaine they sent.
Sitting in shades, the *Sunne* would oft by skips
Steale through the boughes, and seize vpon his lips.
The chiefest cause the *Sunne* did condescend
To *Phaeton's* request, was to this end,
That whilst the other did his Horses reyne,
He might slide from his *Spheare*, & court this Swaine,
Whose sparkling eyes vid lustre with the Starres,
The truest Center of all Circulars.
In briefe, if any man in skill were able
To finish vp *Apelles* halfe-done Table,
This Boy (the man left out) were fittest sure
To be the patterne of that portraiture.
Piping he sate, as merry as his looke,
And by him lay his Bottle and his Hooke;
His buskins (edg'd with silver) were of silke,
Which hid a legge more white then mornings milke.
Those Buskins he had got and brought away
For dancing best vpon the Reuell day:
His Oaten Reede did yeeld forth such sweet Notes,
Ioyned in concert with the Birds shrill throtes,
That equalis'd the Harmony of *Spheares*,
A Musicke that would ravish choisest eares.
Long look'd they on (who would not long looke on,
That such an obiect had to looke vpon?)
Till at the last the Nymph did *Marine* send,
To aske the neerest way, whereby to wend
To those faire walkes where swaying *Marine* ill
Whilst she would stay, as *Marine* obey'd her will.

And

And haſtned towards him (who would not doe ſo,
That ſuch a pretty iourney had to goe?)
Sweetly ſhe came, and with a modeſt bluſh,
Gaue him the day, and then accoſted thus:
Faireſt of men, that (whilſt thy flocke doth feed)
Sitt'ſt ſweetly piping on thine Oaten Reed;
Vpon this *Little berry* (ſome ycleep
A Hillocke) void of care, as are thy ſheepe
Deuoid of ſpots, and ſure on all this greene
A fairer flocke as yet was neuer ſeene:
Doe me this fauour (men ſhould fauour Maids)
That whatſoeuer path directly leads,
And void of danger, thou to me doe ſhow,
That by it to the Mariſh I might goe.
Mariage! (quoth he) miſtaking what ſhe ſaid,
Natures perfection: thou moſt faireſt Maid,
(If any fairer then the faireſt may be)
Come ſit thee downe by me; know louely Ladie,
Loue is the readieſt way: if tane aright
You may attaine thereto full long ere night.
The Maiden thinking he of Mariſh ſpoke,
And not of Mariage, ſtraight-way did mooke,
And praid the Shepheards God might alwaies keepe
Him from all danger, and from Wolues his ſheepe.
Wiſhing withall that in the prime of Spring
Each ſheepe he had, two Lambs might yeerely bring.
But yet (quoth ſhe) arede good gentle Swaine,
If in the Dale below, or on yond Plaine;
Or is the Village ſituate in a Groue,
Through which my way lies, and ycleeped loue?

Nor

Nor on yond Plaine, nor in this neighbouring wood;
Nor in the Dale where glides the ſiluer flood;
But like a Beacon on a hill ſo hie,
That euery one may ſee't which paſſeth by
Is Loue yplac'd: ther's nothing can it hide,
Although of you as yet 'tis vnеſpide.
But on which hill (quoth ſhe) pray tell me true?
Why here (quoth he) it ſits and talkes to you.
And are you Loue (quoth ſhe?) fond Swaine adue,
You guide me wrong, my way lies not by you.
Though not your way, yet you may lye by me:
Nymph, with a Shepherd thou as merrily
Maiſt loue and liue, as with the greateſt Lord.
"Greatneſſe doth neuer moſt content afford.
I loue thee onely, not affect worlds pelfe,
"She is not lou'd, that's lou'd not for her ſelfe.
How many Shepherds daughters, who in dutie
To griping fathers haue inthral'd their beautie,
To wait vpon the *Gout*, to walke when pleaſes
Old *Ianuary* hair. O that diſeaſes
Should linke with youth: She that hath ſuch a mate
Is like two twins borne both incorporate:
Th'one liuing, th'other dead: the liuing twin
Muſt needs be ſlaine through noyſomneſſe of him
He carrieth with him: ſuch are their eſtates,
Who meerely marry wealth and not their mates.
As ebbing waters freely ſlide away,
To pay their tribute to the raging Sea;
When meeting with the floud they iuſtle ſtout,
Whether the one ſhall in, or th'other out;

Till

Till the strong cloud new power of waues doth bring
And driues the Riuer backe into his Spring:
So *Marine's* words offring to take their course,
By Loue then entring, were kept backe, and force
To it, his sweet face, eyes, and tongue assign'd,
And threw them backe againe into her minde.
" How hard it is to leaue and not to do
" That which by nature we are prone vnto?
" We hardly can (alas why not?) discusse,
" When Nature hath decreed it must be thus.
" It is a Maxime held of all, knowne plaine,
" Thrust Nature off with forkes, shee'll turne againe.
Blithe *Doridon* (so men this Shepherd hight)
Seeing his Goddesse in a silent plight,
(" Loue often makes the speeches organs mute,)
Began againe thus to renue his sute:
If by my words your silence hath beene such,
Faith I am sorry I haue spoke so much.
Barre I those lips? fit to be th' vtterers, when
The heauens would parly with the chiefe of men.
Fit to direct (a tongue all hearts conuinces)
When best of Scribes writes to the best of Princes,
Were mine like yours, of choisest words compleated,
" Ide shew how grief's a thing weighs down the grea-
" The best of formes (who knows not) grief doth (ref
" The skilfull'st Pencil neuer yet could paint it. (taint it,
And reason good, since no man yet could finde
What figure represents a grieued minde.
Me thinkes a troubled thought is thus expreſt,
To be a *Chaos* rude and indigeſt;

VVhere

Where all doe rule, and (yeonone) beare chiefe ſway:
Checkt onely by a power that's more then they.
This doe I ſpeake, ſince to his euery louer
That thus doth loue, is thus ſtill giuen ouer.
If that you ſay you will not, cannot loue vs
Oh Heauens! for what cauſe then do you here moue?
Are you not fram'd of that ſame perfect mold,
For whom all in this Round concord dance hold?
Or are you framed of ſome other faſhion,
And haue a forme and heart, but yet a paſſion?
It cannot be ſo then (ſay) to what end
Did the beſt worke-man this great worke intend?
Not that by minds commerce, and ioynt eſtate,
The worlds continuers ſtill ſhould propagate?
Yea, if that Reaſon (Regent of the Sences)
Haue but a part amongſt your excellences,
Shee'l tell you what you call *Virginitie*,
Is fidy lik'ned to a barren tree;
Which when the Gardner on it paines beſtowes,
To graffe an Impe thereon, in time it growes
To ſuch perfection, that it yeerely brings
As goodly fruit, as any tree that ſprings.
Beleeue me Maiden, yow no chaſtitie:
For maidens but imperfect creatures be.

Alas poore Boy (quoth *Marine*) haue the Fates
Exempted no degrees, nor no eſtates?
Free from Loues rage? Be rul'd: vnhappy Swaine,
Call backe thy ſpirits, and recollect againe
Thy vagrant wits. I tell thee for a truth
"Lout is a *Syren* that doth ſhipwracke youth.

Be

Be well aduis'd, thou entertainst a guest
That is the Harbinger of all vnrest:
VVhich like the Vipers young, that licke the earth,
Eat out the breeders wombe to get a birth.
Faith (quoth the Boy) I know there cannot be,
Danger in louing or inioying thee.
For what cause were things made and called good,
But to be loued? If you vnderstood
The Birds that prattle here, you would know then,
As birds wooe birds, maids should be woo'd of men.
But I want power to wooe, since what was mine
Is fled, and lyes as vassals at your shrine:
And since what's mine is yours, let that same moue,
Although in me you see nought worthy Loue.
Marine about to speake, forth of a sling
(Fortune to all misfortunes plyes her wing
More quicke and speedy) came a sharpned flint,
VVhich in the faire boyes necke made such a dint,
That crimson bloud came streaming from the wound
And he fell downe into a deadly swound.
The bloud ran all along where it did fall,
And could not finde a place of buriall:
But where it came, it there congealed stood;
As if the Earth loath'd to drinke guiltlesse blood.
Gold-haird *Apollo*, Muses sacred King,
VVhose praise in *Delphos* Ile doth euer ring,
Physicke's first founder, whose Arts excellence
Extracted Natures chiefest quintessence,
Vnwilling that a thing of such a worth
Should so be lost; straight sent a Dragon forth

To fetch this bloud, and he perform'd the same
And now Apothecaries giue it name,
From him that fetcht it (Doctors know it good
In Physicks vse) and call it *Dragons bloud*.
Some of the bloud by chance did down-ward fall,
And by a veine got to a Minerall,
VVhence came a Red, decayed Dames infuse it (As)
VVith *Venice Cruse*, and for painting vse it.
Marine astonish'd (most vnhappy Maid)
O'er-coate with feare, and at the view afraid,
Fell downe into a trance, eyes lost their sight,
VVhich being open, made all darke as night.
Her bloud ran to her heart, or life to feed,
Or nothing to behold so vile a deed.
And as when VVinter doth the Earth array
In siluer-sute, and when the night and day
Are in dissention, Nights locks vp the ground,
VVhich by the helpe of day is oft vnbound:
A shepherds boy with bow and shafts addrest
In hope of game, hauing once pierc'd the brest
Ranging the fields, hauing once pierc'd the brest
Of some poore fowle, doth with the blow straight rush
To catch the Bird lyes panting in the Bush:
So rusht this striker in, vp *Marine* tooke,
And hasted with her to a neere-hand Brooke.
Old Shepherds saine (old shepherds doth haue saine)
Two Riuers tooke their influe from the Maine,
Both neere together, and each beni[ng] his race,
VVhich of them both should first behold the face
Of Radiant *Phœbus*? One of them in gliding
Clime'd downe a Veine where *Nimphs* had a bidding

An expression of the nature of two Riuers rising neere together, and differing in their tastes and manner of running.

The other loathing that her purer Waue
Should be defil'd with that their *Niter* gaue,
Fled fast away; the other follow'd fast,
Till both becomes in a Rocke ymet at last,
As seemed best, the Rocke did first deliuer
Out of his hollow sides the purer Riuer:
(As if it taught those men in honour clad,
To helpe the vertuous and suppresse the bad.)
Which gotten loose, did softly glide away,
As men from earth, to earth, from sea, to sea.
So Riuers run: and that from whence both came
Takes what she gaue: *Water to Earth*, but leaues
As waters haue their course, so haue their place
Succeeding streames will out-strip mans race:
The *Name* doth still surmount, and can not die,
Vntill the Channels stop, or Spring grow dry.

As I haue seene vpon a Bridall day
Full many Maides clad in their best array,
In honour of the Bride come with their Flaskets
Fill'd full with flowers: others in wicker-baskets
Bring from the Marish Rushes, to o'er-spread
The ground, whereon to Church the Louers tread;
Whilst that the equinoctiall youth of all the Plaine
Vshers their way with many a piping straine;
So, as in ioy, at this faire Riuers birth,
Triton came vp the Channell with his mirth,
And call'd the neighb'ring Nymphs each in her turne
To poute their pretty Riuulets from their Vrne;
To wait vpon this new-deliuered Spring.
Some running through the Meadowes, with them

Cowslip

Cowslip and *Mint*: and 'tis anothers lot
To light vpon some Gardeners curious knot.
Whence she vpon her breast (loues sweet repose)
Doth bring the *Queene* of flowers, the *English Rose*.
Some from the Fenne bring *Reeds*, *Wilde-Time* from
Some fro a Groue the *Bay* that *Poets* crowns;
Some from an aged Rocke the Mosse hath torne,
And leaues him naked vnto Winters storme:
Another from her bankes (in meere good will)
Brings nutriment for fish, the *Capnomill*.
Thus all bring somewhat, and doe ouer-spread
The way the Spring vnto the Sea doth tread.

This while the *Flood* which yet the Rocke vp pent,
And suffered not with so cunn'd merriment
To tread rounds in his Spring, came rushing forth,
As angry that his waues (he thought) of worth
Should not haue libertie, nor helpe the pryme.
And as some ruder Swaine composing ryme,
Spends many a gray Goose-quill vnto the handle;
Buries within his socket many a Candle;
Blots Paper by the quire, and dries vp Inke,
As *Xerxes* Armie did whole Riuers drinke,
Hoping thereby his name his worke should raise
That it should liue vntill the last of dayes:
Which finished, he boldly doth addresse
Him and his workes to vnder-goe the *Presse*;
When loe (O Fate!) his worke not seeming fit
To walke in equipage with better wit,
Is kept from light, there gnawne by Moathes and
At which he frets: Right so this Riuer stormes:

A

But broken forth; As *Tauy* creepes vpon
The Westerne vales of fertile *Albion*,
Here dashes roughly on an aged Rocke;
That his entended passage doth vp locke;
There intricately mongst the Woods doth wander,
Losing himselfe in many a wry Meander:
Here amorously bent, clips some faire Mead;
And then dispersit in rils, doth measures tread
Vpon her bosome mongst her flowry ranks:
There in another place beares downe the banks;
Of some day-labouring wretch: here meets a rill,
And with their forces ioyn'd cuts out a Mill
Into an Iland, then in iocund guile
Surueyes his conquest, lauds his enterprise:
Here digs a Caue at some high Mountaines foot;
There vndermines an Oake, teares vp his roote;
Thence rushing to some Country-hamlet at hand,
Breaks ô'r the Yeomans mounds, sweepes from his land
His Harueste hope of Wheat, of Rye, or Peate:
And makes that channell which was Shepherds seate.
Here, as our wicked age doth sacrilege,
Helpes downe an Abbey, then a naturall bridge
By creeping vnder ground he frameth out,
As who should say he either went about
To right the wrong he did, or hid his face,
For hauing done a deed so vile and base;
So ran this Riuer on, and did bestirre
Himselfe, to finde his fellow-Trauellor.
But th'other fearing least her noyse might show
What path she took, which way her streams did flow

As some way-faring man strayes th'row a wood,
Where beasts of prey thirsting for humane blood
Lurke in their dens, he lolly lumping goes,
Not trusting to his heeles, treads on his toes:
Dreads euery noise he heares, thinks each small bush
To be a beast that would vpon him rush:
Feareth to dye, and yet his winde doth smother;
Now leaues this path, takes that, then to another:
Such was her course. This feared to be found,
The other not to finde, swels o'er each mound,
Roares, rages, foames, 'gainst mountaine dashes,
And in recoile, makes Meadowes standing plashes:
Yet findes not what he seekes in all his way,
But in despaire runs headlong to the Sea.
This was the cause them by tradition taught,
Why one floud ran so fast, th'other so soft,
Both from one head. Vnto the rougher streame,
(Crown'd by that Meadowes flowry Diadem,
Where *Doridon* lay hurt) the cruell Swaine
Hurries the Shepherdesse, where hauing laine,
Her in a Boat like the *Cannowes* of *Inde*,
Some silly trough of wood, or some trees rinde;
Puts from the shoare, and leaues the weeping strand,
Intends an act by water, which the land
Abhorr'd to boulster; yea, the guiltlesse earth
Loath'd to be Mid-wife to so vile a birth:
Which to relate I am inforc'd to wrong
The modest blushes of my Maiden-song.
Then each faire *Nymph* whom Nature doth endow
With beauties cheeke, crown'd with a shamefast brow;

Whose well-run'd eares, chast-obiect-louing eyne
Ne'er heard nor saw the workes of * Aretine;
Who ne'er came on the Cytherean shelfe,
But is as true as Chastitie it selfe;
Where hated Impudence ne'er set her feed;
Where lust lies not vail'd in a virgins weed:
Let her with-draw. Let each young Shepherdling
Walke by, or stop his eare, the whilst I sing.

But yee, whose bloud, like Kids vpon a plaine,
Doth skip, and dance Lanoltoes in each veine;
Whose brests are swolne with the Venerean game,
And warme your selues at lusts alluring flame;
Who dare to act as much as men dare thinke,
And wallowing lye within a sensuall sinke;
Whose fained gestures doe entrap our youth
With an apparancie of simple truth;
Insatiate gulphs, in your defectiue part
By Art helpe Nature, and by Nature, Art:
Lend me your eares, and I will touch a string
Shall lull your sense asleepe the while I sing.

But stay: me thinkes I heare something in me
That bids me keepe the bounds of modestie;
Sayes, "Each mans voice to that is quickly moued
"Which of himselfe is best of all beloued;
"By vttring what thou knowst selfe glory's got,
"Then by concealing what thou knowest not.
If so, I yeeld to it, and set my rest
Rather to lose the bad, then wrong the best.
My Maiden-Muse flies the lasciuious Swaines,
And scornes to soyle her lines with lustfull straines:

* An obscene Italian Poet.

W

Will not dilate (nor on her fore-head beare
Immodestus abhorred Character)
His shamelesse pryings, his vndecent doings;
His curious searches, his respectlesse wooings:
How that he saw. But what? I dare not breake it,
You safer may conceiue then I dare speake it.
Yet verily had he not thought her dead,
Sh'ad lost, ne'er to be found, her Maiden-head.
The rougher streame loathing a thing compacted
Of so great shame, should on his Blould be acted;
(According to our sinnes not well allow'd
In others, what he in himselfe auow'd)
Bent hard his fore-head, furnow'd vp his face,
And danger led the way the boat did trace.
And as within a *Landskip* that doth stand
Wrought by the Pencill of some curious hand,
We may discry, here meadow, there a woods
Here standing ponds, and there a running floud:
Here on some mount a house of pleasure vanted,
Where oned the roaring Cannon had beene planted:
There on a hill a Swaine pipes out the day,
Our-braying all the Quiristers of *May*.
A Hunts-man here follows his cry of hounds,
Driuing the Hare along the fallow grounds:
Whilst one at hand seeming the sport t'allow,
Followes the hounds, and carelesse leaues the Plow.
There in another place some high-rais'd land,
In pride beares out her breasts vnto the strand.
Here stands a bridge, and there a conduit head:
Here rounds a May-pole some the measures tread:

The Landskip

There boyes the truant play and leaue their booke:
Here stands an Angler with a baited hooke.
There for a Stagge one lurkes within a bough:
Here sits a Maiden milking of her Cow.
There on a goodly plaine (by mine thrown'e downe)
Lies buried in his dust some ancient Towne;
Who now in village, there's onely feene
In his valler lines what his state had beene;
And all of those in shadowes so expreſt
Make the beholders eyes to take no reſt.
So for the Swaine the *Flood* did meane to him
To shew in Nature (not by Arte to limbe)
A Tempeſt rage, his furious waters threat;
Some on this shoare, some on the other beat.
Here stands a Mountaine, where was once a Dale;
There, where a Mountaine stood is now a Vale.
Here flowes a billow, there another meets:
Each, on each side the skiffe, vnkindly greets.
The waters vnderneath gun vpward moue,
Wondring what stratagems were wrought aboue:
Billowes that mist the boat, still onward thrusty
And on the Cliffes, as swoln with anger burſt.
All these, and more, in substance so expreſt,
Made the beholders thoughts to take no reſt.
Horror in triumph rid vpon the waues;
And all the *Furies* from their gloomy caues
Came howling o're the Boat, inuironed each sence
Before the fearefull barre of *Conscience*.
We guiltie all, and all condemned were
To vndergo their horrors with dispaire.

What Muse? what Powre? or what chrice sacred (Herse,
That liues immortall in a well-tun'd Verse,
Can lend me such a sight that I might see
A guilty conscience true *Anatomie*;
That well-kept Register wherein is writ
All ils men doe, all goodnesse they omit?
His pallid feares, his sorrowes, his affrightings;
His safe-while *had-I-wist*, remorcefull bitings:
His many tortures, his heart-rending paine:
How were his griefes composed in one chaine,
And he by it let downe into the Seas,
Or th'row the Center to th' *Antipodes*? (face;
He might change Climates, or be barr'd Heauens
Yeeld him no salue, nor euer change his case.
Feares, sorrowes, tortures, sad affrights, nor any,
Like to the Conscience sting, though thrice as many;
Yet all these torments by the Swaine were borne.
Whilst Deaths grim visage lay vpon the storme.
But as when some kinde Nurse doth long time keep
Her pretty babe at sucke, whom fain'd asleepe
She layes downe in his Cradle, stints his cry
With many a sweet and pleasing *Lullaby*:
Whilst the sweet childe, not troubled with the shock,
Is sweetly slumbers, as his Nurse doth rocke:
So lay the Maid, the amazed Swaine late weeping,
And death in her was dispossest by sleeping.
The roaring voyce of winds, the billowes raues;
Nor all the mutining of the sullen waues
Could once disquiet, or her slumber stirre:
But had her mayd slept then wakened her.

Such

Such are their fires, whose soules from foule offence
Enthroned, sit in spotlesse *Innocence*.
Where rest my Muse, till iolly Shepheards Swaines
Next morne with Pearles of dew bedecks our plaines
Wee'll fold our flockes, then in fit time go on
To tune mine Oaten pipe for *Doridon*.

The Third Song.

The Argument.

The Shepheards Swaine here singing on,
Tels of the cure of Doridon:
And then unto the waters fals
Chaunts the pastick Pastorals.

NOw had the *Sunne*, in golden chariot hurl'd
Twice bid *good-morrow* to the nether World
And *Cynthia*, in her orbe and perfect round
Twice view'd the shadowes of the upper ground.

Twice

Twice had the *Day-starre* vsher'd forth the light;
And twice the *Euening-starre* proclaim'd the night;
Ere once the (sweet-fac'd Boy (now all forlorne)
Came with his Pipe to resalute the Morne.
When grac'd by time (vnhappy time the while)
The cruell Swaine (who ere knew Swaine so vile?)
Had stroke the Lad, in came the watry Nymph,
To raise from sound poore *Doridon* (the Impe,
Whom Nature seem'd to haue selected forth
To be ingrafted on some stocke of worth;)
And the Maids helpe, but since "to doomes of Fate
"Succour, though ne'er so soone, comes still too late.
She rais'd the youth, then with her armes inrings him,
And so with words of hope she home-wards brings him.
At doore expecting him his Mother sate, (him.
Wondring her Boy would stay from her so late;
Framing for him vnto her selfe excuses,
And with such thoughts gladly her selfe abuses:
As that her sonne, since day grew old and weake,
Staid with the Maids to runne at *Barlibreake*:
Or that he cours'd a *Parke* with females fraught,
Which would not run except they might be caught,
Or in the thickets layd some wily snare
To take the Rabbet, or the pourblinde Hare,
Or taught his Dogge to catch the climbing Kid:
Thus Shepheards doe; and thus she thought he did.
"*In things expected meeting with delay,*
"*Though there be none, we frame some cause of stay.*
And so did she, (as she who doth not so?)
Coniecture Time vnwing'd he came so slow.

But

But *Doridon* drew neere, so did her griefe;
Homer. "Ill lucke, for need, of all things else is chiefe.
For as the *Blinde-man* sung, *Time so prouides,*
That Ioy goes still on foot, and sorrow rides.
Now when she saw (a wofull sight) her sonne,
Her hopes then fail'd her, and her cries begun
To vtter such a plaint, that scarce another,
Like this, ere came from any loue-licke mother.
If man hath done this, heauen why mad'st thou men
Not to deface thee in thy children?
But by the worke the Worke-man to adore;
Framing that something, which was nought before.
Aye me vnhappy wretch! if that in things
Which are as we (saue title) men feare Kings,
That be their Postures to the life limb'd on
Some wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,
"Tis death to stab: why then should earthly things
Dare to deface his forme who formed Kings?
When the world was but in his infancy,
Reuenge, Desires vniust, vile Iealousie,
Hate, Enuy, Murther, all these six then raigned,
When but their halfe of men the world contained:
Yet but in part of these, those ruled then,
When now as many vices liue as men.
Liue they? yes liue I feare to kill my Sonne,
With whom my ioyes, my loue, my hopes are gone.
Cease, quoth the *Waters Nymph* that led the Swan
Though 'tis each mothers cause thus to complaine:
Yet "abstinence in things we must professe
"Which *Nature* fram'd for need, not for excesse.

Since

Since the least blouds, drawne from the lesser part
of any chylde, comes from the Mothers hart,
We cannot chyde but grieue, except that we
should be more lenitive than the rauisht tree,
eply'd his Mother. Deare but cut the Barke
of any Tree, the trunke will weepe for him:
end the cold *Scythian* with his bankes in two,
is Name and Teares, wauering, so *Loue would* do.
That Mother is all mine (then beare leue good)
Which enters on my water when her childe streames.
At this the wounded Boy fell on his knee, (bloody
Mother, kinde Mother (and) weepe not for mee,
Why, I am well? *Indeed I am*. If you
Cease not to weepe, my wound will bleed anew.
When I was promist first the lights reuiuon,
You oft haue told me, 'twas on this condition,
That I should hold it with like zeale and fame
As others doe, and one mine leaue (againe.
Then deceiue not that leaue, or leaue to wane,
Time will effect, where teares can nought auaile.
Herewith *Maria* raising vp her forme,
Her hope, her lode, her ioy, her *Dorippe*,
She thank'd the *Nymphs*, for her kinde receiuall here,
Who (all enterpt to her watry Regiment.
Downe in a deep, where in that Mount arose
Growes greater by the man who gaue a name,
Stands many a well-pil'd cocke of more (sweet hay
That feeds the husbands (Neate each Winters day)
A mountaine had his roote, and gan to rise
In stately height to parlee with the Skies.

a Alluding to our English pronunciation, and indifferent Orthographie.

a July tooke his name from Iulius Cæsar.

And

And yet as blaming his owne lofty gate,
Waighing the fickle props in things of state,
His head began to droope, and downe-wards bending
Knockt on that breast which gaue it birth and ending
And lyes so with an hollow hanging vaut,
As when some boy trying the *Somersaut*,
Stands on his heads and feet, as hee did lie
To kicke against earths spangled Canopie;
When seeing that his heeles are of such weight,
That he cannot obtaine their purpos'd height,
Leaues any more to striue, and thus doth say
What now I cannot doe, another day
May well effect, it cannot be denide
I shew'd a will to't, because I tride:
The *Scornefull hill* men call'd him, who did scorne
So to be call'd, by reason he had borne
No hate to greatnesse, but amisse to be
The slaue of greatnesse, through Humilitie:
For had his Mother Nature thought it meet
He meekly bowing would haue kist her feet.

Vnder the hollow hanging of this hill
There was a Caue cut out by Natures skill:
Or else it seem'd the Mount did open's breft,
That all might see what horrors there poffeft.
Whose gloomy entrance was enuiron'd round
With shrubs that clownish husbands Meadow-ground
The thick growne *Haw-thorne* & the binding *Brier*
The *Holly* that our cares cold Winters ire,
Who all intwinde, each limbe with limbe did deale
That scarse a glymps'e of light could inward steale.

n vncouth place, fit for an vncouth minde,
hat is as heauy as that caue is blinde.
ere liu'd a man his hoary haires call'd old,
pon whose front time many yeares had told.
ho, since Dame Nature in him feeble grew,
nd he vnapt to giue the world ought new,
he secret power of Hearbes that grow on mold,
ught ought to cherish and relieue the old.
Hither *Herinda* all in haste came running,
nd with her teares defir'd the old mans cunning.
hen this good man (as goodnesse still is prest)
all assayes to helpe a wight distrest)
s glad and willing was to ease her sonne,
s she would euer ioy to see it done.
nd giuing her a salue in leaues vp bound,
nd she directed how to cure the wound,
ith thanks, made home-wards, (longing full to see
n effect of this good *Hermits* Surgerie)
here carefully, her sonne laid on a bed,
nriched with the bloud he on it shed,
e washes, dresses, bindes his wound (yet sore)
hat grieu'd, it could weepe bloud for him no more.
Now had the glorious *Sunne* tane vp his rest,
nd all the lamps of heau'n inlightned bin
ithin the gloomy shades of some thicke Spring,
d *Philomel* gan on the Haw-thorne sing,
Whilst euery beast at rest was lowly laid)
ne outrage done vpon a silly Maid.
l things were hush't, each bird slept on his bough,
d night gaue rest to him, day tyr'd at plough;

Each

Each beast, each bird, and each day-roving wight,
Receiu'd the comfort of the silent night:
Free from the gripes of sorrow euery one,
Except poore *Philomel* and *Doridon*;
She on a Thorne sings sweet though sighing strain
He on a couch more soft, more sad complaines:
Whose in-pent thoughts him long time hading pa
He sighing wept, & weeping thus complained,
Sweet Philomela (then he heard her sing)
I doe not enuy thy sweet carolling,
But doe admire thee, that each euen and morrow,
Canst carelesly thus sing away thy sorrow,
Would I could doe so too! and euer be
In all my woes still imitating thee?
But I may not attaine to that, for such
Such most vnhappy, miserable men
Would strive with Heauen, and imitate the Sunne
Whose golden beames in exhalation,
Though drawn from Fens, or other grounds impu
Turne all to fructifying nourriture.
When we draw nothing by our Sun-like eyes,
That euer turnes to nutrim, but miseries.
Would I had neuer seene, except that she
Who made me wish so, loue to looke on me.
Had *Colin Clout* yet liu'd, (but he is gone)
That best on earth could tune a louers mone,
Whose sadder Tones inforc'd the Rocks to weepe
And laid the greatest griefes in quiet sleepe:
Who when he sung (as I would doe to mine)
His truest loues to his fare *Rosaline*,

Ent

ntic'd each Shepherds eare to heare him play,
nd rapt with wonder, thus admiring ſay:
hrice happy plaines (if plaines thrice happy may be)
Vhere ſuch a Shepherd pipes to ſuch a Lady.
Vho made the Laſſes long to ſit downe neere him;
nd woo'd the Riuers fro their Springs to heare him.
eauen reſt thy Soule (if ſo a Swaine may pray)
nd as thy workes liue here, liue there for aye.
Meane while (vnhappy) I ſhall ſtill complaine
oues cruell wounding of a feely Swaine.

Two nights thus paſt: the Lilly-handed Morne
aw *Phœbus* ſtealing dewe from *Ceres* Corne,
he mounting *Larke* (daies herauld) got on wing
idding each bird chuſe out his bough and ſing.
The lofty Treble ſung the little *Wren*;
obin the Meane, that beſt of all loues men;
he *Nightingale* the Tenor; and the *Throſh*
he Counter-tenor ſweetly in a buſh:
nd that the Muſicke might be full in parts,
irds from the groues flew with right willing hearts,
ut (as it ſeem'd) they thought (as doe the Swaines,
Vhich tune their Pipes on lack'd *Hibernia's* plaines)
here ſhould ſome droaning part be, therefore will'd
ome bird to flie into a neighb'ring field,
n Embaſſie vnto the King of *Bees*,
o aid his partners on the flowres and trees:
Vho condiſcending gladly flew along
o beare the Baſe to his well-tuned ſong.
he *Crow* was willing they ſhould be beholding
or his deepe voyce, but being hoarſe with skolding,

A deſcription of a Muſicall Conſort of Birds.

He thus lends aide; vpon an Oake doth climbe,
And nodding with his head, so keepeth time.
O true delight, enharboring the brests
Of those sweet creatures with the plumy crests.
Had Nature vnto man such simplenesse giuen,
He would like Birds be farre more neere to heauen.
But *Doridon* well knew (who knowes no lesse?)
" Mans compounds haue o'er thrown his simpleneſſe.
Noone-tide the *Morne* had woo'd, and she gan yeeld,
When *Doridon* (made ready for the field)
Goes sadly forth (a wofull Shepherds Lad)
Drowned in teares, his minde with griefe yclad,
To ope his fold and let his Lambkins out.
(Full iolly flocke they seem'd, a well fleec'd rout)
Which gently walk'd before, he sadly pacing,
Both guides and followes them towards their grazing.
When from a Groue the Wood-Nymphs held full
Two heauenly voyces did intreat his eare, (deare,
And did compell his longing eyes to see
What happy wight enioy'd such harmonie.
Which ioyned with fiue more, and so made seauen,
Would parallel in mirth the *Spheares* of heauen.
To haue a sight at first he would not presse,
For feare to interrupt such happinesse:
But kept aloofe the thicke growne shrubs among,
Yet so as he might heare this wooing Song.

F. FIe Shepherds Swaine, why first thou all alone,
Whil'st other Lads are sporting on the leyes?
R. Ioy may haue company, but *Griefe* hath none;
Where pleasure neuer came, sports cannot please.
F. Yet

F. Yet may you please to grace our this daies sport,
Though not an actor, yet a looker on.
R. A looker on indeede, so Swaines of sort,
Cast low, take ioy to looke whence they are thrown?
F. Seeke ioy and finde it.
R. Griefe doth not minde it.

BOTH.

Then both agree in one,
Sorrow doth hate
To haue a mate;
"True griefe is still alone.

F. Sad Swaine areade, (if that a Maid may aske)
What cause so great effects of griefe hath wrought?)
R. Alas, Loue is not hid, it weares no maske;
To view 'tis by the face conceiu'd and brought.
F. The cause I grant: the causer is not learned:
Your speech I doe entreat about this taske.
R. If that my heart were seene, 'twould be discerned;
And *Fida's* name found grauen on the caske.
F. Hath Loue young *Remond* moued?
R. 'Tis *Fida* that is loued.

BOTH.

Although 'tis said that no men
Will with their hearts,
Or goods chiefe parts
Trust either Seas or Women.

F. How may a Maiden be assur'd of loue,
Since falshood late in euerie Swaine excelleth?

R. When protestations faile, time may approue
Where true affection liues, where falshood dwelleth.
F. The truest cause elects a iudge as true:
Fie, how my sighing, my much loning telleth.
R. Your loue is fixt in one whose heart to you
Shall be as constancy, which ne'er rebelleth.
F. None other shall haue grace.
R. None else in my heart place.

BOTH.

Goe Shepherds Swaines and wiue all,
For Loue and Kings
Are two like things
Admitting no Corriuall.

As when some Malefactor iudg'd to die
For his offence, his Execution nye,
Casteth his sight on States vnlike to his,
And weighs his ill by others happinesse:
So *Doridon* thought euery state to be
Further from him, more neere felicitie.
O blessed sight, where such concordance meets,
Where truth with truth, and loue with liking greets.
Had (quoth the Swain) the Fates giuen me some mea-
Of true delights inestimable treasure, (sure
I had beene fortunate: but now so weake
My bankrupt heart will be inforc'd to breake.
Sweet Loue that drawes on earth a yoake so euen;
Sweet life that imitates the blisse of heauen;
Sweet death they needs must haue, who so vnite
That two distinct make one *Hermaphrodite:*

On

Sweet loue, sweet life, sweet death, that so doe meet
On earth; in death, in heauen be euer sweet!
Let all good wishes euer wait vpon you,
And happinesse as hand-maid tending on you.
Your loues within one centre meeting haue!
One houre your deaths, your corps possesse one graue!
Your names still greene, (thus doth a Swaine implore)
Till time and memory shall be no more!
Herewith the couple hand in hand arose,
And tooke the way which to the sheep-walke goes.
And whil'st that *Doridon* their gate look'd on,
His dogge disclos'd him, rushing forth vpon
A well fed Deere, that trips it o'er the Meade,
As nimbly as the wench did whilome tread
On *Ceres* dangling eares, or Shaft let goe
By some faire Nymph that beares *Diana's* Bowe.
When turning head, he not a foot would sturre,
Scorning the barking of a Shepheards curre:
So should all Swaines as little weigh their spite,
VVho at their songs doe bawle, but dare not bite.
Remond, that by the dogge the Master knew,
Came backe, and angry bade him to pursue;
Dory (quoth he) if your ill-turer'd dogge
Haue nought of awe, then let him haue a clogge.
Doe you not know this seely timorous Deere,
(As vsuall to his kinde) hunted whileare,
The Sunne not ten degrees got in the Signes,
Since to our Maides, here gathering Columbines,
She weeping came, and with her head low laid
In *Fida's* lap, did humbly begge for aide.

VVhereat vnto the hounds they gaue a checke,
And sauing her, might spie about her necke
A Coller hanging, and (as yet is seene)
These words in gold wrought on a ground of greene:
Maidens: since tis decreed a Maid shall haue me,
Keepe me till he shall kill me that must saue me.
But whence she came, or who the words concerne,
VVe neither know nor can of any learne.
Vpon a pallat she doth lie at night,
Neere *Fida's* bed, nor will she from her sight:
Vpon her walkes she all the day attends,
And by her side she trips where ere she wends.
Remond (replide the Swaine) if I haue wrong'd
Fida in ought which vnto her belong'd:
I sorrow for't, and truelie doe protest,
As yet I neuer heard speech of this Beast:
Nor was it with my will; or if it were,
Is it not lawfull we should chase the Deere,
That breaking our inclosures euery morne
Are found at feed vpon our crop of corne?
Yet had I knowne this Deere. I had not wrong'd
Fida in ought which vnto her belong'd.
I thinke no lesse, quoth *Remond*; but I pray,
Whither walkes *Doridon* this Holy-day?
Come driue your sheepe to their appointed feeding,
And make you one at this our merry meeting.
Full many a Shepherd with his louely Lasse,
Sit telling tales vpon the clouer grasse:
There is the merry Shepherd of the hole;
Thenot, Piers, Nilkin, Duddy, Hobbinoll,

Alexis,

Alexis. *Siluan*, *Teddy* of the Glen,
Rowly and *Perigot* here by the Fen,
With many more, I cannot reckon all
That meet to solemnize this festiuall.
I grieue not at their mirth, said *Doridon*:
Yet had there beene of Feasts not any one
Appointed or commanded, you will say,
"Where there's Content 'tis euer Holy-day.
Leaue further talke (quoth *Remond*) let's be gone,
Ile helpe you with your sheepe, the time drawes on.
Fida will call the *Hinde*, and come with vs.
Thus went they on, and *Remond* did discusse
Their cause of meeting, till they won with pacing
The circuit chosen for the Maidens tracing.
It was a *Roundell* seated on a plaine,
That stood as *Sentinell* vnto the *Maine*,
Enuiron'd round with Trees and many an Arbour,
Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour:
And on a bough within the quickning Spring,
Would be a teaching of their young to sing;
Whose pleasing Notes the tyred Swaine haue made
To steale a nap at noone-tide in the shade.
Nature her selfe did there in triumph ride,
And made that place the ground of all her pride.
Whose various flowres deceiu'd the rasher eye
In taking them for curious Tapistrie.
A siluer Spring forth of a rocke did fall,
That in a drought did serue to water all.
Vpon the edges of a grassie banke,
A tuft of Trees grew circling in a ranke,

As if they seem'd their sports to gaze vpon,
Or stood as guard against the winde and Sunne:
So faire, so fresh, so greene, so sweet a ground
The piercing eyes of heauen yet neuer found.
Here *Doridon* all ready met doth see,
(Oh who would not at such a meeting be?)
Where he might doubt, who gaue to other grace,
Whether the place the Maids, or Maids the place.
Here gan the Reede, and merry Bag-pipe play,
Shrill as a *Thrush* vpon a Morne of May,
(A rurall Musicke for an heauenly traine)
And euery Shepherdesse danc'd with her Swaine.
As when some gale of winde doth nimbly take
A faire white locke of wooll, and with it make
Some prettie driuing; here it sweepes the plaine:
There staies, here hops, there mounts, and turns again:
Yet all so quicke, that none so soone can say
That now it stops, or leapes, or turnes away:
So was their dancing, none look'd thereupon,
But thought their seuerall motions to be one.
A crooked measure was their first election,
Because all crooked tends to best perfection.
And as I weene this often bowing measure,
Was chiefly framed for the womens pleasure:
Though like the rib, they crooked are and bending,
Yet to the best of formes they arme their ending:
Next in an *(I)* their measure made a rest,
Shewing when Loue is plainest it is best.
Then in a *(Y)* which thus doth Loue commend,
Making of two at first, one in the end.

And

And lastly closing in a round do enter,
Placing the lusty Shepherds in the center:
About the Swaines they dancing seem'd to roule,
As other *Planets* round the Heauenly *Pole*.
Who by their sweet aspect or chiding frowne,
Could raise a Shepherd vp, or cast him downe.
Thus were they circled till a Swaine came neere,
And sent this song vnto each Shepherds eare:
The Note and voyce so sweet, that for such mirth
The Gods would leaue the heauens, & dwell on earth.

HAppy are you so enclosed,
May the Maids be still disposed
In their gestures and their dances,
So to grace you with intwining,
That Enuy *wish in such combining,*
Fortunes smile with happy chances.

Here it seemes as if the Graces
Measur'd out the Plaine in traces,
In a Shepherdesse disguising.
Are the Spheares so nimbly turning?
Wandring Lamps in heauen burning,
To the eye so much intising?

Yes, Heauen meanes to take these thither,
And adde one ioy to see both dance together.

Gentle Nymphes be not refusing,
Loues neglect is times abusing,

They

They and beauty are but lent you,
Take the one and keepe the other:
Loue keepes fresh, what age doth smother.
Beauty gone you will repent you.

'Twill be said when yee haue proued,
Neuer Swaines more truly loued:
O then flye all nice behauiour.
Pitty faine would (as her dutie)
Be attending still on beautie,
Let her not be out of fauour.

Disdaine *is now so much rewarded,*
That Pitty *weepes since she is vnregarded.*

The measure and the Song here being ended:
Each Swain his thoughts thus to his Loue cõmended.

The first presents his Dogge, *with these:*

When I my flocke neere you doe keepe,
And bid my Dogge goe take a Sheepe,
He cloane mistakes what I bid doe,
And bends his pace still towards you.
Poore wretch, he knowes more care I
To get you, then a seely Sheep. (keepe

The second, his *Pipe*, with these:

Bid me to sing (faire Maid) my Song shal proue
There ne'er was truer Pipe sung truer Loue.

The third, a paire of *Gloues*, thus:

These will keepe your hands from burning,
Whilst the Sunne is swiftly turning:
But who can any veile deuise
To shield my Heart from your faire Eyes?

The

The fourth, an *Anagram.*

MAIDEN
AID MEN

Maidens ſhould be ayding Men,
And for loue giue loue agen:
Learne this leſſon from your Mother,
One good wiſh requires another.
They deſerue their names beſt, when
Maids moſt willingly aid Men.

The fift, a *Ring*, with a Picture in a Iewell on it.

Nature hath fram'd a Iemme beyond compare,
The world's the Ring, *but you the* Iewell *are.*

The

The sixt, a *Nosegay* of Roses, with a Nettle in it.

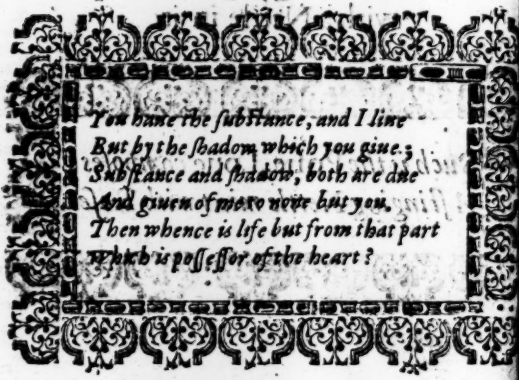
Such is the Posie, Loue *composes*;
A stinging Nettle mixt with Roses.

The seuenth, a *Girdle.*

This during light I giue to slip your Waste, (past
Faire, grant mine armes that place when day is

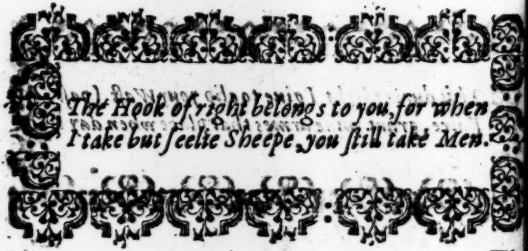
The

The eighth, a *Heart*.

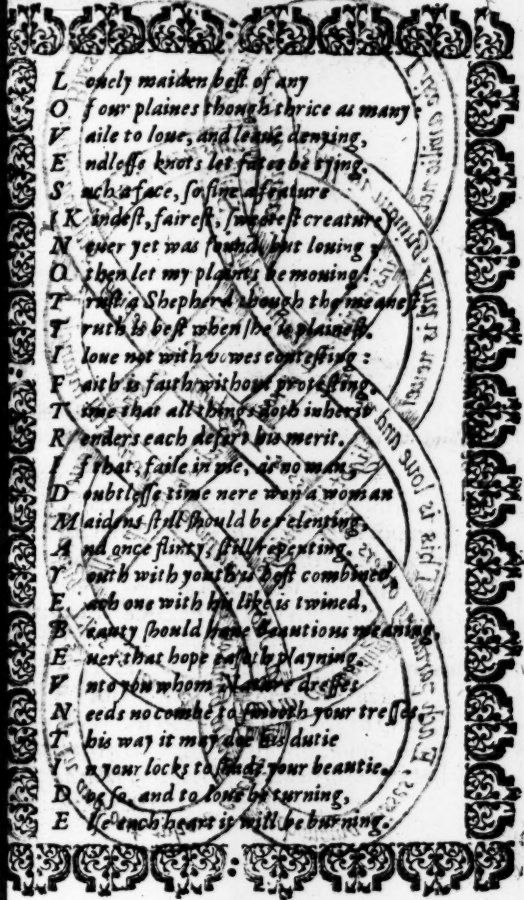


You haue the substance, and I line
But by the shadow which you giue:
Substance and shadow, both are one
And giuen of me to none but you.
Then whence is life but from that part
Which is possessor of the heart?

The ninth, a Shepherds *Hooke*.



The Hook of right belongs to you, for when
I take but seelie Sheepe, you still take Men.



Lonely maiden best of any
Of our plaines though thrice as many:
Vaile to loue, and leaue denying,
Endlesse knots let fates be tying.
Such a face, so fine a feature
Kindest, fairest, sweetest creature
Neuer yet was found, but louing:
Then let my plaints be mouing.
Truth a Shepherd though the meanest
Truth is best when she is plainest.
Loue not with vowes contessing:
Faith is faith without protessing.
Time that all things doth inherit
Renders each desert his merit.
If that, faile in me, it no maruell
Doubtlesse time nere won a woman
Maidens still should be relenting,
And once flinty, still repenting.
Youth with youth is best combined,
Each one with his like is twined,
Beauty should haue cautious meaning,
Euer that hope enabling, layning.
Vnto you whom Nature dresses
Needs no combe to smooth your tresses,
This way it may due his dutie
In your locks to find your beautie.
So, so, and to loue be turning,
Else each heart it will be burning.

The Diamonds
This is loue and worth it too,
Each partaking others bliss,
Neuer ending neuer ending
Like a mutuall kisse.
Thus in one another entring
Neuer ending neuer ending
Like a mutuall kisse.
Thus in one another entring
Shall in measure
Commensurate
Weaue breathing
Doth the triangle
Neuer ending neuer ending
Like a mutuall kisse.
Thus in one another entring
Neuer ending neuer ending
Like a mutuall kisse.
Thus in one another entring
Shall in measure
Commensurate
Weaue breathing
Doth the triangle
Neuer ending neuer ending
Like a mutuall kisse.
Thus in one another entring
Neuer ending neuer ending
Like a mutuall kisse.
Thus in one another entring
Shall in measure
Commensurate
Weaue breathing
Doth the triangle

The twelfth.

Loe Cupid *leaues his Bowe, his reaſon is*
Becauſe your eyes wound when his ſhafts doe miſſe.

Whilſt euery one was offring at the ſhrine
Of ſuch rare beauties might be ſtil'd diuine:
This lamentable voyce towards them flyes:
O Heauen ſend aid, orelſe a Maiden dies!
Herewith ſome ran the way the voyce them led;
Some with the Maiden ſtaid which ſhooke for dread;
What was the cauſe time ſerues not now to tell.
Harke; for my iolly Wether rings his bell,
And almoſt all our flocks haue left to graze,
Shepherds 'tis almoſt night, hie home apace,
When next we meet (as we ſhall meet ere long)
Ile tell the reſt in ſome enſuing Song.

THE FOVRTH SONG.

THE ARGVMENT.

Fida's *distresse, the Hinde is slaine,*
Yet from her ruines lines againe.
Riots *description next I rime;*
Then Aletheia, *and old* Time:
And lastly, from this Song I goe,
Hauing describ'd the Vale of Woe.

HAppy yee dayes of old, when euery waste
VVas like a SANCTVARIE to the chaste:
VVhen Incests, Rapes, Adulteries, were not knowne;
All pure as blossomes, which are newly blowne.
Maids

Maids were as free from spots, and soiles within,
As most vnblemisht in the outward skin.
Men euery Plaine and Cottage did afford,
As smooth in deeds, as they were faire of word.
Maidens with Men as sisters with their brothers;
And Men with Maids conuers'd as with their Mothers;
Free from suspition, or the rage of blood.
Strife onely raign'd, for all striu'd to be good.
But then as little Wrens but newly fledge,
First, by their nests hop vp and downe the hedge;
Then one from bough to bough gets vp a tree;
His fellow noting his agilitie,
Thinkes he as well may venter as the other,
So flushing from one spray vnto another,
Gets to the top, and then enbold'ned flies,
Vnto an height past ken of humane eyes:
So time brought worse, men first desir'd to talke;
Then came suspect; and then a priuate walke;
Then by consent appointed times of meeting,
Where most securely each might kisse his sweeting;
Lastly, with lusts their panting brests so swell,
They came to. But to what I blush to tell,
And entred thus, Rapes vsed were of all,
Incest, Adultery, held as Veniall:
The certainty in doubtfull ballance rests,
If beasts did learne of men, or men of beasts.
Had they not learn'd of man who was their King,
So to insult vpon an vnderling,
They ciuilly had spent their liues gradation,
As meeke and mild eas in their first creation;

Nor had th'infections of infected minds
So alter'd nature, and disorder'd kinds,
Fida had beene lesse wretched, I more glad,
That so true loue so true a progresse had.
When *Remond* left her (*Remond* then vnkinde)
Fida went downe the dale to seeke the Hinde;
And found her taking soyle within a flood:
Whom when she call'd straight follow'd to the wood.
Fida then wearied, sought the cooling shade,
And found an arbour by the Shepherds made
To frolike in (when *Sol* did hottest shine)
With cates which were farre cleanlier then fine.
For in those dayes men neuer vs'd to feed
So much for pleasure as they did for need.
Enriching then the arbour downe she sate her;
Where many a busie Bee came flying at her:
Thinking when she for ayre her brests discloses,
That there had growne some tuft of Damaske-Roses,
And that her azure veines which then did swell,
Were Conduit-pipes brought from a liuing Well.
Whose liquor might the world enioy for money,
Bees would be bank-rupt, none would care for honey.
The Hinde lay still without (poore silly creature,
How like a woman art thou fram'd by nature?
Timerous, apt to teares, wilie in running,
Caught best when force is intermixt with cunning)
Lying thus distant, different chances meet them,
And with a fearfull obiect Fate doth greet them.
Description of Rot. Something appear'd, which seem'd farre off, a man,
In stature, habit, gate, proportion:

But

But when their eyes their obiects Maſters were,
And it for ſtricter cenſure came more neere,
By all his properties one well might gheſſe,
Than of a man, he ſure had nothing leſſe.
For verily ſince old *Deucalions* flood
Earths ſlime did ne'er produce a viler brood.
Vpon the various Earths embrodered gowne
There is a weed vpon whoſe head growes Downe;
Sow-thiſtle 'tis ycleep'd, whoſe downy wreath,
If any one can blow off at a breath,
We deeme her for a Maid: ſuch was his haire,
Ready to ſhed at any ſtirring ayre.
His eares were ſtrucken deafe when he came nie,
To heare the Widowes or the Orphans crie.
His eyes encircled with a bloody chaine,
With poaring in the blood of bodies ſlaine.
His mouth exceeding wide, from whence did flie
Vollies of execrable blaſphemie;
Banning the Heauens, and he that rideth on them,
Dar'd vengeance to the teeth to fall vpon him:
Like *Scythian* Wolues, or * men of wit bereauen,
Which howle and ſhoot againſt the lights of Heauen.
His hands (if hands they were) like ſome dead corſe,
With digging vp his buried anceſtors;
Making his Fathers Tombe and ſacred ſhrine
The trough wherein the Hog-heard fed his Swine.
And as that Beaſt hath legs (which Shepherds feare,
Ycleep'd a *Badger*, which our Lambs doth teare)
One long, the other ſhort, that when he runs
Vpon the plaines, he halts; but when he wons

* Men of *Scirum* ſhoot againſt the Starres.

On craggy Rocks, or steepy stils, we see
None runs more swift, nor easier then he:
Such legs the Monster had, one sinew shrunke,
That in the plaines he reel'd, as being drunke;
And halted in the paths to *Vertue* tending:
And therefore neuer durst be that way bending:
But when he came on carued *Monuments*,
Spiring *Colosses*, and high raised rents,
He past them o're, quicke, as the Easterne winde
Sweepes through a Meadow; or a nimble *Hinde*,
Or *Satyre* on a Lawne; or skipping *Roe*;
Or well-wing'd Shaft forth of a *Parthian* bow.
His body made (still in consumptions rife)
A miserable prison for a life.

Riot he hight; whom some curs'd Fiend did raise,
When like a *Chaos* were the nights and daies:
Got and brought vp in the *Cymerian* Clime,
Where Sun nor Moon, nor daies, nor nights do time
As who should say, they scorn'd to shew their faces
To such a Fiend should seeke to spoile the *Graces*.

At sight whereof, *Fida* nigh drown'd in feare,
Was cleane dismaid when he approched neare;
Nor durst she call the Deere, nor whistling winde her,
Fearing her noise might make the Monster finde her;
Who slily came, for he had cunning learn'd him,
And seiz'd vpon the Hinde, ere she discern'd him.
Oh how she striu'd and strugled; euery nerue
Is prest at all assaies a life to serue:
Yet soone we lose, what we might longer keepe
Were not Preuention commonly a sleepe.

Maids,

Maids, of this Monsters brood be fearefull all,
What to the *Hinde* may hap to you befall.
Who with her feet held vp in stead of hands,
And teares which pittie from the Rocke commands,
She sighes, and shrikes, & weeps, and looks vpon him:
Alas she sobs, and many a groane throwes on him;
With plaints which might abate a Tyrants knife;
She begs for pardon, and entreats for life.
The hollow caues resound her moanings neere it,
That heart was flint which did not grieue to heare it:
The high topt *Firres* which on that mountaine keep,
Haue euer since that time beene seene to weepe.
The *Owle* till then, 'tis thought full well could sing,
And tune her voyce to euery bubling Spring:
But when she heard those plaints, then forth she yode
Out of the couert of an *Iuy* rod,
And hollowing for aide, so strain'd her throat,
That since she cleane forgot her former noat.
A little *Robin* sitting on a tree,
In dolefull noats bewail'd her Tragedie. (ble,
An *Aspe*, who thought him stout, could not dissem-
But shew'd his feare, and yet is seene to tremble.
Yet Cruelty was deafe, and had no sight
In ought which might gain-say the appetite:
But with his teeth rending her throat asunder,
Besprinkl'd with her blood the greene grasse vnder.
And gurmundizing on her flesh and blood,
He vomiting returned to the Wood.
Ryot but newly gone, as strange a vision
Though farre more heauenly, came in apparition.

As that *Arabian* bird (whom all admire)
Her exequies prepar'd and funerall fire,
Burnt in a flame conceiued from the Sun,
And nourished with slips of *Cynamon*,
Out of her ashes hath a second birth,
And flies abroad, a wonderment on earth:
So from the ruines of this mangled Creature
Arose so faire and so diuine a feature,
That *Enuy* for her heart would doat vpon her;
Heauen could not chuse but be enamour'd on her:
Were I a *Starre*, and she a second *Spheare*,
Ide leaue the other, and be fixed there.
Had faire *Arachne* wrought this Maidens haire,
When she with *Pallas* did for skill compare,
Minerua's worke had neuer beene esteem'd,
But this had beene more rare and highly deem'd.
Yet gladly now she would reuerse her doome,
Weauing this haire with in a Spiders Loome.
Vpon her fore-head, as in glory sate
Mercy and Maiesty, for wondring at,
As pure and simple as *Albania's* snow,
Or milke-white Swans which stem the streams of *Poe*:
Like to some goodly fore-land, bearing out
Her haire, the tufts which fring'd the shoare about.
And lest the man which sought those coasts might slip,
Her eyes like Stars, did serue to guide the ship.
Vpon her front (heauens faireſt *Promontory*)
Delineated was, th'Authentique Story
Of those Elect, whose sheepe at first began
To nibble by the springs of *Canaan*:

Description of *Truth*.

Out

Out of whose sacred loynes (brought by the stem
Of that sweet Singer of *Ierusalem*)
Came the best Shepherd euer flocks did keepe,
Who yeelded vp his life to saue his sheepe.
O thou Eterne! by whom all beings moue,
Giuing the Springs beneath, and Springs aboue:
Whose Finger doth this *Vniuerse* sustaine,
Bringing the former and the latter raine:
Who dost with plenty Meads and Pastures fill,
By drops distill'd like dew on *Hermon* Hill:
Pardon a silly Swaine, who (farre vnable
In that which is so rare, so admirable)
Dares on an Oaten-pipe, thus meanly sing
Her praise immense, worthy a siluer string.
And thou which through the Desart and the Deepe,
Didst lead thy Chosen like a flocke of sheepe:
As sometime by a Starre thou guidedst them,
Which fed vpon the plaines of *Bethelem*;
So by thy sacred Spirit direct my quill,
When I shall sing ought of thy *Holy hill*,
That times to come, when they my rymes rehearse,
May wonder at me, and admire my Verse:
For who but one rapt in Cœlestiall fire,
Can by his Muse to such a pitch aspire;
That from aloft he might behold and tell
Her worth, whereon an iron Pen might dwell.
When she was borne, *Nature* in sport began,
To learne the cunning of an *Artizan*,
And did Vermilion with a white compose,
To mocke her selfe, and paint a Damaske Rose.

But

But scorning *Nature* vnto *Art* should seeke,
She spilt her colours on this Maidens cheeke.
Her mouth the gate from whence all goodnesse came,
Of power to giue the dead a liuing name.
Her words embalmed in so sweet a breath,
That made them triumph both on Time and Death,
Whose fragrant sweets, since the *Camelion* knew,
And tasted of, he to this humor grew:
Left other Elements, held this so rare,
That since he neuer feeds on ought but Ayre.
O had I *Virgils* verse, or *Tullies* Tongue!
Or raping numbers like the *Thracian's* Song,
I haue a Theame would make the Rocks to dance,
And surly Beasts that through the Desart prance,
Hie from their Caues, and euery gloomy den,
To wonder at the excellence of men.
Nay, they would thinke their states for euer raised,
But once to looke on one, so highly praised.
Out of whose Maiden brests (which sweetly rise)
The *Seers* suckt their hidden *Prophecies:*
And told that for her loue in times to come,
Many should seeke the Crowne of *Martyrdome*,
By fire, by sword, by tortures, dungeons, chaines,
By stripes, by famine, and a world of paines;
Yet constant still remaine (to her they loued)
Like *Syon* Mount, that cannot be remoued.
Proportion on her armes and hands recorded,
The world for her no fitter place afforded.
Praise her who list, he still shall be her debter:
For *Art* ne'er fain'd, nor *Nature* fram'd a better.

As

As when a *holy Father* hath began
To offer sacrifice to mighty *Pan*,
Doth the request of euery Swaine assume,
To scale the Welkin in a sacred fume,
Made by a widow'd *Turtles* louing mate,
Or *Lambkin*, or some *Kid* immaculate,
The offring heaues aloft, with both his hands;
Which all adore, that neere the Altar stands:
So was her heauenly body comely rais'd
On two faire columnes; those that *Ouid* prais'd
In *Iulia's* borrowed name, compar'd with these,
Were Crabs to Apples of th' *Hesperides*;
Or stumpe-foot *Vulcan* in comparison,
With all the height of true perfection.
Nature was here so lauish of her store,
That she bestow'd vntill she had no more.
VVhose Treasure being weakned (by this Dame)
She thrusts into the world so many lame.
The highest *Synode* of the glorious Skie,
(I heard a VVood-Nymph sing) sent *Mercurie*
To take a suruay of the fairest faces,
And to describe to them all womens graces;
VVho long time wandring in a serious quest,
Noting what parts by *Beauty* were possest:
At last he saw this *Maid*, then thinking fit
To end his iourney, here, *Nil-vltra*, writ.
Fida in adoration kiss'd her knee,
And thus bespake; Haile glorious Deitie!
(If such thou art, and who can deeme you lesse?)
VVhether thou raign'st *Queene* of the *Wildernesse*,

Or

Or art that Goddesse ('tis vnknowne to me)
Which from the *Ocean* drawes her pettigree:
Or one of those, who by the mossie bankes
Of drisling *Helicon*; in airie rankes
Tread Roundelayes vpon the siluer sands,
Whilst shaggy *Satyres* tripping o're the strands,
Stand still at gaze, and yeeld their senses thrals
To the sweet cadence of your Madrigals:
Or of the *Faiery* troope which nimbly play,
And by the Springs dance out the Summers day;
Teaching the little birds to build their nests,
And in their singing how to keepen rests:
Or one of those, who watching where a Spring
Out of our Grandame Earth hath issuing,
With your attractiue Musicke wooe the streame
(As men by *Faieries* led, falne in a dreame)
To follow you, which sweetly trilling wanders
In many Mazes, intricate Meanders;
Till at the last, to mocke th'enamour'd rill,
Ye bend your traces vp some shady hill;
And laugh to see the waue no further tread;
But in a chafe run foaming on his head,
Being enforc'd a channell new to frame,
Leauing the other destitute of name.
If thou be one of these, or all, or more,
Succour a seely Maid, that doth implore
Aid, on a bended heart, vnfain'd and meeke,
As true as blushes of a Maiden cheeke.

Maiden arise, repli'd the new-borne Maid:
"Pure Innocence the senselesse stories will aide.

Nor of the *Fairie* troope, nor *Muses* nine;
Nor am I *Venus*, nor of *Proserpine:*
But daughter to a lusty aged Swaine,
That cuts the greene tufts off th'enamel'd plaine;
And with his Sythe hath many a Summer shorne
The plow'd-lands lab'ring with a crop of corne;
Who from the cloud-clipt mountaine by his stroake
Fels downe the lofty Pine, the Cedar, Oake:
He opes the flood-gates as occasion is
Sometimes on that mans land, sometimes on this.
When *Verolame*, a stately Nymph of yore
Did vse to decke her selfe on *Isis* shore,
One morne (among the rest) as there she stood,
Saw the pure Channell all besmear'd with blood;
Inquiring for the cause, one did impart,
Those drops came from her holy *Albans* hart;
Herewith in griefe she gan intreat my Syre,
That *Isis* streame, which yeerely did attire
Those gallant fields in changeable array,
Might turne her course and run some other way.
Left that her waues might wash away the guilt
From off their hands which *Albans* blood had spilt:
He condescended, and the nimble waue
Her Fish no more within that channell draue:
But as a witnesse left the crimson gore
To staine the earth, as they their hands before.
He had a being ere there was a birth,
And shall not cease vntill the Sea and Earth,
And what they both containe, shall cease to be,
Nothing confines him but *Eternitie.*

Description of Time.

By

By him the names of good men euer liue,
Which short liu'd men vnto *Oblivion* giue:
And in forgetfulnesse he lets him fall,
That is no other man then naturall:
'Tis he alone that rightly can discouer,
Who is the true, and who the fained Louer.
In Summers heat when any Swaine to sleepe
Doth more addict himselfe then to his sheepe;
And whilst the *Leaden God* sits on his eyes,
If any of his Fold or strayes or dyes,
And to the waking Swaine it be vnknowne,
Whether his sheepe be dead, or straid, or stolne;
To meet my Syre he bends his course in paine,
Either where some high hill surueies the plaine;
Or takes his step toward the flowrie vallies,
Where *Zephyre* with the *Cowslip* hourely dallies;
Or to the groues, where birds from heat or weather,
Sit sweetly tuning of their noates together:
Or to a Mead a wanton Riuer dresses
With richest *Collers* of her turning *Esses*;
Or where the Shepherds sit old stories telling,
Chronos my Syre hath no set place of dwelling;
But if the Shepherd meet the aged Swaine,
He tels him of his sheepe, or shewes them slaine.
So great a gift the sacred Powers of heauen
(Aboue all others) to my Syre haue giuen,
That the abhorred Stratagems of night,
Lurking in cauernes from the glorious light,
By him (perforce) are from their dungeons hurl'd,
And shew'd as monsters to the wondring World.

What

What Mariner is he ſailing vpon
The watry Deſart clipping *Albion*,
Heares not the billowes in their dances roare
Anſwer'd by *Eccoes* from the neighbour ſhoare?
To whoſe accord the Maids trip from the Downes,
And Riuers dancing come, ycrown'd with Townes,
All ſinging forth the victories of *Time*,
Vpon the Monſters of the Weſterne Clime,
VVhoſe horrid, damned, bloody, plots would bring
Confuſion on the Laureate Poets King,
VVhoſe Hell-fed hearts deuis'd how neuer more
A *Swan* might ſinging ſit on *Iſis* ſhore:
But croaking *Rauens*, and the *Scrich-owles* crie,
The fit Muſitians for a *Tragedie*,
Should euermore be heard about her ſtrand,
To fright all Paſſengers from that ſad Land.
Long Summers dayes I on his worth might ſpend,
And yet begin againe when I would end.
All Ages ſince the firſt age firſt begun,
Ere they could know his worth their age was done:
VVhoſe abſence all the Treaſury of earth
Cannot buy out. From farre-fam'd *Tagus* birth,
Not all the golden grauell he treads ouer,
One minute paſt, that minute can recouer.
I am his onely Childe (he hath no other)
Cleep'd *Aletheia*, borne without a Mother.
Poore *Aletheia* long deſpis'd of all,
Scarce *Charitie* would lend an Hoſpitall
To giue my Months cold watching one nights reſt,
But in my roome tooke in the Miſers Cheſt.

In

Winter

In winters time when hardly fed the flocks,
And Isicles hung dangling on the Rocks;
When *Hyems* bound the floods in siluer chaines,
And hoary Frosts had candy'd all the Plaines;
When euery Barne rung with the threshing Flailes,
And Shepherds Boyes for cold gan blow their nailes:
(Wearied with toyle in seeking out some one
That had a sparke of true deuotion;)

Abby

It was my chance (chance onely helpeth need)
To finde an house ybuilt for holy deed,
With goodly Architect, and Cloisters wide,
With groues and walkes along a Riuers side;
The place it selfe afforded admiration,
And euery spray a Theame of contemplation.
But (woe is me) when knocking at the gate,
I gan intreat an enterance thereat:
The Porter askt my name: I told; He swell'd,
And bade me thence: wherewith in griefe repell'd,
I sought for shelter to a ruin'd house,
Harb'ring the Weasell, and the dust-bred Mouse;
And others none, except the two-kinde Bat,
Which all the day there melancholy sate:
Here sate I downe with winde and raine ybeat;
Griefe fed my minde, and did my body eat.
Yet *Idlenesse* I saw (lam'd with the Gout)
Had entrance when poore *Truth* was kept without.
There saw I *Drunkennesse* with Dropsies swolne;
And pamper'd *Lust* that many a night had stolne
Ouer the *Abby*-wall when Gates were lock'd,
To be in *Venus* wanton bosome rock'd:

Althea seeks reliefe at an Abbey, and is denide.

And

And *Glut* (my chast surfeiting had bin,
Knocke at the gate and straight way taken in:
Sadly I sate, and sighing griev'd to see,
Their happinesse, my infelicitie:
At last came *Envy*, but (when shaning spide
Where I was sadly fenc'd, in ward inside,
And to the Cave neighbor'ing fiends cries,
Why sit you here, when with these cares and eyes
I heard and saw distrumpon dares to say,
She is the true faire *Alithea*,
Which you have long'd to get, long time among you,
Yet suffer more peevish Circe to wrong you:
With this prouok'd all rag'd and in a mood
Ran to the gate, strove who should first get out,
Bade me be gone, and then (in cogn'is vile suit)
Did call the counterfait, with bag, and dudgeon dwell:
Then like a stumpot drone, me from their cote
With clubbing pun, and wolvish angel broke:
And her vile brood me to be worried set
Had heapes of fire-brands been fed at her face,
That burning heate (distastefully for such cold wights)
Inforc'd in fields coole cheere, my wakes all night;
A silly Satyre seeing the thing by,
For sooth did shun where once she meant to lye;
As if (in her kinde (not hurtfully else)
Did bid me take such lodging as her selfe:
Gladly I took the place (the cheape had given,
Vncanopy'd of anything but heaven)
Where nigh benumb'd with cold, with griefe frequen-
Vnto the silent night I thus lamented: (ted,

Faire *Cynthia*, if from thy siluer Throne,
Thou euer lou'st an eare to Virgins mone!
Or in thy Monthly course, one minute staid
Thy Palfrayes trot, to hearken wretched Maid!
Pull in their reynes, and lend thine eare to me,
Forlorne, forsaken, cloath'd in miserie:
But if a woe hath neuer stood thine eare,
To stop those Coursers in their full Carriere,
But as stone-hearted men, vncharitable,
Passe careleſſe by the poore, when men leſſe able
Hold out the needfull helpe in long ſuſpence,
But in their hands poure their beneuolence.
O! if thou be so hard to ſtop thine eares
When ſtarre-like pitty drops down from thine Spheares,
Yet for a while in gloomy vaile of night,
Inſtrowed thy pale beames of thy borrowed light:
O! neuer once diſcourage good deeſſe (lending
One glimpſe of light) to ſee misfortune ſpending
Her vnmeaſured rage on *Truths* deſpiſed, diſtreſſed,
Vnhappy, vnrelieued, neu'r beheld,
Where is the heart at view of ſuffring griefe that
Where is there eye that pitying relieues?
Where is the hand that fills the hungry mouth?
Where is the eare that hee der to poſſeſſe?
That heart, that hand, that eare, or eſſe that eye,
Giueth, relieueth, feeds, or eaſes miſery?
O earth produce no one (of all thy ſtore)
Enioyes; and be vaine-glorious no more,
By this had *Chanticleer*, the village-clocke,
Bidden the good-wife for her Maids to knocke:

And

And the swart plow man for his breakfast staid,
That he might till those lands were fallow laid:
The hils and vallies here and there resound
With the re-ecchoes of the deepe-mouth'd hound.
Each Shepherds daughter with her cleanly Peale,
Was come a field to milke the Mornings meale,
And ere the *Sunne* had clymb'd the Easterne hils,
To guild the muttring bournes, and pritty rils,
Before the lab'ring *Bee* had left the Hiue,
And nimble *Fishes* which in Riuers diue,
Began to leape, and catch the drowned Flie,
I rose from rest, not in felicitie.
Seeking the place of *Chastities* resort,
Vnware I happed on a Princes Court;
Where meeting *Greatnesse*, I requir'd relicfe,
(O happy vndelay'd) she said in briefe,
To small effect thinks oratorie tends,
How can I keepe thee and so many friends?
If of my household I should make thee one,
Farewell my seruant, *Adulation*:
I know she will not stay when thou art there:
But seeke some Great mans seruice other-where.
Darknesse and light, summer and winters weather
May be at once, ere you two liue together.
Thus with a nod she left me cloath'd in woe.
Thence to the Citie once I thought to goe,
But somewhat in my mind this thought had thrown,
It was a place wherein I was not knowne.
And therefore went vnto these homely townes,
Sweetly enuiron'd with the Dazied Downes.

Vpon a streame washing a village end
A Mill is plac'd, that neuer difference kend
Twixt dayes for worke, and holy-tides for rest,
But alwaies wrought & ground the neighbors grest.
Before the doore I saw the *Miller* walking,
And other two (his neighbours) with him talking:
One of them was a *Weauer*, and the other
The Village *Tayler*, and his trusty brother;
To them I came, and thus my suit began:
Content, the riches of a Country-man,
Attend your Actions, be more happy still,
Then I am hapless! and as yonder Mill,
Though in his turning it obey the streame,
Yet by the head-strong torrent from his braine
Is vnremou'd, and till the wheele be tore,
It daily toyles, then rests, and workes no more:
So in lifes motion may you neuer be
(Though swayd with griefes) o'er-borne with misery.
With that the *Miller* laughing, brush'd his cloathes,
Then swore by Cocke and other dung-hill oathes,
I greatly was to blame, that durst so wade
Into the knowledge of the Wheel-wrights trade.
I, neighbour, quoth the *Tayler* (then he bent
His pace to me, spruce like a *Iacke of Lent.*)
Your iudgement is not seame-rent when you spend it,
Nor is it botching, for I cannot mend it.
And Maiden, let me tell you in displeasure,
You must not presse the cloth you cannot measure:
But let your steps be stitcht to wisdomes chalking,
And cast presumptuous shreds out of your walking.

Truth entreats succor from a Miller, a Tayler & a Weauer.

The *Weauer* said, Fie wench, your selfe you wrong,
Thus to let slip the shuttle of your tong:
For marke me well, yea, marke me well, I say,
I see you worke your speeches Web astray.
Sad to the Soule, o'er laid with idle words,
O heauen, quoth I, where is the place affords
A friend to helpe, or any heart that ruth
The most dejected hopes of wronged *Truth*!
Truth! quoth the *Miller*, plainly for our parts,
I and the *Weauer* hate thee with our hearts:
The strifes you raise I will not now discusse,
Betweene our honest Customers and vs:
But get you gone, for sure you may despaire
Of comfort here, seeke it some other-where.
Maid (quoth the *Tayler*) we no succour owe you,
For as I guesse her's none of vs doth know you:
Nor my remembrance any thought can seize
That I haue euer seene you in my dayes.
Seene you? nay, therein confident I am;
Nay, till this time I neuer heard your name,
Excepting once, and by this token chiefe,
My neighbour at that instant cald me thiefe,
By this you see you are vnknowne among vs,
We cannot help you, though your stay may wrong vs.
Thus went I on, and further went in woe:
For as shrill sounding *Fame*, that's neuer slow,
Growes in her going, and increaseth more,
Where she is now, then where she was before:
So *Griefe* (that neuer healthy, euer sicke,
That froward Scholler to *Arethmeticke*,

Who doth Diuision and Substraction flie,
And chiefly learnes to adde and multiply)
In longest iourneys hath the strongest strength,
And is at hand, suppresst, vnquaild at length.

Description of a solitarie Vale.

Betweene two hils, the highest *Phœbus* sees
Gallantly crownd with large Skie-kissing trees,
Vnder whose shade the humble vallies lay;
And *Wilde-Bores* from their dens their gambols play:
There lay a graueld walke ore-growne with greene,
Where neither tract of man nor beast was seene.
And as the Plow-man when the land he tils,
Throwes vp the fruitfull earth in ridged hils,
Betweene whose *Chouron* forme he leaues a balke;
So twixt those hils had Nature fram'd this walke,
Not ouer-darke, nor light, in angles bending,
And like the gliding of a Snake descending:
All husht and silent as the mid of night:
No chattring *Pie*, nor *Crow* appear'd in sight;
But further in I heard the *Turtle-Doue*,
Singing sad Dirges on her lifelesse Loue.
Birds that compassion from the rocks could bring,
Had onely license in that place to sing:
Whose dolefull noates the melancholly *Cat*
Close in a hollow tree sate wondring at.
And Trees that on the hill-side comely grew,
When any little blast of *Æol* blew,
Did nod their curled heads, as they would be
The Iudges to approue their melody.
Just halfe the way this solitary Groue,
A Crystall Spring from either hill-side stroue,

VVhich

Which of them first should woue the meaker ground,
And make the Pibbles dance vnto their sound.
But as when children hauing leaue to play,
And neare their Masters eye sport out the day,
(Beyond condition) in their childish toyes
Oft vex their Tutor with too great a noyse,
And make him send some seruant out of doore,
To cease their clamour, lest they play no more:
So when the prettie *Rill* a place espies,
Where with the Pibbles she would wantonize;
And that her vpper streame so much doth wrong her
To driue her thence, and let her play no longer:
If she with too loud murmring ran away,
As being much incens'd to leaue her play:
A westerne milde, and pretty whispering gale,
Came dallying with the leaues along the dale,
And seem'd as with the water it did chide,
Because it ran so long vnpacifide:
Yea, and me thought it bade her leaue that coyle,
Or he would choake her vp with leaues and soyle:
Whereat the riuelet in my minde did weepe,
And hurl'd her head into a silent deepe.

Now he that guides the Chariot of the *Sunne*,
Vpon th' *Eclipticke Circle* had so runne,
That his brasse-hoofd fire-breathing horses wan
The stately height of the *Meridian*:
And the day-lab'ring man (who all the morne
Had from the quarry with his Pick-axe torne
A large well squared stone, which he would sue
To serue his stile, or for some water-shut)

Seeing the Sunne preparing to decline,
Tooke out his Bag, and sate him downe to dine.
When by a sliding, yet not steepe descent,
I gain'd a place, ne'er Poet did invent
The like for sorrow: not in all this Round
A fitter seat for passion can be found.

As when a dainty Fount, and Crystall Spring,
Got newly from the earths imprisoning,
And ready prest some channell cleere to win,
Is round his rise by Rockes immured in,
And from the thirsty earth would be with-held:
Till to the Cesterne top the waues haue swell'd.
But that a carefull *Hinde* the Well hath found,
As he walkes sadly through his parched ground;
Whose patience suffring not his land to stay
Vntill the water o'er the Cesterne play,
He gets a Picke-axe and with blowes so stout,
Digs on the Rocke, that all the groues about
Resound his stroke, and still the rocke doth charge,
Till he hath made a hole both long and large,
Whereby the waters from their prison run,
To close earths gaping wounds made by the *Sun*:
So through these high rais'd hils, embracing round
This shady, sad, and solitary ground,
Some power (respecting one whose heauy mone
Requir'd a place to sit and weepe alone)
Had cut a path, whereby the grieued wight
Might freely take the comfort of this Seyte.
About the edges of whose roundly forme,
In order grew such Trees as doe adorne

The sable hearse, and sad forsaken mate;
And Trees whose teares their losse commiserate,
Such are the *Cypresse*, and the weeping *Myrrhe*,
The dropping *Amber*, and the refin'd *Ebrbe*,
The bleeding *Vine*, the watry *Sicamour*,
And *Willough* for the forlorne Paramour:
In comely distance, vnderneath whose shade
Most neat in rudenesse *Nature* arbors made;
Some had a light, some fit obscure a seat,
Would entertaine a sufferance neere so great,
Where grieued wights sate (as I after found,
Whose heauy hearts the height of sorrow crown'd)
Wailing in saddest tunes the doomes of Fate
On men by vertue cleeped fortunate.

The first note that I heard I soone was won,
To thinke the sighes of faire *Endymion*,
The subiect of whose mournfull heauy lay,
Was his declining with faire *Cynthia*.

Next him a great man sate, in woe no lesse;
Teares were but barren shadowes to expresse
The substance of his griefe, and therefore stood
Distilling from his heart red streames of blood:
He was a Swaine whom all the *Graces* kist,
A braue, heroicke, worthy *Martialist*:
Yet on the Downes he oftentimes was seene
To draw the merry Maidens of the Greene
With his sweet voyce: Once, as he sate alone,
He sung the outrage of the lazy *Drone*,
Vpon the lab'ring *Bees*, in straines so rare,
That all the flitting Pinnionists of ayre

Attentiue

Attentiue sate, and in their kindes did long
To learne some Noat from his well-timed Song.
Exiled *Naso* (from whose golden pen
The *Muses* did distill delights for men)
Thus sang of *Cephalus* (whose name was worne
Within the bosome of the blushing *Morne*:)
He had a dart was neuer set on wing,
But death flew with it: he could neuer fling,
But life fled from the place where stucke the head.
A Hunters frolicke life in Woods he lead
In separation from his yoaked Mate,
Whose beauty, once, he valued at a rate
Beyond *Aurora's* cheeke, when she (in pride)
Promis'd their off-spring should be Deifide:
Procris she hight; who (seeking to restore
Her selfe that happinesse she had before)
Vnto the greene wood wends, omits no paine
Might bring her to her Lords embrace againe:
But *Fate* thus crost her, comming where he lay
Wearied with hunting all a Summers day,
He somewhat heard within the thicket rush,
And deeming it some Beast, hid in a bush,
Raised himselfe, then set on wing a dart,
Which tooke a sad rest in the restlesse heart
Of his chaste wife; who with a bleeding breast
Left loue and life, and slept in endlesse rest.
With *Procris* heauie Fate this Shepherds wrong
Might be compar'd, and aske as sad a song.
In th' *Autumne* of his youth, and manhoods *Spring*,
Desert (growne now a most deiected thing)

Won

Won him the fauour of a *Royall Maid*,
Who with *Diana's* Nymphes in Forrests straid,
And liu'd a Huntresse life exempt from feare.
She once encountred with a surly *Beare*,
Neare to a Christall Fountains flowry-brinke, (drinke,
Heat brought them thither both, and both would
When from her golden Quiuer she tooke forth
A *Dart*, aboue the rest esteem'd for worth,
And sent it to his side: the gaping wound
Gaue purple streames to poole the parched ground,
Whereat he gnasht his teeth, storm'd his hurt lym,
Yeelded the earth what it denied him:
Yet sunke not there, but (wrapt in horror) hy'd
Vnto his hellish caue, despair'd and dy'd.

After the *Beares* iust death, the quickning Sunne
Had twice six times about the *Zodiacke* run,
And (as respectlesse) neuer cast an eye,
Vpon the night-inuail'd *Cymmerij*,
When this braue Swaine (approued valorous)
In opposition, of a tyrannous
And bloody *Sauage* being long time gone
Quelling his rage with faithlesse *Gerion*
Returned from the straragems of warres,
(Inriched with his quail'd foes bootlesse scarres)
To see the cleare eyes of his dearest Loue,
And that her skill in hearbs might helpe remoue
The freshing of a wound which he had got
In her defence, by *Ennies* poyson'd shot,
And comming through a Groue wherein his faire
Lay with her brests displai'd to take the aire,

His

His rushing through the boughes made her arise,
And dreading some wilde beasts rude enterprize,
Directs towards the noyse a sharpned dart,
That reach'd the life of his vndaunted heart,
Which when shee knew, twice twenty Moones nie
In teares for him, and dy'd in languishment.

Within an arbour shadow'd with a Vine,
Mixed with *Rosemary* and *Eglantine*,
A Shepherdesse was set, as faire as young,
Whose praise full many a Shepherd whilome sung,
Who on an *Altar faire* had to her Name,
In consecration many an *Anagram*:
And when with sugred straines they strove to raise
Worth, to a garland of immortall *Bayes*;
She as the learnedst Maid was chose by them,
(Her flaxen haire crown'd with an *Anadem*)
To iudge who best deseru'd, for shee could fit
The height of praise vnto the height of wit.
But well-a-day those happy times were gone,
(Millions admit a small substraction.)

And as the *Yeere* hath first his iocund *Spring*,
Wherein the Leaues, to Birds sweet carrolling,
Dance with the winde: then sees, the *Summers* day
Perfect the Embrion Blossome of each spray:
Next commeth *Autumne*, when the threshed sheafe
Loseth his graine, and euery tree his leafe:
Lastly, cold *Winters* rage, with many a storme,
Threats the proud *Pines* which *Ida's* top adorne,
And makes the sap-leaue succourlesse the shoot,
Shrinking to comfort his decaying root.

Or

Or as a quaint *Musitian* being won,
To run a poinct of sweet Division,
Gets by degrees vnto the highest *Key*:
Then, with like order falleth in his play
Into a deeper Tone; and lastly, throwes
His Period in a *Diapazon*. Close ev'ry
So euery humane thing terrestriall,
His vmost height attain'd, bends to his fall.
And as a comely youth, in fairest age,
Enamour'd on a Maid (whose parts engage
Had *Fate* adorn'd, as *Nature* deckt her eye,
Might at a becke command a Monarchie)
But poore and faire could neuer yet be wise
A misers minde, preferring soule and sight,
And therefore (as a Kings heart left behinde
When as his corps are borne to be entomb'd
(His Parents will, Law) like that dead corse,
Leauing his heart, is brought vnto his Horse.
Carried vnto a place that can impart
No secret Embassie vnto his heart,
Climbes some proud hill, whose stately eminence
Vassals the fruitfull vales circumference:
From whence, no sooner can his lights descry
The place enriched by his *Mistresse* eye:
But some thicke cloud his happy prospect blends,
And he in sorrow rais'd, in teares descends:
So this sad Nymph (whom all commiserate)
Once pac'd the hill of *Greatnesse* and of *State*,
And got the top; but when she gan addresse
Her sight, from thence to see true happinesse,

Fate

Fate interpos'd an enuious cloud of feares,
And she with-drew into this vale of teares,
Where *Sorrow* so enthral'd best *Vertues* I cyrcell,
Stones check'd griefs hardnes, call'd her too too cruel,
A streame of teares vpon her faire cheekes flowes,
As morning dew vpon the Damaske-Rose,
Or Cryſtall-glaſſe vailing Vermilion;
Or drops of Milke on the Carnation:
She ſang and wept (O yee Sea-binding Cloyſters,
Yeeld Tributary drops, for *Vertues* griefes!)
And to the Period of her ſad ſweet Key
Intwinn'd her caſe with chaſte *Penelope*:
But ſee the drilling *Sourke* my mournfull ſtraine
Anſwers, in weeping drops of quick-pitching raine,
And ſince this day we can no further goe,
Reſtle[illegible] reſt with him this *Vale of Woe*.
Vntill the modeſt morne bedeathes vaſt *Zeno*,
The cleerer ſome day ſhall re-inchrone.

The Fifth Song.

The Argument.

In Nests that neeke so pitie moue,
Idya *sings her buried Loue:*
And from her heame of plentie *giues*
Comfort to Truth, whom Enuie *liues:*
Repentance *house next calms me on,*
With Riots *true answer sonne:*
Leuying Aminta's Loue to Truth,
To be the Theame the Muse vs'th.

HEre full of *Aprill*, vail'd with sorrowes wing,
For louely Layes, I dreary Dirges sing.
Who so hath seene yong Lads (to sport themselues)
Run in a low ebbe to the sandy shelues:
Where

Where seriously they worke in digging wels,
Or building childish forts of Cockle shels:
Or liquid water each to other dandy;
Or with the Pibbles play at handy-dandy;
Till vnawares the Tyde hath clos'd them round,
And they must wade it through or else be drown'd,
May (if vnto my Pipe he listen well)
My *Muse* distresse with dreads to the parallel.
But where I will some sung the loues of Swaines,
And woo'd the Crystall Currants of the Plaines,
Teaching the Birds to loue, whilst euery Tree
Gaue his attention to my Melodie:
Fade now (as enuying my too happy Theame)
Each round begirt my Song with Sorrowes streame,
Which till my Muse (a-dolorous) and ore-growne
My griefe (swolne Seas) can sing of, I vow no more.
But turne we now (yet not without a teare)
To heauenly *Alethea*, sad discomfited,
That did from *Fida's* eyes salt riuers exhale,
When thus she shrill'd the Sailors Vsuall
Iust in the midst this ioy-forsaken ground
A thilocke stood with Springs and brac'd rounds,
And with a Crystall Ring did seeme to marry
Themselues, to this small Ile sad-solitarie:)
Vpon whose brest (which trembled as it ran)
Rode the faire downie-siluer-coated *Swan*,
And on the bankes each *Cypresse* bow'd his head,
To heare the *Swan* sing her owne * *Epiced*.

* A Funerall song before the Lords be interred.

As when the gallant youth which liue vpon
The Westerne Downes of louely *Albion*;

Meeting,

Meeting, some festiuall to solemnize,
Choose out two, skil'd in wrastling exercise,
Who strongly, at the wrist or coller cling,
Whilst arme in arme the people make a Ring.
So did the water round this Ile inlinke,
And so the Trees grew on the waters brinke:
Waters their streames about the Iland scatter;
And Trees perform'd as much vnto the water:
Vnder whose shade the *Nightingale* would bring
Her chirping young, and teach them how to sing.
The woods most sad, Musitians thither hie,
As it had beene the *Silurians Castalie*,
And warbled forth such *Elegyacke* straines,
That strucke the windes dumbe; & the mosly plaines
Were fill'd with enuy, that such shady places
Held all the worlds delights in their embraces.

O how (me thinkes) the impes of *Mneme* bring
Dewes of Inuention from their sacred Spring!
Here could I spend that spring of *Poesie*,
Which not *twice ten Sunnes* haue bestow'd on me;
And tell the world, the *Muses* loue appeares
In nonag'd youth, as in the length of yeares.
But ere my *Muse* erected haue the frame,
Wherein t'enshrine an vnknowne Shepherds name,
She many a Groue, and other woods must tread,
More Hils, more Dales, more Founts must be displaid,
More Meadowes, Rockes, and from them all elect
Matter befitting such an Architect.

As Children on a play-day leaue the Schooles,
And gladly runne vnto the swimming Pooles,

Or in the thickers, all with nettles stung,
Rush to dispoile some sweet *Thrush* of her young;
Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a Brooke
Withouten paine: but when the *Morne* doth looke
Out of the *Easterne gates*, a Snayle would faster
Glide to the Schooles, then they vnto their Master:
So when before I sung the Songs of Birds,
(Whilst euery moment sweetned lines affords)
I pip'd deuoid of paine, but now I come
Vnto my taske, my *Muse* is stricken dumbe.
My blubbring pen her sable teares lets fall,
In Characters right *Hyrogliphicall*,
And mixing with my teares are ready turning,
My late white paper to a weed of mourning;
Or Inke and Paper striue how to impart,
My words, the weeds they wore, within my hart:
Or else the blots vnwilling are my rimes
And their sad cause should liue till after-times;
Fearing if men their subiect should descry,
They forth-with would dissolue in teares and die.
Vpon the *Ilands* craggy rising hill,
A *Quadrant* ranne, wherein by Artlesse skill,
At euery corner *Nature* did erect
A Columne rude, yet void of all defect:
Whereon a Marble lay. The thick-growne *Bryer*,
And prickled *Hawthorne* (wouen all entyre)
Together clung, and barr'd the gladsome light
From any entrance, fitting onely night.
No way to it but one, steepe and obscure,
The staires of rugged stone, seldome in vre,

All

All ouer-growne with Mosse, as *Nature* sate
To entertaine *Griefe* with a *cloth of State.*
Hardly vnto the top I had ascended,
But that the Trees (siding the steps) befriended
My weary limbes, who bowing downe their armes,
Gaue hold vnto my hands to scape from harmes:
Which euermore are ready, still present
Our feet, in climbing places eminent.
Before the doore (to hinder *Phœbus* view)
A shady *Box-tree* grasped with an *Eugh*,
As in the place behalfe they menac'd warre
Against the radiance of each sparkling Star.
And on their barkes (which *Time* had nigh depraui'd)
These lines (it seem'd) had been of old engraui'd:
This place was fram'd of yore, to be possest
By one which sometime Hath Beene Happiest.
Louely *Iaya* the most beautious
Of all the darlings of *Occeanus*,
Hesperia's enuy and the Westerne pride,
Whose party-coloured garment *Nature* dy'd
In more eye-pleasing hewes with richer graine,
Then *Iris* bow attending *Aprils* raine.
Whose Lilly white inshaded with the Rose
Had that man seene, who sung th' *Eneidos*,
Dido had in oblivion slept, and she
Had giu'n his *Muse* her best eternitie.
Had braue *Atrides* (who did erst imploy
His force to mix his dead with those of *Troy*)
Beene proffered for a truce her fained peece
Helen had staid, and that had gone to *Greece*:

The *Phrygian* soile had not been drunk with blood,
Achilles longer breath'd, and *Troy* yet stood:
The Prince of Poets had not sung his story,
My friend had lost his euer-liuing glory.
But as a snowy *Swan*, who many a day
On *Thamar's* swelling brests hath had his play,
For further pleasure doth assay to swim
My natiue *Tawy*, or the sandy *Plim:*
And on the panting billowes bravely rides,
Whilst Country-lasses walking on the sides,
Admire her beauty, and with clapping hands,
Would force her leaue the streame, and tread the sands,
When she regardlesse swims to th' other edge,
Vntill an enuious Bryer, or tangling Sedge
Dispoyles her Plumes; or else a sharpned Beame
Pierceth her brest, and on the bloudy streame
She pants for life: So whilome rode this Maid
On streames of worldly blisse, more rich arrayd,
With Earths delighe, then thought could put in vre,
To glut the senses of an *Epicure*.
Whilst neighbring Kings vpon their frontires stood,
And offer'd for her dowre huge Seas of blood:
And periur'd *Gerion* to winne her, rent
The *Indian* Rockes for gold, and bootlesse spent
Almost his patrimony for her sake,
Yet nothing like respected as the *Drake*
That skowr'd her Channels, and destroyd the weede,
Which spoyld her sisters nets, and fishes breede.
At last her truest loue she threw vpon
A *royall Youth*, whose like, whose *Paragon*

Heauen

Heauen neuer lent the Earth: so great a spirit (rite:
The World could not containe, nor kingdomes me-
And therefore *Ione* did with the Saints inthrone him,
And left his *Lady* nought but teares to mone him.
Within this place (as wofull as my Verse)
She with her Cryſtall founts bedew'd his Herſe,
Inuailed with a ſable weed ſhe ſate,
Singing this ſong which ſtones diſſolued at.

[redacted]

WHat time the world clad in a mourning robe,
A Stage made for a wofull Tragedie:
When ſhowers of teares from the Cœleſtiall Globe
Bewaild the fate of Sea-lou'd Britanie;
When ſighs as frequent were as various ſights,
When Hope lay bed-rid, and all pleaſures dying,
When Enuy wept,
And Comfort ſlept:
When Cruelty it ſelfe ſate almoſt crying,
Nought being heard but what the minde affrights,
When Autumne had diſrob'd the Summers pride,
Then Englands honour, Europes wonder dy'd.

O ſaddeſt ſtraine that e'er the Muſes ſung!
A text of Woe for Griefe to comment on;
Teares, ſighes, and ſobs, giue paſſage to my tongue,
Or I ſhall ſpend you till the laſt is gone.
Which done, my heart in flames of burning Ioue
(Wanting his moiſture) ſhall to cinders turne:
But firſt, by me
Bequeathed be

To crew the place wherein his sacred vine
Shall be incas'd, this might in many move
The like effect: who would not doe it? when
No grace beside him but the pearls of men.

That man whose masse of sorrowes hath been such
That by their weight laid on each severall part,
His fountaines are so drie, he but as much
As one poore drop hath left to ease his heart;
Why should he keepe it? since the time doth call,
That he ne'r better can bestow it in:
If so he feares
That others teares
In greater number, greatest prizes winne;
Know none gives more then he which giveth all.
Then he which hath but one poore teare in store,
O let him spend that drop, and weepe no more.

Why flowes not Helicon *beyond her strands?*
Is Henry *dead, and doe the Muses sleepe?*
Alas! I see each one amazed stands,
"Shallow foords mutter, silent are the deepe:
Faine would they tell their griefes, but know not where:
All are so full, nought can augment their store:
Then how should they
Their griefes display
To men, so cloyd, they faine would beare no more?
Though blaming those whose plaints they cannot heare:
And with this wish their passions I allow,
May that Muse *never speake that's silent now!*

It

Is Henry *dead? alas! and doe I liue*
To sing a Scrich-owles *Note that he is dead?*
If any one a fitter Theame can giue,
Come giue it now, or neuer to be read.
But let him see it doe of horror taste,
Anguish, destruction: could it rend in sunder
With fearefull grones
The senselesse stones,
Yet should we hardly be enforc'd to wonder,
Our former griefes would so exceed their last:
Time cannot make our sorrowes ought compleater;
Nor adde one griefe to make our mourning greater.

England *was ne'er ingirt with waues till now;*
Till now it held part with the Continent:
Aye me! some one in pitty shew me, how
I might in dolefull numbers so lament;
That any one which lou'd him, hated me,
Might dearely loue me, for lamenting him,
Alas! my plaint
In such constraint
Breaks forth in rage, that though my passions swimme,
Yet are they drowned ere they landed be:
Imperfect lines! O happy! were I buried
And cut from life as England *from the world.*

O happier had we beene! if we had beene
Neuer made happie by enioying thee!
Where hath the glorious eye of heauen seene
A spectacle of greater miserie?

Time turne thy course; and bring againe the Spring;
Breake Natures lawes; search the records of old,
If ought befell
Might paralell
Sad Britain's *ease: weepe Rocks, and Heauen behold,*
What Seas of sorrow she is plunged in.
Where stormes of woe so mainly haue beset her;
She hath no place for worse, nor hope for better.

Britaine *was whilome knowne (by more then fame)*
To be one of the Ilands fortunate;
What franticke man would giue her now that name,
Lying so rufull and disconsolate?
Hath not her watry Zone *in murmuring,*
Fill'd euery shoare with Ecchoes *of her crie?*
Yes, Theris *raues,*
And bids her waues
Bring all the Nymphes *within her Emperie*
To be assistant in her sorrowing:
See where they sadly sit on Isis *shore,*
And rend their haires as they would ioy no more.

Isis *the glory of the Westerne world,*
When our Heroë *(honour'd* Ellex*) dy'd,*
Strucken with wonder, backe againe she hurld,
And fill'd her banckes with an vnwoonted Tyde:
As if she stood in doubt, if it were so,
And for the certaintie had turn'd her way,
Why doe not now
Her waues reflow?

Poore

Poore Nymph, *her sorrowes will not let her stay;*
Or flies to tell the world her Countries woe:
Or cares not to come backe, perhaps, as showing
Our teares should make the flood, not her reflowing.

Sometimes a Tyrant held the reynes of Rome,
Wishing to all the City but one head,
That all at once might undergoe his doome,
And by one blow *from life be severed.*
Fate wisht the like on England, *and 'twas given:*
(O miserable men, enthral'd to Fate!)
Whose heavy hand
That never scand
The misery of Kingdomes ruinate,
Minding to leave her of all joyes bereaved,
With one sad blow (Alas! can worse befall!)
Hath given this little Ile her Funerall.

O come ye blessed Impes of Memory,
Erect a new Parnassus *on his grave!*
There tune your voices to an Elegy,
The saddest Note that ere Apollo *gave.*
Let every Accent make the Sander by
Keepe time unto your Song with dropping teares,
Till drops that fell
Have made a well
To swallow him which still unmoved heares?
And though my selfe prove senseless of your cry,
Yet gladly should my light of life grow dim,
To be intomb'd in teares are wept for him.

When

When last he sicked, then we first began
To tread the Labyrinth *of* Woe *about:*
And by degrees we further inward ran,
Hauing but thread *of life to guide vs out.*
But Destinie *no sooner saw vs enter*
Sad Sorrowes Maze, *immured vp in night,*
(Where nothing dwels
But cryes and yels
Throwne from the hearts of men depriu'd of light;)
When we were almost come into the Center,
Fate *(cruelly) to barre our ioyes returning,*
Cut off our Thread, *and left vs all in* mourning.

If you haue seene at foot of some braue hill,
Two Springs arise, and delicately trill,
In gentle chidings through an humble dale,
(Where tufty Dazies nod at euery gale)
And on the bankes a Swaine (with *Lawrell* crown'd)
Marying his sweet Notes with their siluer sound:
When as the spongy clouds swolne big with water,
Throw their conception on the worlds *Theater:*
Downe from the hils the rained waters roare,
Whilst euery leafe drops to augment their store:
Grumbling the stones fall o'er each others backe,
Rending the greene turfes with their * *Cataract.*
And through the Meadowes run with such a noise,
That taking from the Swaine the fountaines voice,
Inforce him leaue their margent, and alone
Couple his base Pipe with their baser *Tone.*
Know (Shepherdesse) that so I lent an eare
To those sad wights whose plaints I told whileare:

But

* A fall of waters from a very high place.

Aletheia to Fida.

But when as his goodly Lady gan addresse
Her heauenly voyce to sweeten heauinesse,
It drown'd the rest, as torrents little Springs;
And strucken mute at her great sorrowings,
Lay still and wondred at her pitious mone,
Wept at her griefes, and did forget their owne,
Whilst I attentiue face, and did impart,
Teares when they wanted drops, and from a hart,
As hie in sorrow as e'er creature wore,
Lent thrilling grones to such as had no more.
Had wise *Vlysses* (who regardlesse flunge
Along the *Ocean* when the *Syrens* sung)
Pass'd by and seene her on the sea-torne steepes,
Waile her lost Loue (while *Neptunes* warty Fleeces,
Durst not approach for Rockes:) to see her face
He would haue hazarded his *Grecian* race,
Thrust head long to the shores, and to her eyes
Offer'd his Vessell as a Sacrifice.
Or had the *Syren* on a shelfy bour shore
Heard in what raping Notes he did deplore
Her buried *Glory*, they had left their shores, (seates.
And to come neere her would haue drown'd their
Now silence lock'd the Organs of that Voyce,
Whereat each merry *Syluan* wont reioyce,
When with a bended knee to her I came,
And did impart my griefe and hated name:
But first a pardon begg'd, if that my cause
So much constrain'd me as to breake the Lawes
Of her with'd sequestration, or ask'd Bread
(To saue a life) from her, whose life was dead.

Aletheia commeth to Idya.

But

But lawlesse famine, selfe-consuming hunger,
Alas! compel'd me: had I stayed longer,
My weakned limmes had beene my wants forc'd
And I had fed, on that I could not feed. (meed,
When she (compassionate) to my sad mone
Did lend a sigh, and stole it from her owne;
And (wofull Lady wracke on hapelesse shelfe)
Yeelded me comfort, yet had none her selfe:
Told how she knew me well since I had beene,
As chiefest consort of the *Fairy Queene*;
O happy *Queene!* for euer, euer praise
Dwell on thy Tombe; the period of all dayes
Onely scale vp thy fame; and as thy *Birth*
Inrich'd thy *Temples* on the fading earth,
So haue thy *Vertues* crown'd thy blessed soule,
Where the *first Mouer* with his words controule;
As with a girdle the huge *Ocean* bindes;
Gathers into his fist the nimble Windes;
Stops the bright Courser in his hot careere;
Commands the *Moone* twelue courses in a yeere:
Liue thou with him in endlesse blisse, while we
Admire all vertues in admiring thee.
Thou, thou, the faurestle of the learned *West*;
Thou nursing Mother of *Gods Israel*;
Thou, for whose louing *Truth*, the heauens raines
Sweet *Manna* on our flowry plaines:
Thou, by whose hand the sacred *Trine* did bring
Vs out of bonds, from bloody *Romering*.
Ye suckling Babes, for euer blesse that Name
Releas'd your burning in your Mothers flame!

Thrice

Thrice blessed Maiden, by whose hand was giuen
Free liberty to taste the food of Heauen.
Neuer forget her (*Albions* louely Daughters)
Which led you to the Springs of liuing Waters!
And if my *Muse* her glory faile to sing,
May to my mouth my tongue for euer cling!
Herewith (at hand) taking her *Horne of Plentie*, Idya cherisheth Alcthea.
Fil'd with the choyse of euery Orchards dainrie,
As *Peares*, *Plums*, *Apples*, the sweet *Raspis-berry*,
The *Quince*, the *Apricocke*, the blushing *Cherry*;
The *Mulberry* (his blacke from *Thisbie* taking)
The cluster'd *Filbert*, *Grapes* oft merry-making.
(This fruitfull Horne th'immortall Ladies fil'd
With all the pleasures that rough Forrests yeeld,
And gaue *Idya*, with a further blessing,
That thence (as from a Garden) without dressing,
She these should euer haue; and neuer want
Store, from an Orchard without tree or plant.)
With a right willing hand she gaue me, hence,
The Stomackes comforter, the pleasing *Quince*;
And for the chiefest cherisher she lent
The *Royall Thistles* milkie nourishment.
Here staid I long: but when to see *Aurora*
Kisse the perfumed cheekes of dainty *Flora*,
Without the vale I trod one louely Morne,
With true intention of a quicke returne,
An vnexpected chance strooue to deferre
My going backe, and all the loue of her.
But Maiden see the day is waxen old,
And gins to shut in with the *Marigold*:

Morning Knell

The

The *Neat-herds* Kine doe bellow in the yard;
And *Dairy Maidens* for the milke prepar'd,
Are drawing at the *Vdder*, long ere now
The Plow-man hath vnyoak'd his Teame from plow;
My transformation to a fearefull *Hinde*
Shall to vnfold a fitter season finde;
Meane while yond *Pallace*, whose braue Turrets tops,
Ouer the stately Wood surmay the cops,
Promis'th (if ought) a wished place of rest,
Till *Sol* our *Hemisphere* haue repossest.

Now must my *Muse* afford a straine to *Riot*,
Who almost kild with his luxurious diet,
Lay eating grasse (as dogges) within a wood,
So to disgorge the vndigested food:
By whom faire *Alethea* past along
With *Fida* Queene of euery shepherds song,
By them vnseene (for he securely lay
Vnder the thicke of many a leauied spray)
And through the leueld Meadowes gently threw
Their neatest feet, washt with refreshing dew,
Where he durst not approach, but on the edge
Of th'hilly wood, in couert of a hedge,
VVent onward with them, trode with them in paces,
And farre off much admir'd their formes and graces.
Into the Plaines at last he headlong ventur'd:
But they the hill had got and pallace entur'd.

VVhen, like a valiant well-resolued man
Seeking new paths i'th' pathlesse *Ocean*,
Vnto the shores of monster-breeding *Nyle*,
Or through the North to the vnpeopled *Thyle*.

VVhere

Where from the *Equinoctiall* of the *Spring*,
To that of *Autumne*, *Titans golden Ring*
Is neuer off; and till the *Spring* againe
In gloomy darknesse all the shoares remaine.
Or if he furrow vp the brynie Sea,
To cast his Ancors in the frozen bay
Of woody *Norway*; (who hath euer fed
Her people more with scaly fish then bread)
Though ratling mounts of Ice thrust at his Helme,
And by their fall still threaten to o'rewhelme
His little Vessell: and though *Winter* throw
(What *age* should on their heads) white caps of Snow;
Striues to congeale his bloud; he cares not for't,
But arm'd in minde, gets his intended port:
So *Ryot*, though full many doubts arise,
Whose vnknowne ends might graspe his enterprise,
Climbes towards the Palace, and with gate demure,
With hanging head, a voice as fayning pure,
With torne and ragged coat, his hairy legs
Bloudy, as scratch'd with Bryers, he entrance begs.
Remembrance sate as Portresse of this gate:
A Lady alwayes musing as she sate,
Except when sometime suddainly she rose,
And with a back-bent eye, at length, she throwes
Her hands to heauen: and in a wondring guize,
Star'd on each obiect with her fixed eyes:
As some way-faring man passing a wood,
(Whose wauing top hath long a Sea-marke stood)
Goes iogging on, and in his minde nought hath,
But how the *Primrose* finely strew the path,

Or

Or sweetest *Violet*; lay downe their heads
At some trees root on mossie feather-beds,
Vntill his heele receiues an Adders sting,
Whereat he starts, and backe his head doth fling.
She neuer mark'd the sute he did preferre,
But (carelesse) let him passe along by her.
So on he went into a spatious court,
All trodden bare with multitudes resort:
At th'end whereof a second gate appeares,
The Fabricke shew'd full many thousand yeares:
Whose Posterne-key that time a Lady kept,
Her eyes all swolne as if she seldome slept;
And would by fits her golden tresses teare,
And striue to stop her breath with her owne haire:
Her lilly hand (not to be lik'd by Art)
A paire of Pincers held; wherewith her heart
Was hardly grasped, while the piled stones
Re-eccoed her lamentable grones.
Here at this gate the custome long had bin
When any sought to be admitted in,
Remorce thus vs'd them, ere they had the key,
And all these torments felt, pass'd on their way.
When *Riot* came, the Ladies paines nigh done,
She past the gate; and then *Remorce* begun
To fetter *Riot* in strong iron chaines;
And doubting much his patience in the paines.
As when a *Smith* and's Man (Iame *Vulcans* fellowes)
Call'd from the *Anuile* or the puffing *Bellowes*,
To clap a well-wrought shooe (for more then pay)
Vpon a stubborne Nagge of *Galloway*;

Or vnbackled *Iennet*, or a *Flanders* Mare;
Thence the Forge stand shuffling of the eyde;
The swarty *Smith* spits in his Buckhorne fist,
And bids his Man bring out the choise cold grist,
His shackles, shackle-pegs, hampers, gyues and chaines;
His linked bolts, and vncouth-like peines
These make him fast, and beat all the stiffe faulter,
Vnto a poste with sorge six doubled halter.
He bindes his head fyue tills ere of the least
To curbe the fury of the head-strong beast;
When if a Carriere will be brought vnto him,
His Master should deliuer whilst he shoes him:
Remorce was neuer found to binde him longer,
Because his faults requir'd no satisfaction longer
Then any fit-paid swinging he which many a day
Since *Enuie* hung him first had past this way.

When all the cruell rudenesse he had borne,
Galled with chaines, and with the rackie high-mane,
Pinching his hair-lyke wiry pincers his owne keepers
All lame and restlesse, full of wounds and feare,
He to the Postures steepes, forward hies,
And from the gate a two-fold path descries,
One leading vp (whilst *Repentance* way)
And (as more worthy) on the right hand lay
The other head-long, steepe, and hid'ous well
Vnto the path which tendeth downe to hell:
All *Repentant* thither went shew'd no mourning,
The port to paines, and to eternall mourning;
Where certaine *Death* sits, in an Ebon chaire,
The soules blacke homicide meager *Despaire*

Had his abodes where ghastly the craggie rocks
Some dash their brains, the wrack'd ones tell knocks
Others on
The weary
Are fastning
And bide
His thackles
At Mercies
Within
That vnto God
There from a
All torne in
To curbe
Here with
When
To grasp
There in
And die in
Here hangs
There worms
Here lye
With
Gall'd with
Scatring
As they

Fye hapless wretch, &c.

Fye haplesse wretch, &c. thou that so grieu'st striuing,
Measur'st Gods mercy by thine owne neglecting,
Which cry'st (distrustfull of thy pleuish selfe)
My sinnes are greater then can (forgiuen)
(as mooued
Which still
At euery stripe
Vnto the path
O learne (thou in whose
Gods Mercy (euen)
Know he is pitifull,
Would not a sinners death, but that he liue,

O euer, euer rest vpon that word
Which doth allure thee, though his two edg'd Sword
Be drawne in Iustice gainst thy sinfull soule,
To separate the reason from the whole;
Yet if a sacrifice of prayer be sent him,
He will not strike, or if he strike repent him.
Let none despaire; for euen *Iudas* sinne
Was not so much in yeelding vp the King
Of life, to death, as when he thereupon
Wholy dispair'd of Gods remission.
Rue, long doubting stood which way were best
To leade his steps: at last preferring rest
(As foolishly he thought) before the paine
Was to be past ere he could rest attaine
The high-built Palace, gan aduance on
That path, which led to all confusion,
When sodainly a voice as sweet as cleere,
With words diuine began entice his eare
Whereat as in a rapture on the ground
He prostrate lay, and all the feeble sounds
A time of rest; onely that soule is
Which neuer can be seene, nor euer dyes
That in the silence of an endlesse Nature
Doth sympathize with the *All-good Creator*,
That onely wakes which cannot be interr'd
And from a heauenly Quire this ditty heard.

Vaine man, doe not mistrust,
Of healing wounding;
Nor (though the most vniust)
Despaire for sinning.

Had his abodes where gainst the craggie rocks
Some dash their tirings, others, with relenting knocks
Others on [illegible]
Are fastning knots, for to vnglue them selues,
And bide, [illegible]
Here one in sinne now doing, [illegible]
His [illegible]
At Mercies [illegible]
His [illegible]
Within his [illegible]
There make [illegible]
That vnto God the [illegible]
Vnto a [illegible]
There from a [illegible]
He binde, [illegible]
All torne in [illegible]
To curbe the [illegible]
Here with [illegible]
When it's [illegible]
His [illegible]
There in [illegible]
And die in [illegible]
Here hangs [illegible]
There [illegible]
Here lye [illegible]
With [illegible]
Gall'd with [illegible]
Scatt'ring the ground, and [illegible]
As they are [illegible]

Fye haplesse wretch, [illegible]
Measur'st Gods mercy by [illegible]
Which cry'st (distrustfull of [illegible]
My sinnes are greater then [illegible] (as [illegible]
Which still [illegible]
At euery stripe of worldly [illegible]
Vnto the path which [illegible]
O learne (thou in whose [illegible]
Gods Mercy (euen) [illegible]
The port to [illegible]
Know he is pitifull, [illegible]
Would not a sinners death, but that he liue,

O euer, euer rest vpon thy word
Which doth allure thee, though his two edg'd Sword
Be drawne in Iustice gainst thy sinfull soule,
To separate the reason from the whole;
Yet if a sacrifice of prayer be sent him,
He will not strike; or if he strike repent him.
Let none despaire; for Cursed *Iudas* sinne
Was not so much in yeelding vp the King
Of life, to death; as when he thereupon
Wholy dispair'd of Gods remission.
Rue, long doubting stood which way were best
To leade his troope: at last preferring rest
(As foolishly he thought) before the paine
Was to be past ere he could rest attaine
The high-built Palace vpon Mount Calvarie
That pearst, which led to all confusion,
When (shamefully vnlocked sweet as cleere,
With words diuine began entice his eares
Whereat as in a rapture on the ground
He prostrate lay, and all the feates of sound
A time of rest; onely the soule is
Which neuer can be seene, nor euer dyes
That in the silence of an endlesse Nature
Doth sympathize with the *All-good Creator*,
That onely wakes which cannot be interr'd
And from a heauenly Quire this ditty heard.

Vaine man, doe not mistrust,
Of be alone to mercie;
Nor (though the most vniust)
Despaire for sinning

God will be seene his sentence changing,
If he behold thee wicked manes estranging.

Climbe up where pleasures dwell
In flowry Allies of Prayer
And taste the living well
That decks the Thallies.

Faire Metanoia is attending
To crowne thee with those ioyes which know no ending.

Herewith on leaden wings Sleepe from him flew,
When on his arme he rose, and gladly threw
Shrill acclamations, while an hollow cave,
Or hanging hill, or heaven his answer gave.
O sacred Essence lightning me this houre,
How may I lightly stile thy great Bower? *Eccho. Power.*
Power? but of whence? vnder the green-wood spray.
Or liu'st in heau'n? say. *Eccho. In heauens ay.*
In heauens aye I tell, may I obtaine
By almes; by fasting, prayer, thy paine. *Eccho. By paine.*
Shew me the paine, it shall be vndergone;
I to mine end will still go on. *Eccho. Go on.*
But whither? On? Shew me the place, the stint.
What if the Mountain I do climbe? *Eccho. Do climbe.*
Is that the way to ioyes which still endures?
O bid my soule of it be sure. *Eccho. Be sure.*
Then thus assured, doe I climbe the hill,
Heauen be my guide in this thy will. *Eccho. I will.*
As when a maid vnaught from her mother wring,
To tune her voyce vnto a siluer string,

When

When she should run, she rests; rests when should run,
And ends her lesson hauing now begun:
Now misseth she her stop, then in her song,
And doing of her best she still is wrong,
Begins againe, and yet againe strikes false,
Then in a chafe forsakes her *Virginals*,
And yet within an houre she tries anew,
That with her daily paines (Arts chiefest due)
She gaines that charming skill: and can no lesse
Tame the fierce walkers of the wildernesse,
Then that *Oeagrin Harpist*, for whose lay,
Tigers with hunger pinde and lose their pray.
So *Rior*, when he gan to climbe the hill,
Here maketh haste and there long standeth still,
Now getteth vp a step, then fals againe,
Yet not despairing all his nerues doth straine,
To clamber vp a new, then slide his feet,
And downe he comes; but giues not ouer yet,
For (with the maid) he hopes, a time will be
When merit shall be linkt with industry.

Now as an *Angler* melancholy standing
Vpon a greene banke yeelding roome for landing,
A wrigling yellow worme thrust on his hooke,
Now in the midst he throwes, then in a nooke:
Here puls his line, there throwes it in againe,
Mendeth his Corke and Bait, but all in vaine,
He long stands viewing of the curled streame;
At last a hungry *Pike*, or well growne *Breame*
Snatch at the worme, and hasting fast away,
He knowing it, a Fish of stubborne sway,

Puls vp his rod, but soft: (as hauing skill)
Wherewith the hooke fast holds the Fishes gill.
Then all his line he freely yeelds him,
Whilst furiously all vp and downe doth swim
Th'insnared Fish, here on the top doth scud,
There vnderneath the banks, then in the mud;
And with his frantick fits so scares the shole,
That each one takes his *hyde*, or starting hole.
By this the *Pike* cleane wearied vnderneath
A *Willow* lyes, and pants (as Fishes breath)
Wherewith the *Angler* gently puls him to him,
And least his haste might happen to vndoe him,
Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,
And by degrees getting the Fish to land,
Walkes to another Poole: at length is winner
Of such a dish as serues him for his dinner.
So when the *Climber* halfe the way had got,
Musing he stood, and busily gan plot,
How (since the mount did alwaies steeper tend)
He might with steps secure his journey end.
At last (as wandring Boyes to gather Nuts)
A hooked Pole he from a *Hasell* cuts;
Now throwes it here, then there to take some hold,
But bootlesse and in vaine, the rockie mold,
Admits no cranny, where his *Hasell*-hooke
Might promise him a step, till in a nooke
Somewhat aboue his reach he hath espide
A little *Oake*, and hauing often tride
To catch a bough with standing on his toe,
Or leaping vp, yet not preuailing so;

He

Hollild ghlidmo vo ydo ohi lo ro dd ho ro dd ho
With sticks and bats, and all the rout of boys,
The gallant youth in sundry sundry wise,
The little fools, with pleasure and delight,
His Polypheme who laughs and clucks his cheeke,
While he
The early rising Larke that mounts the aire,
Ceres rejoyceth in the blade and eare,
Leaving the greene through dyed bushes shake,
Whilst young men coppies to their flocks,
And now with him his neighbor hies home ward,
With one hand on the yoke which holds his steed,
And with the other grasping fast the bridle,
A pretty bough he in his teeth receives,
And with a gad
Then to his girdle making fast the bridle,
His other hand on other bough he reaches,
His first attached, and the other gain'd,
When with
Forcing him to the place where he bred lurks,
Though
Then, as a nimble squirrill from the mount,
A gentle
Ranging the hedges for his wished food,
Comes and
Sits pearly on a bough his browne Nuts cracking,
Fa
And from the shell the sweet white kernell raking,
Fa
Till (with their crooked and bags) a fort of Boyes,
Bu
(To share with him) come with no lesse noyse,
Ma
That he is forc'd to leave a Nut nigh broke,
Upon the
And for his life leape on a neighbour Oake,
(With
Thence to a *Beech*, thence to a row of others,
And
Whilst throw the Quagmires, and red water plashes,
He
The Boyes run dabbing thorow thicke and thin,
And
One teares his hose, another breakes his shin,
I
This, torne and rasor'd hath with much adoe
Come
Got by the *Bryers*, and that hath lost his shoes,
Th
This drops his band, that head-long falls for hast,
Another cries behinde for being last,

With sticks and stones, at them by a sounding hollow,
The little foole, with his small quiver, they follow:
Whilst he, fraught with teach, facing, play to spare,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his lair.
Such fine trade Rest, and Negligence gave vp
And so from bough to bough he mou'd the coop,
Though hindred ofte, for euer comming there,
Were often thrill'd vpon him by Despaire.

Now at his gate the stately mountaine lay,
And with a gladsome eye he gan survay
What perils he had trod on since the time
His weary feet and armes attain'd to climbe.
When with a humble voyce (without an feare,
Though he look'd wilde and ouer-grown with haire)
A gentle Nymph in ruffet courle array,
Comes and directs him onward in his way.

Description of the house of Repentance.

First, brings she him into a goodly Hall,
Faire, yet not beautified with Mineralls:
But in a carelesse Art, and artlesse care,
Made, loose neglect, more lonely fame then rare.
Vpon the floore (vpau'd with Marble slate)
(With Sack-cloth cloth'd) many in ashes sate:
And round about the wals for many yeares,
Hung Crystall Vials of repentant teares:
And Books of vowes, and many a heauenly deed,
Lay ready open for each one to read.
Some were immured vp in little sheads,
There to contemplate Heauen, and bid their Beads.
Others with garments thin of Camels-haire,
With head, and armes, and legs, and feet all bare,

Were

Were singing Hymnes vnto *Eternall Powre*,
For safe-returning from their *Pilgrimage*,
Some, with a chirp their pamper'd bodies beare,
Others in falling lose, and shed more teare
But as those Trees which shake in *Indian* flowres
And call'd of elder & wiser full long agoe
The *Sun* and *Moones* faire Trees (full goodly height)
And ever more are seen changing their hights
Having no helpe (to adorn their Towers)
From cooling fresh'ning dew, or drilling showres;
When as the Earth (as oftentimes is seene)
Is interpos'd twixt *Sol* and *Nigdas pale Queene*
Or when the *Moone* eclipseth *Titans* light,
The Trees (all comfortlesse) fob'd as their sighe
Weepe liquid drops, which plenteously anoon
Along the outward barke downe to the roote
And by their owne shed teares they euer flourish;
So their own sorrowes, they nor ioyes do nourish:
And so within this place full many a wight,
Did make his teares his food both day and night.
And had it ganted (from th' Almighty great)
To swim th'row them vnto his *Mercy-seat*.
Faire *Metanoia* in a habit of earth,
With count'nance sad, yet sadnesse pushing mirth,
Sate vail'd in course & weeds of Camomile haire,
Inriching powerie; yet nature faire
Was like to her, nor since the world began
A louelier Lady kist the glorious *Sun*,
For her the *God of Thunder*, mighty, great,
Whose Foot-stoole is the Earth, and Heaven his Seat,

Vnto

Vnto a man, who from his crying babe
Went on still flattering what he could, and coaxed
When he could walke no further for his gaine,
Nor could step ouer, but he there must leane
A seat to rest, when he vnruld shine goe on,
But age in euery ioynt, in euery bone
Bodied his passage: for her sake hath he risen
Fill'd vp the grave, and made his path so euen,
That fiue and fourscore hasted his bright steeds runne,
(And he was weary) ere his eburie wan downe
For scorning her, the Court of Kings (which threw
A proud roof'd pinnacle to rest the Crow)
And on a neighbour-house a neighbour Rocke,
In stone resistance of a Tempests shocke,
For her contempt heauen (seising his disasters) (stern
Haue made choice Towers but piles to burne their urn.

To her the lowly Nymph (*Humble* of high)
Brought (abbey office) this deformed wight;
To whom the Lady courtious semblance shewes,
And pitying his estate in sacred verse,
And Letters (worthily yclep'd diuine)
Resolu'd t'instruct him: but her discipline
She knew of true effect, would finely misse,
Except his soft his *Metamorphosis*
Should decline: and knowing that his birth
Was to inherit reason, though on earth
Some Witch had thus transform'd him, by her skill,
Expert in changing, euen the very will.
In few dayes labours with continuall prayers,
(A sacrifice transcends the luxurie ayre)

His

His grisly shape, his soule deformed feature,
His horrid lookes, worse then a sauage creature,
By *Metanoia's* hand from heauen, began
Receiue their sentence, and be cast from man.

And as a lonely Maiden, pure and chaste,
VVith naked Iuorie necke, and gowne vnlac'd,
VVithin her chamber, when the day is fled,
Makes poore her garments to enrich her bed:
First, puts she off her lilly silken gowne,
That shrikes for sorrow what she layes it downe,
And with her armes greets a VVast coast fine,
Imbracing her as it would neuer vntwine.
Her flexen haire in snaring beholders,
She next permits to wauebout her shoulders,
And though she cast it backe, the silken slips
Still forward steale, and hang vpon her lips:
VVhereat she sweetly angry, with her laces
Bindes vp the wanton locks in curious traces,
VVhilst (twisting with her ioynts) each haire long lin-
As loth to be in chain'd, but with her fingers. (gers
Then on her head a dressing like a Crowne,
Her breasts all bare, her Kirtle slipping downe,
And all things off (which highly cust her
Call'd she soule-faire markes of our miserie)
Except her last, which enuiously doth seize her,
Least any eye partake with it in pleasure,
Prepares for sweetest rest, while *Siluans* greet her,
And (longingly) the down-bed seeks to meet her:
So by degrees his shape all brutish vilde,
Fell from him (as loose skin from some yong childe);

In

In lieu whereof a man-like shape appeares,
And gallant youth scarce skill'd in twenty yeares,
So faire, so fresh, so young, so admirable
In euery part, that since I am not able
In words to shew his picture, gentle Swaines,
Recall the praises in my former straines;
And know if they haue graced any lim,
I onely lent it those, but stole it from him.

Had that chaste *Roman Dame* beheld his face,
Ere the proud King possest her Husbands place,
Her thoughts had beene adulterate, and this staine
Had won her greater fame, had she beene staine.
The Larke that many mornes her selfe makes merry
With the shrill chanting of her *teery-lerry*,
(Before he was transform'd) would leaue the skyes,
And houer o'er him to behold his eyes.
Vpon an Ocen-pipe well could he play,
For when he fed his flocke vpon the lay
Maidens to heare him from the Plaines came tripping
And Birds frō bough to bough full nimbly skipping:
His flocke (then happy flocke) would leaue to feed,
And stand amaz'd to listen to his Reed:
Lyons and Tygers, with each beast of game,
With hearing him were many times made tame:
Braue trees & flowers would towards him be bending
And none that heard him with his Song an ending:
Maids, Lyons, birds, flocks, trees, each flowre, each
Were wrapt with wōder, whē he vs'd to sing (spring,
So faire a person to describe to men
Requires a curious Pencill, not a Pen.

Him

Him *Metanoia* clad in seemly wise
(Not after our corrupted ages guise,
Where gaudy weeds lend splendor to the lim,
While that his cloath receiu'd their grace from him.)
Then to a garden set with neatest flowrets,
With pleasant fountains stor'd, and shady bowres
She leads him by the hand, and in the gestures,
Where thousand pretty Birds sung to their Lhues,
And thousand thousand blossomes (from their stalks)
Milde *Zephyrus* threw downe to paint the walkes:
Where yet the wilde Boare never durst appeare:
Here *Fida* (euer to kinde *Raymond* deare)
Met them, and shew'd them where *Alethia* lay,
(The fairest Maid that euer blest the day)
Sweetly she lay, and coold her lilly hands
Within a Spring that threw vp golden sands
As if it would incite her to perfuse
In liuing there, and grace the banks for euer.
To her *Anoia* (*Riot* now no more)
Came, and salued a new as matt before.
More blest, nay like this kisse hath been another
But when two dangling *Cherries* kist each other:
Nor euer beauties, like, met at such closes,
But in the kisses of two Damaske Roses.
O, how the flowres (prest with their treadings on the)
Stroue to raise vp their heads to looke vpon them!
How iealously the buds that so had seene them,
Sent forth the sweetest smels to step betweene them,
As fearing the perfume lodg'd in their powers
Once known of them, they might neglect the flowres,

How

How often wisht *Damætas* with his hearte,
His ruddy lips from hers might neuer part,
And that the heauens this gift would them bestow,
To feed on nothing but each others breathing.
A truer loue the *Muses* neuer sung,
Nor happyer names are grau'd in golden tombes
O! they are begot of liuing thoughts alone,
Who touche the bankes of *Arden* but to taste
Or bathe for cheare in *Beddas* siluer layes.
Diuine as *Horace* sworn to death is Bayes,
Or any one sent from the sacred Well
Inheriting the stoale of *Aesculapius*)
These, these in golden lines alone write this Story,
And make their louers their owne eternall glory.
Whilst I a Shepheard weake in yeares as skill
Should in the shrubby hedge set them on the hill
Yet (when my Sheepe stung as their Cuttoe lie)
And I haue brought them backe to shunne the greene,
To misse an idle houre, and not for meed,
With choisest rush-full mats O such a Reed
Record them so chast, and though in accent rude
I misse the grace of a charming eye,
My *Muse* may one day make the Country Swaines
Enamour'd on the Nymphes of the Plaines,
And as vpon a hill she bravely sings,
Teach humble Dales to weepe in Crystall Springs.

The end of the first Booke.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

The second Booke.

HORAT.

Carmine Dij superi placantur, carmine Manes.

LONDON,
Printed by IOHN HAVILAND,
1625.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

The Second Booke.

HORAT.

Carmine Di̓ superi placantur, carmine Manes.

LONDON,
Printed by IOHN HAVILAND.
1625

TO THE TRVLY NOBLE AND LEARNED WILLIAM EARLE OF PEMBROKE, LORD CHAMBERLAINE TO HIS MAIESTIE, &c.

NOT that the gift *(Great Lord)*
deserues your hand,
(Held euer worth the rarest
workes of men)
~~Offer I this; but since in~~ all
our Land
None can more rightly claime a *Poet's* Pen:
That Noble Bloud and Vertue truly knowne,
Which circular in you vnited run,
Makes you each good, & euery good your owne,
If it can hold in what my *Muse* hath done.

But weake and lowly are theſe tuned Layes,
Yet though but weake to win faire Memorie,
You may improue them, and your gracing raiſe;
For things are priz'd as their poſſeſſours be,
If for ſuch fauour they haue worthleſſe ſtriuen,
Since *Loue* the cauſe was, be that *Loue* forgiuen!

Your Honours,

W. BROWNE.

To the most ingenious Author M^r. W. BROWNE.

INgenious Swaine! that highly dost adorne
Clear Tauy! on whose brinck we both were borne!
Iust Praise in me would ne're be thought to none
From thy sole Worth, but from my partiall Loue.
Wherefore I will not doe thee so much wrong,
As by such mixture to allay thy Song.
But while kinde strangers rightly praise each Grace
Of thy chaste Muse; I (from the happy Place
That brought thee forth, and thinkes it not vnfit
To boast now that it erst bred such a Wit;)
Would onely haue it knowne I much reioyce;
To heare such Matters, sung by such a Voyce.

IOHN GLANVILL.

To his Friend M^r. BROWNE.

ALL that doe reade thy Workes, and see thy face,
(Where scarce a haire growes vp, thy chin to
Doe greatly wonder how so youthfull yeares grace)
Could frame a Work, where so much worth appears.
To heare how thou describ'st a Tree, a Dale,
A Grove, a Greene, a solitary Vale,
The Euening Showers, and the Morning Gleames,
The golden Mountaines, and the siluer Streames,
How smooth thy Verse is, and how sweet thy Rimes,
How sage, and yet how pleasant are thy Lines;
What more or lesse can there be said by men,
But, *Muse* rule thy Hand, and guide thy Pen.

THO. WENMAN,
è Societate Inter. Templ.

To his worthily-affected Friend
M^r. W. BROWNE.

AWake sad *Muse*, and thou my sadder spright,
Made so by Time, *but more by* Fortunes *spight*,
Awake, and hie vs to the Greene,
There shalt be seene

The quaintest Lad of all the time
For neatest Rime:
Whose free and unaffected strains
Take all the Swaines
That are not rude and ignorant,
Or Envy want.

And Envy left it's hate discovered be
A Courtly Love and Friendship offers thee:
The Shepherdesses blisthe and faire
For thee despaire.
And whosoe're depends on Pan
Holds him a man
Beyond themselves, (if not compare,)
He is so rare,
So innocent in all his wayes
As in his Layes.
He masters no low soule who hopes to please
The Nephew of the brave Philisides.

Another to the same.

WEre all mens envies fixt in one mans lookes,
That monster that would prey on safest Fame,
Durst not once checke at thine, nor at thy Name:
So he who men can reade as well as Bookes
Attest thy Lines; thus tride, they show to us
As Scæua's Shield, thy Selfe Emeritus.

W. HERBERT.

To my Browne, *yet brightest Swaine*
That woons, or haunts on Hill or Plaine.

Poeta nascitur.

PIpe on, sweet *Swaine*, till Ioy, in Blisse, steepe wa-
Hermes, it seemes, to thee, of all the *Swaines*, (king)
Hath lent his *Pipe* and *Art*: For thou art making
With sweet *Notes* (noted) *Heau'n* of *Hils* and *Plaines*:
Nay, if as thou beginst, thou dost hold on,
The totall *Earth* thine *Arcadie* will bee;
And *Neptunes Monarchy* thy *Helicon*:
So, all in both will make a *God* of thee.
To whom they will exhibit *Sacrifice*
Of richest *Loue* and *Praise*; and enuious *Swaines*
(Charm'd with thine *Accents*) shall thy *Notes* agniz:
To reach aboue great *Pans* in all thy *Straines*.
Then, ply this *Veyne*: for, it may well containe
The richest *Morals* vnder poorest *Shroud*;
And sith in thee the *Past'rall spirit* doth raigne,
On such *Wits-Treasures* let it sit abrood:
Till it hath hatch'd such *Numbers* as may buy
The rarest *Fame* that e're enriched *Ayre*;
Or fann'd the Way faire, to ÆTERNITY,
To which vnsoil'd, thy *Glory* shall repaire!
Where (with the *Gods* that in faire *Starres* doe dwell,
When thou shalt, blazing, in a *Starre* abide)

Thou

Thou ſhalt be ſtil'd the *Shepherds-Starre*, to tell
Them many *Myſteries*; and, be their *Guide*.
Thus, doe I ſpurre thee on with ſharpeſt *praiſe*,
To vſe thy *Gifts* of *Nature*, and of *Skill*,
To double-gilde *Apollos Browes*, and *Bayes*,
Yet make great NATVRE *Arts* true *Soueraigne* ſtill.
So, *Fame* ſhall euer ſay, to thy renowne,
The *Shepherds-Star*, or brighteſt in *Skie*, is *Browne*!

The true Louer of thine
Art and Nature.

IOHN DAVIES *of Hereſ.*

AD ILLVSTRISSIMVM IVVENEM GVLIELMVM BROWNE *Generoſum, in Operis ſui Tomum ſecundum Carmen gratulatorium.*

SCripta prius vidi, legi, digitoq; notaui
Carminis iſtius ſingula verba meo.
Ex ſcriptis ſparſim quærebam carpere dicta,
Omnia ſed par eſt, aut ego nulla notem.
Filia ſi fuerit facies hæc nulla ſororis,
Laudator prolis ſolus & Author eris:
Hæc nondum viſi qui flagrat amore libelli
Prænarrat ſcriptis omnia certa tuis.

CAROLVS CROKE.

To my noble Friend the Author.

A Perfect Pen, it ſelfe will euer praiſe.
So pipes our *Shepherd* in his *Rowndelayes*,
That who could iudge, of Muſickes ſweeteſt ſtraine,
Would ſweare thy *Muſe* were in a heauenly vaine.

A Worke of worth, ſhowes what the Worke-man is;
When as the fault, that may be found amiſſe,
(To ſuch at leaſt, as haue iudicious eyes)
Nor in the Worke, nor yet the Worke-man lyes.

Well worthy thou, to weare the *Laurell* wreath:
When frō thy breſt, theſe bleſſed thoughts do breath;
That in thy gracious Lines ſuch grace doe giue,
It makes thee, euerlaſtingly to liue.
Thy words well coucht, thy ſweet inuention ſhow,
A perfect Poet, that could place them ſo.

VNTON CROKE,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To the Author.

THat priuiledge which others claime,
To flatter with their Friends
With thee (Friend) *ſhall not be mine ayme,*
My Verſe ſo much pretends.

The

The generall Vmpire of beſt wit
In this will ſpeake thy fame.
The Muſes *Minions as they ſit,*
Will ſtill confirme the fame.

Let me ſing him that merits beſt,
Let others ſcrape for faſhion;
Their buzzing prate thy worth will ieſt,
And ſleight ſuch commendation.

ANTH. VINCENT.

To his worthy Friend Mr. W. BROWNE,
on his BOOKE.

THat Poets are not bred ſo, but ſo borne,
Thy *Muſe* it proues; for in her ages morne
She hath ſtroke enuy dumbe, and charm'd the loue
Of eu'ry *Muſe* whoſe birth the Skies approue.
Goe on; I know thou art too good to feare.
And may thy earely ſtraines affect the eare
Of that rare *Lord*, who iudge and guerdon can
The richer gifts which doe aduantage man!

IOHN. MORGAN,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To

To his Friend the Authour.

SOmetimes (deare friend) I make thy Booke my meat,
And then I iudge 'tis Hony *that I eat.*
Sometimes my drinke it is, and then I thinke
It is Apollo's Nectar, *and no drinke.*
And being hurt in minde, I keepe in ſtore
Thy Booke, a precious Balſame *for the ſore.*
'Tis Hony, Nectar, Balſame *moſt diuine:*
Or one word for them all; my Friend, 'tis thine.

THO. HEYGATE,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To his Friend the Author.

IF antique Swaines wanne ſuch immortall praiſe,
Though they alone with their melodious Layes,
Did onely charme the Woods and flowry Lawnes:
Satyres, and Floods, and Stones, and hairy *Fawnes:*
How much braue Youth to thy due worth belongs,
That charm'ſt not thē but men with thy ſweet Songs?

AVGVSTVS CAESAR,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To

To the Authour.

T Is knowne I scorne to flatter (or commend)
What merits not applause though in my Friend:
Which by my censure should now more appeare,
Were this *not full as* good *as thou art* deare:
But since thou couldst not (erring) make it so,
That I might my impartiall humour show
By finding fault; Nor one of these friends tell
How to shew love so ill, that I as well
Might paint out mine: I feele an envious touch,
And tell thee Swaine: *that at thy fame I grutch,*
Wishing the Art that makes this Poeme *shine,*
And this thy Worke (wert not thou wronged) mine.
For when Detraction shal forgotten be,
This will continue to eternize thee;
And if hereafter any busie wit
Should, wronging thy conceit, miscensure it,
Though seeming learn'd or wise: here he shall see,
Tis prais'd by wiser and more learn'd then hee.

G. WITHER.

To Mr. BROWNE.

WEre there a thought so strange as to deny
That happy *Bayes* doe some mens *Births* a-
Thy worke alone might serue to iustifie, (dorne,
That *Poets* are not made so, but so borne.

How

How could thy plumes thus soone haue soar'd thus
Hadst thou not *Lawrell* in thy Cradle worne? (hie
Thy Birth o'er-tooke thy Youth: And it doth make
Thy youth (herein) thine elders ouer-take.

W. B.

To my truly-belou'd Friend *M. Browne*, on his Pastorals.

SOme men, of Bookes or Friends not speaking right,
May hurt them more with praise, then Foes with spight.
But I haue seene thy Worke, and I know thee:
And, if thou list thy selfe, what thou canst bee.
For, though but early in these paths thou tread,
I finde thee write most worthy to be read.
It must be thine owne iudgement, yet that sends
This thy worke forth: that iudgement mine commends.
And, where the most reade bookes, on Authors *fames,*
Or, like our Money-brokers, take vp names
On credit, and are couzen'd; see, that thou
By offring not more sureties, then enow,
Hold thine owne worth vnbroke: which is so good
Vpon th' Exchange *of* Letters, *as I wou'd*
More of our Writers would like thee, not swell
With the how much *they set forth, but th'* how well.

BEN. IONSON.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

THE FIRST SONG.

THE ARGVMENT.

Marina's freedome now I sing,
And of her new endangering:
Of Famines *Cause, and then th'abuse*
Tow'rds buried Colyn *and his Muse.*

AS when a Mariner (accounted loft,)
Vpon the watry *Defert* long time toft,
In Summers parching heat, in Winters cold,
In tempests great, in dangers manifold:

Is

Is by a fau'ring winde drawne vp the Mast,
Whence he descries his natiue soile at last:
For whose glad sight he gets the hatches vnder,
And to the *Ocean* tels his ioy in thunder,
(Shaking those *Barnacles* into the Sea,
At once, that in the wombe and cradle lay)
When sodainly the still inconstant winde
Masters before, that did attend behinde;
And growes so violent, that he is faine
Command the *Pilot* stand to Sea againe;
Lest want of Sea-roome in a Channell streight;
Or casting Anchor might cast o're his freight:

Thus gentle *Muse* it happens in my Song,
A iourney, tedious, for a strength so young
Vnder-tooke: by siluer-seeming Floods,
Past gloomy Bottomes, and high-wauing Woods,
Climb'd Mountaines where the wanton Kidling dal-
The with soft steps enteal'd the meekned Vallies, (lies
In quest of memory: and had possest
A pleasant Garden, for a welcome rest
No sooner, then a hundred Theames come on
And hale my Barke a-new for *Helicon*.

Thrice sacred *Powers!* (if sacred Powers there be
Whose milde aspect engyrland *Poesie*)
Yee happy Sisters of the learned Spring,
Whose heauenly notes the Woods are rauishing!
Braue *Thespian* Maidens, at whose charming layes
Each Mosse-thrumb'd Mountaine bends, each Cut-
Pierian Singers! O yee blessed *Muses!* (rent playes
Who as a Iem too deare the world refuses!

Whose

Whoſe trueſt louers neuer clip with age,
O be propitious in my *Pilgrimage!*
Dwell on my lines! and till the laſt ſand fall,
Run hand in hand with my weake *Paſtorall!*
Cauſe euery coupling cadence flow in bliſſes,
And fill the world with enuy of ſuch kiſſes.
Make all the rareſt Beauties of our *Clyme*,
That deigne a ſweet looke on my younger ryme,
To linger on each lines intieing graces,
As on their *Louers* lips and chaſte imbraces!
Through rouling trenches of ſelf-drewning waues,
Where ſtormy guſts throw vp vntimely graues,
By billowes whoſe white ſome ſhew'd angry mindes,
For not out-roaring all the high-rais'd windes,
Into the euer-drinking thirſty Sea
By Rockes that vnder water hidden lay,
To ſhipwracke paſſengers, (ſo in ſome den
Theeues bent to robbry watch way-faring men.)
Faireſt *Marina*, whom I whilome ſung,
In all this tempeſt (violent though long)
Without all ſenſe of danger lay aſleepe:
Till toſſed where the ſtill inconſtant deepe
With wide ſpred armes, ſtood ready for the tender
Of daily tribute, that the ſwolne floods render
Into her Chequer: (whence as worthy Kings
She helpes the wants of thouſands leſſer Springs:)
Here waxt the windes dumbe (ſhut vp in their caues)
As ſtill as mid-night were the ſullen waues,
And *Neptunes* ſiluer-euer-ſhaking breſt
As ſmooth as when the *Halcyon* builds her neſt.

Tempeſt & Calm

None

None other wrinckles in his face were seene
Then on a fertile Mead, or sportiue Greene,
Where neuer Plow-share ript his mothers wombe
To giue an aged seed a liuing tombe,
Nor blinded *Mole* the bathing earth ere stir'd,
Nor Boyes made Pit-fals for the hungry Bird.
The whistling Reeds vpon the waters side
Shot vp their sharpe heads in a stately pride,
And not a binding Ozyer bow'd his head,
But on his roote him bravely carryed.
No dandling leafe plaid with the subtill aire,
So smooth the Sea was, and the Skie so faire:
Now with his hands in stead of broad-palm'd Oare,
The Swaine attempts to get the flagg-strewd shores,
And with continuall lading making way,
Thrust the small Boat into as faire a Bay
As euer Merchant wisht might be the rode
Wherein to ease his sea-torne Vessels lode.
It was an Iland (hugg'd in *Neptunes* armes,
As tendringe against all forraigne harmes;)
And *Mona* height: so amiably faire,
So rich in soyle, so healthfull in her aire,
So quicke in her increase, (each dewy night
Yeelding that ground as greene, as fresh of plight
As't was the day before, whereon then fed
Of gallant Steeres, full many a thousand head.)
So deckt with Floods, so pleasant in her Groues,
So full of well-fleec'd Flockes and fatned Droues;
That the braue issue of the *Troian* line, shine,)
(Whose worths, like Diamonds, yet in darknesse

Whose

Whose deeds were sung by learned *Bards* as hye,
In raptures of immortall Poesie,
As any Nations, since the Grecian Lads
Were famous made by *Homers Iliads.*)
Those braue heroicke spirits, twixt one another
Prouerbially call * *Mona Cambria's Mother.*
Yet *Cambria* is a land from whence haue come
Worthies well worth the race of *Iliums.*
Whose true desert of praise could my Muse touch,
I should be proud that I had done so much.
And though of mighty *Brute* I cannot boast,
Yet doth our warlike strong *Deuonian* coast
Resound his worth, since on her waue-worne strand
He and his *Troians* first set foot on land,
Strooke Saile, and Anchor cast on * *Totnes* shore.
Though now no Ship can ride there any more.
In th'Hands Rode the Swain now moares his Boat
Vnto a Willow (deckt in outwards float)
And with a rude embracement taking vp
The Maid (more faire then * She that fill'd the cup
Of the great Thunderer, wounding with her eyes
More hearts then all the troopes of Deities.)
He wades to shore, and sets her on the sand,
That gently yeelded when her foot should land.
Where bubling waters through the pibbles fleet,
As if they strouc to kisse her slender feet.
Whilst like a wretch, whose cursed hand hath tane
The sacred reliques from a holy *Phane*,
Feeling the hand of heauen (inforcing wonder)
In his returne, in dreadfull cracks of thunder,

Won Wam Cumbry.

Deuon Coast

* *Petunt Classem omnibus bonis onustam, prosperis ventis mare salcantes in Tenerefio Insore felicster applicarunt.* Galf. Monum.
* Hebe.

Within a buſh his Sacriledge hath left,
And thinkes his puniſhment freed with the theft:
So fled the Swaine, from one; had *Neptune* ſpide
At halfe an ebbe; he would haue forc'd the Tyde
To ſwell anew; whereon his Carre ſhould ſweepe,
Deckt with the riches of th'vnſounded deepe,
And he from thence, would with all ſtate, on ſhore,
To wooe this beautie, and to wooe no more.
Diuine *Electra* (of the Sifters ſeuen
That beautifie the glorious *Orbe* of heauen)
When *Iliums* ſtately towres, ſerv'd as one light
To guide the Rauiſher in vgly night
Vnto her virgin-beds, with-drew her face,
And neuer would looke downe on humane race
Til this Maids birth; ſince whē ſome power hath won
By often fits to ſhine, as gazing on her. (her
Grim *Saturnes* ſon, the dread *Olimpicke Ioue*
That dark't three dayes to frolicke with his Loue,
Had he in *Alcmen's* ſtead clipt this faire wight,
The world had ſlept in euerlaſting night.
For whoſe ſake onely (had ſhe liued then)
Deucalions flood had neuer rag'd on men:
Nor *Phaëton* perform'd his fathers duty,
For feare to rob the world of ſuch a beauty:
In whoſe due praiſe, a learned quill might ſpend
Houres, daies, months, yeeres, and neuer make an end.
What wretch inhumane? or what wilder blood
(Suckt in a deſert from a *Tygers* brood)
Could leaue her ſo diſconſolate? but one
Bred in the waſts of froſt-bit *Calydon*;

For

For had his veynes beene heat with milder ayre,
He had not wrong'd ſo foule, a Maid ſo faire.
Sing on ſweet *Muſe*, and whilſt I feed mine eyes
Vpon a Iewell and vnvalued prize,
As bright a Starre, a Dame, as faire, as chaſte,
As eye beheld, or ſhall, till Natures laſt;
Charme her quicke ſenſes! and with raptures ſweet
Make her affection with your cadence meet!
And if her gracefull tongue admire one ſtraine,
It is the beſt reward my *Pipe* would gaine.
In lieu whereof, in Laurell-worthy rimes
Her *Loue* ſhall liue vntill the end of rimes,
And ſpight of age, the laſt of dayes ſhall ſee
Her *Name* embalm'd in ſacred Poeſie.
Sadly alone vpon the aged rocks,
Whom *Thetis* grac'd in waſhing off their locks
Of branching *Sampire*, ſate the Maid o'retaken
With ſighes and teares, vnfortunate, forſaken,
And with a voice that floods frō rocks would borrow,
She thus both wept and ſung her notes of ſorrow.
If *Heauen* be deafe and will not heare my cries,
But addes new daies to adde new miſeries;
Heare then ye troubled *Waues* and flitting *Gales*,
That coole the boſomes of the fruitfull Vales!
Lend, one, a flood of *teares*, the other, *winde*,
To *weepe* and *ſigh* that *Heauen* is ſo vnkinde!
But if ye will not ſpare, of all your ſtore
One teare, or ſigh, vnto a wretch ſo poore;
Yet as ye trauell on this ſpacious *Round*,
Through Forreſts, Mountains, or the Lawny ground,

If't happ' you see a Maid weepe forth her woe,
As I haue done; Oh bid her as ye goe
Not lauish teares! for when her owne are gone,
The world is flinty and will lend her none.
If this be eke denj'd; O hearken then
Each hollow vaulted Rocke, and crooked Den!
And if within your sides one *Eccho* be
Let her begin to rue my destinie!
And in your clefts her plainings doe not smother,
But let that *Eccho* teach it to another!
Till round the world in sounding coombe and plaine,
The last of them tell it the first againe:
Of my sad Fate, so shall they neuer lin,
But where one ends, another still begin.
Wretch that I am, my words I vainly waste,
Eccho, of all woes, onely speake the last;
And that's enough: for should she vtter all,
As at *Medusa's* head, each heart would fall
Into a flinty substance, and repine
At no one griefe, except as great as mine.
No carefull Nurse would wet her watchfull eye,
When any pang should gripe her infantry,
Nor thinke to *Nature* it obedience gaue,
And kneeld, to doe her *Homage*, in the graue,
Would she lament, her suckling from her torne:
Scaping by death those torments I haue borne.

This sigh'd, she wept (low leaning on her hand)
Her briny teares downe rayning on the sand,
Which seene by (them, that sport it in the Seas
On *Dolphins* backes) the faire *Nereides*,

They

They came on shore, and slily as they fall
Conuai'd each teare into an Oyster-shell,
And by some power that did affect the *Girles*,
Transform'd those liquid drops to orient Pearles,
And strew'd them on the shore: for whose rich prize
In winged *Pines*, the *Roman Colonies*
Flung through the deepe *Abysse* to our white rocks
For Iems to decke their *Ladyes* golden lockes:
Who valew'd them as highly in their kinds
As those the Sun-burnt *Æthiopian* finds.
Long on the shore, distrest *Marina* lay:
For he that ope's the pleasant sweets of *May*
Beyond the *Noon-stead* so farre droue his teame,
That Haruest-folkes (with curds and cloured creame,
With cheese and butter, cakes, and cates enow,
That are the *Yeomans* from the yoake or Cowe)
On sheafes of corne were at their noonshuns close,
Whilst by them merrily the *Bag-pipe* goes:
Ere from her hand she lifted vp her head,
Where all the *Graces* then inhabited.
When casting round her ouer-drowned eyes,
(So haue I seene a Iem of mickle price
Roule in a *Scallop-shell* with water fild)
She, on a marble rocke at hand behild
In Characters deepe cut with Iron stroke,
A Shepherds moane, which read by her, thus spoke:

Glide soft ye siluer Floods,
And euery Spring:

Elegy
Within

for one who dyed at Sea

Within the shady Woods,
Let no Bird sing!
Nor from the Grone a Turtle Doue,
Be seene to couple with her loue,
But silence on each Dale and Mountaine dwell
Whilst WILLY *bids his friend and ioy* Farewell.

But (of great Thetis *traine)*
Yee Mermaids *faire,*
That on the shores doe plaine
Your Sea-greene haire,
As ye in tramels knit your locks
Weepe yee; and so inforce the rocks
In heauy murmures through the broad shores tell,
How WILLY *bade his friend and ioy* Farewell.

Cease, cease, yee murdring winds
To mone a waue;
But if with troubled minds
You seeke his graue;
Know 'tis as various as your selues,
Now in the deepe, then on the shelues,
His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,
Whilst WILLY *weepes and bids all ioy* Farewell.

Had he Arion *like*
Beene iudg'd to drowne,
Hee on his Lute could strike
So rare a sowne;

A thousand Dolphins *would haue come*
And iountly striue to bring him home.
But he on Ship-boord dide, by sickneſſe fell,
Since when his WILLY *bade all ioy* Farewell.

Great Neptune *heare a Swaine!*
His Coffin take,
And with a golden chaine
(For pitie) make
It fast vnto a rocke neere land!
Where euery calmy morne Ile stand
And ere one sheepe out of my fold I tell,
Sad WILLY'S *Pipe shall bid his friend* Farewell.

Ah heauy Shepherd (who so ere thou be)
Quoth faire *Marina*, I doe pitty thee:
For who by death is in a true friend croſt,
Till he be earth, he halfe himſelfe hath loſt.
More happy deeme I thee, lamented Swaine,
Whoſe body lies among the ſcaly traine,
Since I ſhall neuer thinke, that thou canſt dye,
Whilſt WILLY liues, or any Poetry:
For well it ſeemes in verſing he hath skill,
And though he (ayded from the ſacred *Hill*)
To thee with him no equall life can giue,
Yet by his Pen thou maiſt for euer liue.
With this a beame of ſudden brightneſſe flyes
Vpon her face, ſo dazeling her cleere eyes,
That neither flowre nor graſſe which by her grew
She could diſcerne cloath'd in their perfect hue.

For as a *Wag* (to ſport with ſuch as paſſe)
Taking the *Sun-beames* in a *Looking-glaſſe*,
Conuayes the Ray into the eyes of one,
Who (blinded) either ſtumbles at a ſtone,
Or as he dazeled walkes the peopled ſtreets,
Is ready iuſtling euery man he meets:
So then *Apollo* did in glory caſt
His bright beames on a rocke with gold enchaſt,
And thence the ſwift reflection of their light
Blinded thoſe eyes: The chiefeſt Scars of night.
When ſtreight a thick-ſwolne Cloud (as if it ſought
In beauties minde to haue a thankfull thought)
Inuail'd the luſtre of great *Titans Carre*,
And ſhe beheld, from whence ſhe ſate not farre,
Cut on a high-brow'd Rocke (inlaid with gold)
This *Epitaph*, and read it, thus enrold.

In depth of wanes long hath ALEXIS *ſlept,*
So choiceſt Iewels are the cloſeſt kept;
Whoſe death the land had ſeene, but it appeares
To countermaile his loſſe, *men wanted* teares.
So here he lyes, whoſe Dirge *each* Mermaid *ſings,*
For whom the Clouds *weepe raine, the* Earth *her ſprings.*

Her eyes theſe lines acquainted with her minde
Had ſcarcely made; when o're the hill behinde
She heard a woman cry; *Ah well-a-day,*
What ſhall I doe? goe home, or flye, or ſtay.
Admir'd *Marina* roſe, and with a pace
As gracefull as the *Goddeſſes* did trace

O're

O'reſtately *Ida* (when fond *Paris* doome
Kindled the fire, ſhould mighty *Troy* entombe.)
She went to aid the woman in diſtreſſe,
(True beauty neuer was found mercileſſe)
Yet durſt ſhe not goe nye, leſt (being ſpide)
Some villaines outrage, that might then beride
(For ought ſhe knew) vnto the crying Maid,
Might graſpe with her: by thickets which arai'd
The high Sea-bounding hill, ſo neere ſhe went,
She ſaw what wight made ſuch lowd dreriment.
Lowd? yes: ſung right: for ſince the Azure skie
Impriſon'd firſt the world, a mortals cry
With greater clangor neuer pierc'd the ayre.
A wight ſhe was ſo farre from being faire;
None could be foule eſteem'd, compar'd with her.
Deſcribing *Foulneſſe*, pardon if I erre,
Ye Shepherds Daughters, and ye gentle Swaines!
My *Muſe* would gladly chaunt more louely ſtraines:
Yet ſince on miry grounds ſhe trode, for doubt
Of ſinking, all in haſte, thus wades ſhe out.
As when great *Neptune* in his height of pride
The inland creeks fils with a high Spring-tyde,
Great ſholes of fiſh, among the *Oyſters* hye,
Which by a quicke ebbe, on the ſhores, left dry,
The fiſhes yawne, the Oyſters gapen wide:
So broad her mouth was: As ſhe ſtood and cride,
She tore her eluiſh knots of haire, as blacke
And full of duſt as any *Collyers* ſacke.
Her eyes vnlike, were like her body right,
Squint and miſſe-ſhapen, one dun, t'other white.

As

As in a picture limb'd vnto the life,
Or carued by a curious workmans knife,
If twenty men at once ſhould come to ſee
The great effects of vntirde induſtry,
Each ſeu'rally would thinke the pictures eye
Was fixt on him, and on no ſtander by:
So as ſhe (bawling) was vpon the banke,
If twice fiue hundred men ſtood on a ranke,
Her ill face towards them; euery one would ſay,
She lookes on me; when ſhe another way
Had caſt her eyes, as on ſome rocke or tree,
And on no one of all that company.
Her *Noſe* (ô crooked noſe) her mouth o're-hung,
As it would be directed by her tongue:
Her *Fore-head* ſuch, as one might neere auow
Some Plow-man, there, had lately beene at plow.
Her *Face* ſo ſcorcht was, and ſo vilde it ſhowes,
As on a Peare-tree ſhe had ſcar'd the *Crowes*.
Within a *Tanners fat* I oft haue eyde
(That three moones there had laine) a large *Oxe-hyde*
In liquor mixt with ſtrongeſt barke (for gaine)
Yet had not tane one halfe ſo deepe a ſtaine
As had her skin: and that, as hard well-nye
As any Brawnes, long hardned in the ſtye.
Her *Shoulders* ſuch, as I haue often ſeene
A ſilly Cottage on a Village greene
Might change his corner poſts, in good behoofe,
For foure ſuch vnder-proppers to his roofe.
Huſwiues, goe hire her, if you yeerely gaue
A Lamkin more then vſe, you that might ſaue

In

In waſhing-Beetles, for her hands would paſſe
To ſerue that purpoſe, though you daily waſh.
For other hidden parts, thus much I ſay;
As *Ballad-mongers* on a *Market-day*
Taking their ſtand, one (with as harſh a noyſe
As euer Cart-wheele made) ſqueakes the ſad choice
Of *Tom* the *Miller* with a golden thumbe,
Who croſt in loue, ran mad, and deafe, and dumbe,
Halfe part he chants, and will not ſing it out,
But thus he ſpeakes to his attentiue rout:
Thus much for loue I warbled from my breſt,
And gentle friends, for money take the reſt:
So ſpeake I to the ouer-longing eare,
That would the reſt of her deſcription heare,
Much haue I ſung for loue, the reſt (not common)
Martial will ſhew for coine, in's crabbed woman.
If e're you ſaw a *Pedant* gin prepare
To ſpeake ſome graceſull ſpeech to *Maſter Maior*,
And being baſhfull, with a quaking doubt
That in his eloquence he may be out;
He oft ſteps forth, as oft turnes backe againe;
And long 'tis e're he ope his learned veine:
Thinke ſo *Marina* ſtood: for now ſhe thought
To venture forth, then ſome coniecture wrought
Her to be iealous, leſt this vgly wight
(Since like a *Witch* ſhe lookt) through ſpels of night,
Might make her body thrall (that yet was free)
To all the foule intents of *Witcherie*:
This drew her backe againe. At laſt ſhe broke
Through all fond doubts, went to her, and beſpoke

In

In gentle manner thus: Good day, good Maid;
With that her cry she on a sodaine staid,
And rub'd her squint eyes with her mighty fist.
But as a *Miller* hauing ground his grist,
Lets downe his flood-gates with a speedy fall,
And quarring vp the passage therewithall,
The waters swell in spleene, and neuer stay
Till by some cleft they finde another way:
So when her teares were stopt from either eye
Her singults, blubbrings, seem'd to make them flye
Out at her Oyster-mouth and Nose-thrils wide.
Can there (quoth faire *Marina*) e're beside
(In these sweet Groues) a wench, so great a wrong,
That should inforce a cry so loud, so long?
On these delightfull Plaines how can there be
So much as heard the name of villany?
Except when Shepherds in their gladsome fit
Sing *Hymnes* to *Pan* that they are free from it.
But shew me, what hath caus'd thy grieuous yell?
As late (quoth she) I went to yonder Well,
(You cannot see it here; that Groue doth couer
With his thicke boughes his little channell ouer.)
To fetch some water (as I vse) to dresse
My Masters supper (you may thinke of flesh;
But well I wot he tasteth no such dish)
Of Rotchets, Whitings, or such common fish,
That with his net he drags into his Boat:
Among the Flags below, there stands his Coat
(A simple one) thatch'd o're with Reede and Broome;
It hath a Kitchen, and a seuerall roome

For

For each of vs. But this is nought: you flee,
Replide *Marine*, I prithee answer me
To what I question'd. Doe but heare me first,
Answer'd the Hag. He is a man so curst,
Although I toyle at home, and serue his Swine,
Yet scarce allowes he me whereon to dine:
In Summer time on Black-berries I liue,
On Crabs and Hawes, and what wilde Forrests giue:
In Winters cold, bare-foot, I run to seeke
For Oysters, and small Winkles in each creeke,
Whereon I feed, and on the Meager Slene.
But if he home returne and finde me gone,
I still am sure to feele his heauy hand.
Alas and weale away, since now I stand
In such a plight: for if I seeke his dore
Hee'l beat me ten times worse then e're before.
What hast thou done? (yet aske *Marine*) say?
I with my pitcher lately tooke my way
(As late I said) to thilke same shaded Spring,
Fill'd it, and homewards, rais'd my voyce to sing;
But in my backe returne, I (hapelesse) spide
A tree of Cherries wilde, and them I eyde
With such a longing, that vnwares my foot
Got vnderneath a hollow-growing root,
Carrying my pot as Maids vse on their heads;
I fell with it, and broke it all to shreads.
This is my griefe, this is my cause of mone.
And if some kinde wight goe not to attone
My surly Master with me wretched Maid,
I shall be beaten dead. Be not afraid,

Said

Said ſweet *Marina*, haſten thee before;
Ile come to make thy peace: for ſince I ſore
Doe hunger, and at home thou haſt ſmall-cheere,
(Need and ſupply grow farre off, ſeldome neere.)
To yonder Groue Ile goe, to taſte the ſpring,
And ſee what it affords for nouriſhing.
Thus parted they. And ſad *Marina* bleſt
The houre ſhe met the Maid, who did inveſt
Her in aſſured hope, ſhe once ſhould ſee
Her Flocke againe (and driue them merrily
To their flowre-decked layre, and tread the ſhores
Of pleaſant *Albion*) through the well poys'd Oares
Of the poore Fiſher-man that dwelt thereby.

But as a man who in a *Lottery*
Hath ventur'd of his coyne; ere he haue ought,
Thinkes this or that ſhall with his Prize be bought,
And ſo enricht, march with the better ranke;
When ſodainly he's call'd, and all is Blanke:
To chaſte *Marina*, ſo doth *Fortune* proue;
" *Statesmen and ſhe are neuer firme in loue.*

No ſooner had *Marina* got the wood,
But as the trees ſhe neerly ſcarch'd for food,
A Villaine, leane, as any rake appeares,
That look't, as pinch'd with famine, *Ægypt* yeeres,
Worne out and waſted to the pirhleſſe bone,
As one that had a long Conſumption.
His ruſty teeth (forſaken of his lips
As they had ſeru'd with *want* two Prentiſhips)
Did through his pallid cheekes, and lankeſt skin
Bewray what number were enranckt within.

a Deſcription of a Villain.

His

His greedy eyes deepe sunke into his head,
Which with a rough haire was o're couered.
How many bones made vp this starued wight
Was soone perceiu'd; a man of dimmest sight
Apparantly might see them knit, and tell
How all his veines and euery sinew fell.
His belly (inwards drawne) his bowels prest,
His vnfill'd skin hung dangling on his brest,
His feeble knees with paine enough vphold
That pined carkasse, casten in a mold
Cut out by Deaths grim forme. If small legs wan
Euer the title of a Gentleman;
His did acquire it. In his flesh pull'd downe
As he had liu'd in a beleaguerd towne,
Where *Plenty* had so long estranged beene
That men most worthy note, in griefe were seene
(Though they reioyc'd to haue attain'd such meat)
Of Rats, and halfe-tann'd Hydes, and stomacks great,
Gladly to feed: and where a Nurse, most vilde,
Drunke her owne milke, and staru'd her crying childe.
Yet he through want of food not thus became:
But *Nature* first decreed, That as the flame
Is neuer seene to flye his nourishment,
But all consumes: and still the more is lent
The more it couets. And as all the Floods
(Down trecching from small groues, & greater woods)
The vast insatiate Sea doth still deuoure,
And yet his thirst not quenched by their power:
So euer should befall this starued wight;
The more his vyands, more his appetite.

What

What ere the deepes bring forth, or earth, or ayre,
He ruine should, and want in greatest fare.
And what a Citie twice seuen yeeres would serue,
He should deuoure, and yet be like to starue.
A wretch so empty, that if e're there be
In *Nature* found the least *vacuitie*,
'Twill be in him. The graue to *Ceres* store;
A *Canibal* to lab'rers old and poore;
A *Spunge-like Dropsie*, drinking till it burst;
The *Sickneſſe* tearm'd the *Wolfe*, vilde and accurſt,
In some reſpects like that of *Alchumy*
That thriues least, when it long'st doth multiply:
Limos he deeped was whose long-nayl'd paw
Seizing *Marina*, and his sharpe-fang'd iaw
(The strongest part he had) fixt in her weeds,
He forc'd her thence, through thickets & high Reeds,
Towards his Caue. Her fate the swift windes rue,
And round the Groue in heauy murmures shew.
The limbs of trees, that (as in loue with either)
In close embracements long had liu'd together,
Rubb'd each on other, and in shreeks did show
The windes had mou'd more parriers of their woe.
Old and decaied stocks, that long time spent
Vpon their armes, their roots chiefe nourishment;
And that deawie dry, as freely did impart
Their boughes a feeding, on their fathers heart,
Yet by reſpective imples when all was gone,
Pithleſſe and sapleſſe, naked left alone, (moanes,
Their hollow trunks, fill'd with their neighbours
Sent from a thousand veins, ten thousand groanes.

All

All Birds flew from the wood, as they had been
Scar'd with a ſtrong Bolt ratling 'mong the treen:
Limos with his ſweet theft full ſlily ruſhes (buſhes,
Through ſharp-hook'd brambles, thornes, & tangling
Whoſe tenters ſticking in her garments, ſought
(Poore ſhrubs) to helpe her, but auailing nought,
As angry (beſt intents miſs'd beſt proceeding)
They ſcratch'd his face & legs, cleere water bleeding.
Not greater haſte a fearefull ſchoole-boy makes
Out of an Orchard whence by ſtealth he takes
A churliſh Farmers Plums, ſweet Peares or Grapes,
Then *Limos* did, as from the *thicke* he ſcapes
Downe to the ſhore. Where reſting him a ſpace,
Reſtleſſe *Marina* gan intreat for grace
Of one whoſe knowing it as deſp'rate ſtood,
As where each day to get ſupply of food.
O! had ſhe (thirſty) ſuch intreaty made
At ſome high Rocke, proud of his euening ſhade,
He would haue burſt in two, and from his veines
(For her auaile) vpon the vnder Plaines
A hundred Springs a hundred wayes ſhould ſwim,
To ſhew her teares inforced floods from him.
Had ſuch an Oratreſſe beene heard to plead
For faire *Polixena*, the *Murtherers* head
Had beene her pardon, and ſo ſcap'd that ſhocke,
Which made her louers tombe her dying blocke.
Not an inraged *Lion*, ſurly, wood,
No *Tyger* reft her young, nor ſauage brood;
No, not the foaming *Boare*, that durſt approue
Loueleſſe to leaue the mighty *Queene* of *Loue*;

But her sad plaints, their vncouth walkes among
Spent, in sweet numbers from her golden tongue,
So much their great hearts would in softnes steepe,
They at her foot would groueling lye, and weepe.
Yet now (alas!) nor words, nor floods of teares
Did ought auaile. *The belly hath no eares.*

As I haue knowne a man loath meet with gaine
That carrieth in his front least shew of paine,
Who for his vittailes all his raiment pledges,
Whose stackes for firing are his neighbours hedges,
From whence returning with a burden great,
Wearied, on some greene banke he takes his seat,
But fearefull (as still theft is in his stay)
Gets quickly vp, and hasteth fast away:
So *Limos* sooner eased then yrested
Was vp, and through the Reeds (as much molested
As in the Brakes) who louingly combine,
And for her aide together twist and twine,
Now manacling his hands, then on his legs
Like fetters hang the vnder-growing Segs:
And had his teeth not beene of strongest hold,
He there had left his prey. Fates vncontrold,
Denide so great a blisse to Plants or men,
And lent him strength to bring her to his den.

West, in *Apollo's* course to *Tagus* streame,
Crown'd with a siluer circling Diadem
Of wet exhaled mists, there stood a pile
Of aged Rocks (torne from the neighbour *Ile*
And girt with waues) against whose naked brest
The surges tilted, on his snowie crest

The towring *Falcon* whilome built, and Kings
Stroue for that *Eirie*, on whose scaling wings,
Monarchs, in gold reſin'd as much would lay
As might a month their Army Royall pay.
Braue Birds they were, whose quick-ſelf-leſs-ning kin
Still won the girlonds from the * *Beregrin*.
Not *Cerna Ile* in *Affricks* ſiluer maine,
Nor luſtfull-bloody *Tereus Thracian* traine,
Nor any other Lording of the ayre
Durſt with this *Eirie* for their wing compare.
About his ſides a thouſand *Seaguls* bred,
The *Mauy* and the *Halcyon* famoſed
For colours rare, and for the peacefull Seas
Round the *Sicilian* coaſt, her brooding dayes.
Puffins (as thicke as *Starlings* in a Fen)
Were fetcht from thence: there ſate the *Penet* hen,
And in the clefts the *Martin* built his neſt.
But thoſe by this curſt caitife diſpoſſeſt
Of rooſt and neſt, the leaſt; of life, the moſt:
All left that place, and ſought a ſafer coaſt.
Inſtead of them the *Caterpiller* hanes,
And *Canere-worme* among the tender plants,
That here and there in nooks and corners grew;
Of *Cormorants* and *Locuſts* not a few;
The cramming *Rauen*, and a hundred more
Deuouring creatures; yer when from the ſhore
Limos came wading (as he eaſily might
Except at high tydes) all would take their flight,
Or hide themſelues in ſome deepe hole or other,
Leſt one deuourer ſhould deuoure another.

* A Falcon differing from the Falcon-gentle.

Neere to the shore that bord'red on the Rocke
No merry Swaine was seene to feed his Flocke,
No lusty Neat-heard thither droue his Kine,
Nor boorish Hog-heard fed his rooting Swine:
A stony ground it was, sweet Herbage fail'd:
Nought there but weeds, which *Limos*, strongly nail'd,
Tore from their mothers brest, to stuffe his maw.
No Crab-tree bore his load, nor Thorne his haw.
As in a Forest well compleat with Deere
We see the Hollies, Ashes, euery where
Rob'd of their cloathing by the browsing Game:
So neere the Rocke, all trees where e're you came,
To cold *Decembers* wrath stood void of barke.
Here danc'd no *Nymph*, no early-rising *Larke*
Sung vp the Plow-man and his drowsie mate:
All round the Rocke barren and desolate.

The description of the Caue of *Famine.*

In midst of that huge pile was *Limos* Caue
Full large and round, wherein a Millers knaue
Might for his Horse and Querne haue roome at will:
Where was out-drawne by some inforced skill,
What mighty conquests were atchieu'd by him.
First stood the siege of great *Ierusalem*,
Within whose triple wall and sacred Citie
(Weepe ye stone-hearted men! oh read and pittie!
'Tis *Sions* cause inuokes your briny teares:
Can any dry eye be when she appeares
As I must sing her? oh, if such there be;
Flie, flie th'abode of men! and hasten thee
Into the Desart, some high Mountaine vnder,
Or at thee boyes will hisse, and old men wonder.)

Here

Here ſits a mother weeping, pale and wan,
With fixed eyes, whoſe hopeleſſe thoughts ſeem'd ran
How (ſince for many dates no food ſhe taſted,
Her Meale, her Oyle conſum'd, all ſpent, all waſted)
For one poore day ſhe might attaine ſupply,
And deſp'rate of ought elſe, ſit, pine, and dye:
At laſt her minde meets with her tender childe
That in the cradle lay (of Oziers wilde)
Which taken in her armes, ſhe giues the teat,
From whence the little wretch with labour great
Not one poore drop can ſucke: whereat ſhe wood,
Cries out, ô heauen! are all the founts of food
Exhauſted quite? and muſt my Infane yong
Be fed with ſhooes? yet wanting thoſe ere long,
Feed on it ſelfe? No: firſt the roome that gaue
Him ſoule and life, ſhall be his timeleſſe graue:
My dugs, thy beſt reliefe, through griping hunger
Flow now no more, my babe; Then ſince no longer
By me thou canſt be fed, nor any other,
Be thou the Nurſe, and feed thy dying Mother.
Then in another place ſhe ſtraight appeares,
Seething her ſuckling in her ſcalding teares.
From whence not farre the *Painter* made her ſtand
Tearing his ſod fleſh with her cruell hand,
In gobbers which ſhe ate. O curſed wombe,
That to thy ſelfe art both the graue and tombe.
A little ſweet lad (there) ſeemes to intreat
(With held vp hands) his famiſht Sire for meat,
Who wanting ought to giue his hoped ioy
But throbs and ſighes; the ouer-hungry boy,

For some poore bird in darke nooks making quest,
His Sachell finds, which growes a gladsome feast
To him and both his Parents. Then next day
He chewes the points wherewith he vs'd to play:
Deuouring last his Books of euery kinde,
They fed his body which should feede his minde:
But when his Sachell, Points, Books all were gone,
Before his Sire he droopes, and dies anon.

In height of Arethen had the Work-man done,
A pious, zealous, most religious sonne,
Who on the enemy excursion made,
And spight of danger strongly did inuade
Their victuals conuoy, bringing from them home
Dri'd figs, Dates, Almonds, and such fruits as come
To the beleagring foe, and sate's the want
Therewith of those, who, from a tender plant
Bred him a man for armes: thus oft he went,
And Storke-like sought his Parents nourishment,
Till Fates decreed, he on the *Roman* Speares
Should giue his bloud for them, who gaue him theirs.
A Million of such throes did *Famine* bring
Vpon the Citie of the mighty King,
Till, as her people, all her buildings rare
Consum'd themselues and dim'd the light some ayre.

Neere this the curious Pencell did expresse
A large and solitary wildernesse,
Whose high well limmed Oakes in growing show'd
As they would ease strong *Atlas* of his load:
Here vnderneath a tree in heauy plight
(Her bread and pot of water wasted quite)

Ægyptian

Ægyptian Hagar (nipt with hunger fell)
Sate rob'd of hope: her Infant *Ismael*
(Farre from her being laid) full sadly seem'd
To cry for meat, his cry she nought esteem'd,
But kept her still, and turn'd her face away,
Knowing all meanes were bootlesse to allay
In such a Desert: and since now they must
Sleepe their eternall sleepe, and cleave to dust,
She chose (apart) to graspe one death alone,
Rather then by her babe a million.
Then *Ereſichthons* case in *Ouids* Song
Was portraied out; and many moe along
The insides of the Caue; which were deseride
By many loope-holes round on euery side.
These faire *Marina* view'd, left all alone,
The Caue fast shut, *Limos* for pillage gone; (thorns,
Neere the wash'd shore mong roots and breers, and
A Bullocke findes, who deluing with his hornes
The hurtlesse earth (the while his tough hoofe tore
The yeelding turffe) in furious rage he bore
His head among the boughs that held it round,
While with his bellowes all the shores resound:
Him *Limos* kil'd, and hal'd with no small paine
Vnto the Rocke; fed well; then goes againe:
Which seru'd *Marina* fit, for had his food
Fail'd him, her veines had fail'd their deerest blood.
Now great *Hyperion* left his golden throne
That on the dancing waues in glory shone,
For whose declining o'r the *Westerne* shore
The orientall hils blacke mantles wore,

And thence apace the gentle *Twi-light* fled,
That had from hideous cauernes vshered
All-drowsie *Night*; who in a Carre of Iet,
By Steeds of Iron-gray (which mainly swet
Moist drops on all the world) drawne through the skie,
The helps of darknesse waited orderly.
First, thicke clouds rose from all the liquid plaines:
Then mists from Marishes, and grounds whose veines
Were Conduit-pipes to many a crystall spring:
From standing Pooles and Fens were following
Vnhealthy fogs: each Riuer, euery Rill
Sent vp their vapours to attend her will.
These, pitchie curtains drew, 'twixt earth & heauen.
And as *Nights* Chariot through the ayre was driuen,
Clamour grew dumb, vnheard was Shepheards song,
And silence girt the Woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the *Eccho*; *Satyres* broke their dance,
And all the vpper world lay in a trance.
Onely the curled streames soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the greene leafe swept
Dry Summers dust, in fearefull whisp'rings stir'd,
As loth to waken any singing Bird.
Darknesse no lesse then blinde *Cimmerian*
Of *Famines* Caue the full possession wan,
Where lay the Shepherdesse inwrapt with night,
(The wished garment of a mournfull wight)
Here silken slumbers and refreshing sleepe
Were seldome found; with quiet mindes those keepe,
Not with disturbed thoughts; the beds of Kings
Are neuer prest by them, sweet rest inrings

The

The tyred body of the ſwarty Clowne,
And oftner lies on *flocks* then ſofteſt *downe*.
Twice had the Cocke crowne, and in Cities ſtrong
The *Bel-mans* dolefull noyſe and carefull ſong,
Told men, whoſe watchfull eyes no ſlumber hent,
What ſtore of houres theft-guilty night had ſpent.
Yet had not *Morpheus* with this Maiden been,
As fearing *Limos*; (whoſe impetuous teen
Kept gentle reſt from all to whom his Caue
Yeelded incloſure (deadly as the graue.)
But to all ſad laments left her (forlorne)
In which three watches ſhe had nie outworne.
Faire ſiluer-footed *Thetis* that time threw
Along the *Ocean* with a beautious crew
Of her attending Sea-nymphs (*Ioues* bright Lamps
Guiding from Rocks her Chariots * *Hippocamps*.)
A iourney, onely made, vnwares to ſpye
If any *Mightier* of her Empery
Oppreſt the leaſt, and forc'd the weaker ſort
To their deſignes, by being great in Court.
O! ſhould all Potentates whoſe higher birth
Enroles their titles, other *Gods on earth*,
Should they make priuate ſearch, in vaile of night,
For cruell wrongs done by each Fauorite;
Here ſhould they finde a great one paling in
A meane mans land, which many yeeres had bin
His charges life, and by the others heaſt,
The poore muſt ſtarue to feed a ſcuruy beaſt.
If any recompence drop from his fiſt,
His time's his owne, the mony, what he liſt.

* Sea-horſes

There

There ſhould they ſee another that commands
His Farmers Teame from furrowing his lands,
To bring him ſtones to raiſe his building vaſt,
The while his Tenants ſowing time is paſt.
Another (ſpending) doth his rents inhance,
Or gets by tricks the poores inheritance.
But as a man whoſe age hath dim'd his eyes,
Vſeth his Spectacles, and as he pryes
Through them all Characters ſeeme wondrous faire,
Yet when his glaſſes quite remoued are
(Though with all carefull heed he neerly looke)
Cannot perceiue one tittle in the Booke;
So if a King behold ſuch fauourites
(Whoſe being great, was being *Paraſites*)
With th'eyes of fauour, all their actions are
To him appearing plaine and regular:
But let him lay his ſight of grace aſide,
And ſee what men he hath to dignifide,
They all would vaniſh, and not dare appeare,
Who *Atom-like*, when their *Sun* ſhined cleare,
Danc'd in his beame; but now his rayes are gone,
Of many hundred we perceiue not one.
Or as a man who ſtanding to deſcry
How great floods farre off run, and vallies lye,
Taketh a *glaſſe proſpective* good and true,
By which things moſt remote are full in view:
If Monarchs, ſo, would take an Inſtrument
Of truth compos'd to ſpie their Subiects drent
In foule oppreſſion by thoſe high in ſeat
(Who care not to be good but to be great)

In

In full aspect the wrongs of each degree
Would lye before them; and they then would see,
The diuelish *Politician* all conuinces,
In murdring Statesmen and in poisning Princes;
The *Prelate* in *pluralities* asleepe,
Whilst that the *Wolfe* lies preying on his sheepe;
The drowsie *Lawyer*, and the false *Atturnies*
Tire poore mens purses with their life-long-iournies;
The *Country Gentleman*, from's neighbours hand
Forceth th'inheritance, ioynes land to land,
And (most insatiate) seekes vnder his rent
To bring the worlds most spacious continent;
The fawning *Cuizen* (whose loue's bought deerest)
Deceiues his brother when the Sun shines clearest,
Gets, borrowes, breakes, lers in, and stops our light,
And liues a Knaue to leaue his sonne a Knight;
The griping *Farmer* hoords the seed of bread,
Whilst in the streets the poore lye famished:
And free there's none from all this worldly strife,
Except the Shepherds heauen-blest happy life.
But stay sweet *Muse!* forbeare this harsher straine,
Keepe with the Shepherds, leaue the *Satyres* veine,
Coupe not with Beares, let *Icarus* alone
To scorch himselfe within the *torrid Zone*:
Let *Phaëton* run on, *Ixion* fall,
And with an humble stiled *Pastorall*
Tread through the vallies, dance about the streames,
The lowly Dales will yeeld vs *Anadems*:
To shade our temples, 'tis a worthy meed,
No better girlond seekes mine Oaten Reed;

Let

Let others climbe the hils, and to their praise
(Whilst I sit girt with *Flowers*) be crown'd with *Bayes*.
Shew now faire *Muse* what afterward became
Of great *Achilles Mother*; She whose name
The *Mermaids* sing, and tell the weeping strand
A brauer Lady neuer tript on land,
Except the euer-liuing *Fayerie Queene*,
Whose vertues by her *Swaine* so written beene,
That time shall call her high enhanced story
In his rare song, *The Muses chiefest glory*.
So mainly *Thetis* droue her siluer throne,
Inlaid with pearles of price, and precious stone,
(For whose gay purchase, she did often make
The scorched *Negro* diue the briny Lake)
That by the swiftnesse of her Chariot wheels
(Scouring the *Maine* as well-built English Keels)
She, of the *new-found World* all coasts had seene,
The shores of *Thessaly*, where she was Queene,
Her brother *Pontus* waues, imbrac'd, with those
Mœotian fields and vales of *Tenedos*,
Streit *Hellespont*, whose high-brow'd cliffes yet sound
The mournfull name of young *Leander* drown'd,
Then with full speed her Horses doth she guide
Through the *Ægean* Sea, that takes a pride
In making difference twixt the fruitfull lands
Europe and *Asia* almost ioyning hands,
But that she thrusts her billowes all afront
To stop their meeting through the *Hellespont*.
The *Midland Sea* so swiftly was she scouring,
The *Adriaticke gulfe* braue Ships deuouring.

To

To *Padus* siluer streame then glides she on
(Enfamoused by rekelesse *Phaëton*)
Padus that doth beyond his limits rise,
When the hot *Dog-starre* raines his maladies,
And robs the high and ayre-inuading *Alpes*
Of all their Winter-suits and snowie scalpes,
To drowne the leuel'd lands along his shore,
And make him swell with pride. By whom of yore
The sacred *Heliconian* Damsels sate
(To whom was mighty *Pindus* consecrate)
And did decree (neglecting other men)
Their height of Art should flow from *Maro's* pen.
And pratling *Eccho's* euermore should long
For repetition of sweet *Naso's* song.
It was inacted here, in after dayes
What wights should haue their temples crown'd with
Learn'd *Arioſto*, holy *Petrachs* quill, (*Bayes.*
And *Tasso* should ascend the *Muses* hill.
Diuinest *Bartas*, whose enriched soule
Proclaim'd his *Makers* worth, should so enroule
His happy name in brasse, that Time nor Fate
That swallow all, should euer ruinate.
Delightfull *Salust*, whose all blessed layes
The *Shepherds* make their *Hymnes* on *Holy-daies*;
And truly say thou in one *weeke* hast pend
What time may euer study, ne're amend.
Marot and *Ronsard*, *Garnier's* buskind *Muse*
Should spirit of life in very stones infuse.
And many another Swan whose powerfull straine
Should raise the *Golden World* to life againe.

Plin. lib. 3. cap. 16.

But

But let vs leaue (faire Muse) the bankes of *Po*,
Thetis forsooke his braue streame long agoe,
And we must after. See in haste she sweepes
Along the *Celticke* shores, th' *Armorick* deepes
She now is entring: beare vp then a head,
And by that time she hath discouered
Our *Alablaster* rocks, we may descry
And ken with her, the coasts of *Britany*.
There will she Anchor cast, to heare the Songs
Of English Shepherds, whose all-tunefull tongues
So pleas'd the *Nayades*, they did report
Their songs perfection in great *Nereus* Court:
Which *Thetis* hearing, did appoint a day
When she would meet them in the *British* Sea,
And thither for each Swaine a *Dolphin* bring
To ride with her, whilst she would heare him sing.
The time prefixt was come; and now the Starre
Of blissefull light appear'd, when she her Carre
Staid in the narrow Seas. At *Thames* faire port
The *Nymphes* and *Shepherds* of the *Isle* resort.
And thence did put to Sea with mirthfull rounds,
Whereat the billowes dance aboue their bounds,
And bearded Goats, that on the clouded head
Of any sea-suruaying Mountaine fed,
Leauing to crop the Iuy, listning stood
At those sweet ayres which did intrance the flood.
In iocund sort the *Goddesse* thus they met.
And after reu'rence done, all being set
Vpon their finny Courlers, round her throne,
And she prepar'd to cut the watry Zone

Ingirting *Albion*; all their pipes were ſtill,
And *Colin Clout* began to tune his quill
With ſuch deepe Art, that euery one was giuen
To thinke *Apollo* (newly ſlid from heau'n)
Had tane a humane ſhape to win his loue,
Or with the *Weſterne Swaines* for glory ſtroue.
He ſung th'heroicke Knights of *Faiery* land
In lines ſo elegant, of ſuch command,
That had the * *Thracian* plaid but halfe ſo well,
He had not left *Eurydice* in hell.
But e're he ended his melodious ſong
An hoſt of *Angels* flew the clouds among,
And rapt this Swan from his attentiue mates,
To make him one of their aſſociates
In heauens faire Quire: where now he ſings the praiſe
Of him that is the *firſt and laſt of dayes.*
Diuineſt *Spencer* heau'n-bred, happy Muſe!
Would any power into my braine infuſe
Thy worth, or all that *Poets* had before,
I could not praiſe till thou deſeru'ſt no more.
A dampe of wonder and amazement ſtrooke
Thetis attendants, many a heauy looke
Follow'd ſweet *Spencer*, till the thickning ayre
Sights further paſſage ſtop'd. A paſſionate teare
Fell from each *Nymph*, no Shepherds cheeke was dry,
A dolefull *Dirge*, and mournfull *Elegie*
Flew to the ſhore. When mighty *Nereus* Queene
(In memory of what was heard and ſeene)
Imploy'd a *Factor* (fitted well with ſtore
Of richeſt Iemmes, refined *Indian Ore*)

* *Orpheus.*

To

To raise, in honour of his worthy name,
A *Piramis*, whose head (like winged *Fame*)
Should pierce the clouds, yea seeme the stars to kisse,
And *Mausolus* great tombe might throwd in *his*.
Her will had beene performance, had not *Fate*
(That neuer knew how to commiserate)
Suborn'd curs'd *Auarice* to lye in waight
For that rich prey: (*Gold is a taking bait*)
Who closely lurking like a subtile Snake
Vnder the couert of a thorny brake,
Seiz'd on the *Factor* by faire *Thetis* sent,
And rob'd our *Colin* of his Monument.

Yee *English Shepherds*, sonnes of *Memory*,
For *Satyres* change your pleasing melody,
Scourge, raile and curse that sacrilegious hand,
That more then Fiend of hell, that *Stygian* brand,
All-guilty *Auarice*: that worst of euill,
That gulfe-deuouring, off-spring of a Deuill:
Heape curse on curse so direfull and so fell,
Their weight may presse his damned soule to hell.
Is there a spirit so gentle can refraine
To torture such? O let a *Satyres* veine
Mix with that man! to lash this hellish lym,
Or all our curses will descend on him.

For mine owne part, although I now commerce
With lowly Shepherds, in as low a Verse;
If of my dayes I shall not see an end
Till more yeeres presse me; some few houres Ile spend
In rough-hewn *Satyres*, and my busied pen
Shall ierke to death this infamy of men.

And

And like a *Fury*, glowing coulters beare,
With which? But see how yonder fondlings teare
Their fleeces in the brakes; I must goe free
Them of their bonds; Rest you here merrily
Till my returne: when I will touch a string
Shall make the Riuers dance, and Vallies ring.

The Second Song.

The Argvment.

What Shepherds on the Sea *were seene*
To entertaine the Oceans *Queene,*
Remond *in search of* Fida *gone,*
And for his loue young Doridon,
There meeting with a wofull Swaine,
Mute, and not able to complaine
His metamorphos'd Mistresse wrong;
Is all the subiect of this Song.

THe Mvses friend (gray-eyde *Aurora*) yet
Held all the Meadowes in a cooling sweat,
The milke-white *Gossamores* not vpwards snow'd,
Nor was the sharpe and vsefull steering goad

Laid

Laid on the strong-neckt Oxe; no gentle bud
The *Sun* had dride; the cattle chew'd the cud
Low leuel'd on the grasse; no Flyes quicke sting
Inforc'd the Stonehorse in a furious ring
To teare the passiue earth, nor lash his taile
About his buttockes broad; the slimy Snaile
Might on the wainscot (by his many mazes
Winding *Meanders* and selfe-knitting traces)
Be follow'd, where he stucke, his glittering slime
Not yet wip't off. It was so early time,
The carefull *Smith* had in his sooty forge
Kindled no coale; nor did his hammers vrge
His neighbours patience: *Owles* abroad did flye,
And day as then might plead his infancy.
Yet of faire *Albion* all the westerne Swaines
Were long since vp, attending on the Plaines
When *Nereus* daughter with her mirthfull hoast
Should summon them, on their declining coast.
But since her stay was long: for feare the Sun
Should finde them idle, some of them begun
To leape and wrastle, others threw the barre;
Some from the company remoued are,
To meditate the songs they meant to play,
Or make a new *Round* for next *Holiday*:
Some tales of loue their loue-sicke fellowes told:
Others were seeking stakes to pitch their fold.
This, all alone was mending of his Pipe:
That, for his lasse sought fruits most sweet most ripe.
Here (from the rest) a louely shepherds boy
Sits piping on a hill, as if his ioy

Would ſtill endure, or elſe that ages froſt
Should neuer make him thinke what he had loſt.
Yonder a ſhepherdeſſe knits by the ſprings,
Her hands ſtill keeping time to what ſhe ſings:
Or ſeeming, by her ſong, thoſe faireſt hands
Were comforted in working. Neere the ſands
Of ſome ſweet Riuer ſits a muſing lad,
That moanes the loſſe of what he ſometime had,
His Loue by death bereſt: when faſt by him
An aged Swaine takes place, as neere the brim
Of's graue as of the Riuer; ſhewing how
That as thoſe floods, which paſſe along right now
Are follow'd ſtill by others from their ſpring,
And in the Sea haue all their burying:
Right ſo our times are knowne, our ages found,
(Nothing is permanent within this *Round:*)
One age is now, another *that* ſucceeds,
Extirping all things which the former breeds:
Another followes that, doth new times raiſe, (daies,
New yeers, new months, new weeks, new houres, new
Mankinde thus goes like Riuers from their ſpring,
And in the Earth haue all their burying.
Thus ſate the old man counſelling the young;
Whilſt, vnderneath a tree which ouer-hung
The ſiluer ſtreame (as ſome delight it tooke
To trim his thicke boughes in the Cryſtall Brooke)
Were ſet a iocund crew of youthfull Swaines,
Wooing their ſweetings with delicious ſtraines.
Sportiue *Oreades* the hils deſcended,
The *Hamadryades* their hunting ended,

And

And in the high woods left the long-liu'd *Harts*
To feed in peace, free from their winged Darts;
Floods, Mountains, Vallies, Woods, each vacant lies
Of *Nimphs* that by them danc'd their *Haydigyes*:
For all those *Powers* were ready to embrace
The present meanes, to giue our Shepherds grace.
And vnderneath this tree (till *Thetis* came)
Many resorted; where a Swaine, of name
Lesse, then of worth: (and we doe neuer owne
Nor apprehend him best, that most is knowne.)
Fame is vncertaine, who so swiftly flyes
By th'vnregarded *shed* where *Vertue* lies:
Shee (ill inform'd of *Vertues* worth) pursu'th
(In haste) *Opinion* for the simple *Truth*.
True Fame is euer likened to our shade,
He soonest misseth her, that most hath made
To ouer-take her; who so takes his wing,
Regardlesse of her, shee'll be following;
Her true proprietie she thus discouers,
"Loues her contemners, and contemnes her louers.
Th'applause of common people neuer yet
Pursu'd this Swaine; he knew the counterfeit
Of setled praise, and therefore at his songs,
Though all the Shepherds and the graceful throngs
Of Semigods compar'd him with the best
That euer touch'd a Reed, or was addrest
In shepherds coat, he neuer would approue
Their Attributes, giuen in sincerest loue;
Except he truly knew them as his merit,
Fame giues a second life to such a spirit.

This Swaine, intreated by the mirthfull rout,
That with intwined armes lay round about
The tree 'gainst which he lean'd. (So haue I seene
Tom Piper stand vpon our village greene,
Backt with the *May-pole*, whilst a iocund crew
In gentle morrice circularly threw
Themselues about him.) To his faireſt Ring
Thus 'gan in numbers well according sing:

VEnus *by* Adonis *side*
Crying kist, and kissing cride,
Wrung her hands and tore her haire
For Adonis *dying there.*

Stay (quoth shee) o stay and liue!
Nature *surely doth not giue*
To the Earth *her sweeteſt flowres*
To be seene but some few houres.

On his face, still as he bled
For each drop a teare she shed,
Which she kist or wip't away,
Else had drown'd him where he lay.

Faire Proserpina *(quoth shee)*
Shall not haue thee yet from mee;
Nor thy soule to flie begin
While my lips can keepe it in.

Here

Here ſhe clos'd againe. And ſome
Say, Apollo *would haue come*
To haue cur'd his wounded lym,
But that ſhee had ſmother'd him.

Looke as a *Traueller* in Summers day
Nye choakt with duſt, and molt with *Titans* ray,
Longs for a ſpring to coole his inward heat,
And to that end, with vowes, doth heauen intreat,
When going further, finds an Apple-tree,
(Standing as did old *Hoſpitalitie*,
With ready armes to ſuccour any needs :)
Hence plucks an Apple, taſtes it, and it breeds
So great a liking in him for his thirſt,
That vp he climbs, and gathers to the firſt
A ſecond, third ; nay, will not ceaſe to pull
Till he haue got his cap and pockets full.
"Things long deſir'd ſo well eſteemed are,
"That when they come we hold them better farre.
"There is no meane 'twixt what we *loue* and *want*,
"*Deſire*, in men, is ſo predominant.
No leſſe did all this quaint aſſembly long
Then doth the *Traueller* : this Shepherds Song
Had ſo enſnar'd each acceptable eare,
That but a ſecond, nought could bring them cleare
From an affected ſnare ; had *Orpheus* beene
Playing, ſome diſtance from them, he had ſeene
Not one to ſtirre a foot for his rare ſtraine,
But left the *Thracian* for the *Engliſh Swaine*.

Or had suspicious *Iuno* (when her *Ioue*
Into a Cowe transform'd his fairest* Loue)
Great *Inachus* sweet *Stem* in durance giuen
To this young Lad; the * Messenger of heauen
(Faire *Maia's* off-spring) with the depth of Art
That euer *Ioue* to *Hermes* might impart,
In singring of a Reed, had neuer won
Poore *Io's* freedome. And though *Arctors* son
(Hundred-ey'd *Argus*) might be lull'd by him,
And loose his prisner: yet in euery lym
That God of wit had felt this Shepherds skill,
And by his charmes brought from the *Muses* hill
Inforc'd to sleepe; then, rob'd of Pipe and Rod,
And vanquish'd so, turne Swaine, this Swaine a God.
Yet to this Lad not wanted Enuies sting,
("He's not worth ought, that's not worth enuying.)
Since many at his praise were seene to grutch.
For as a *Miller* in his boulting *hutch*
Driues out the pure meale neerly (as he can)
And in his *fister* leaues the courser *bran*:
So doth the *canker* of a *Poets* name
Let slip such *lines* as might inherit *Fame*,
And from a *Volume* culs some small *amisse*,
To fire such dogged spleenes as mate with his.
Yet, as a man that (by his Art) would bring
The ceaselesse current of a Crystall Spring
To ouer-looke the lowly flowing head,
Sinkes by degrees his soder'd Pipes of Lead,
Beneath the Fount, whereby the water goes
High, as a *Well* that on a mountaine flowes:

So

So when *Detraction* and a *Cynnicks* tongue
Haue ſunke *Deſert* vnto the depth of wrong,
By that, the eye of skill, *True Worth* ſhall ſee
To braue the Stars, though low his paſſage be.
But, here I much digreſſe, yet pardon, Swaines:
For as a Maiden gath'ring on the Plaines
A ſentfull Noſegay (to ſet neere her pap,
Or as a fauour, for her Shepherds cap)
Is ſeene farre off to ſtray, if ſhe haue ſpide
A Flower that might increaſe her Poſies pride:
So if to wander I am ſometimes preſt,
'Tis for a ſtraine that might adorne the reſt.
Requeſts, that with deniall could not meet,
Flew to our Shepherd, and the voices ſweet
Of faireſt *Nymphes*, intreating him to ſay
What wight he lou'd; he thus began his *lay*:

SHall I tell you whom I loue?
Hearken then a while to me;
And if ſuch a woman *moue,*
As I now ſhall verſifie;
Be aſſur'd, 'tis ſhe, or none
That I loue, and loue alone.

Nature did her ſo much right,
As ſhe ſcornes the helpe of Art.
In as many Vertues *dight*
As e're yet imbrac'd a heart.
So much good *ſo truly tride,*
Some for leſſe were deifide.

Wit

Wit *she hath without desire*
To make knowne how much she hath;
And her anger *flames no higher*
Then may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pitty *as may be,*
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason *masters euery sense,*
And her vertues *grace her* birth:
Lowely *as all excellence,*
Modest *in her most of mirth:*
Likelihood enough to proue,
Onely worth *could kindle* Loue.

Such she is: and if you know
Such a one as I haue sung;
Be she browne, *or* faire, *or so,*
That she be but somewhile young;
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I loue, and loue alone.

Eous, Pyrois, Aethon, and Phlegon were fained to be the horses of the Sunne.

Eous and his fellowes in the teame,
(Who, since their watring in the Westerne streame,
Had run a furious iourney to appease
The night-sicke eyes of our *Antipodes.*)
Now (sweating) were in our *Horizon* seene
To drinke the cold dew from each flowry greene:
When *Tritons* Trumpet (with a shrill command)
Told; siluer-footed *Thetis* was at hand.

As

As I haue seene when on the brest of *Themes*
A heauenly *beauty* of sweet *English Dames*,
In some calme Eu'ning of delightfull *May*,
With *Musicke* giue a farewell to the *day*,
Or as they would (with an admired tone)
Greet *Nights* ascension to her *Eben Throne*,
Rapt with their melodie, a thousand more
Run to be wafted from the bounding shore:
So ran the Shepherds, and with hasty feet
Stroue which should first increase that happy fleet.
The true* presagers of a comming storme
Teaching their fins, to steere them, to the forme
Of *Thetis* will; like Boats at Anchor stood,
As ready to conuay the *Muses* brood
Into the brackish *Lake*, that seem'd to swell,
As proud so rich a burden on it fell.
Ere their strall *Astrophel* had done
His shepherds *Inn*, yet equaliz'd of none.
Th'admired mirrour, glory of our *Isle*,
Thou far-far-more then mortall man, whose stile
Strucke more men dumbe to hearken to thy song,
Then *Orpheus* Harpe, or *Tullies* golden tongue.
To him (as right) for wits deepe quintessence,
For honour, valour, vertue, excellence,
Be all the Garlands, crowne his toombe with Bay,
Who spake as much as ere our tongue can say.
Happy *Arcadia*! while such louely straines
Sung of thy Vallies, Riuers, Hils and Plaines;
Yet most vnhappy other ioyes among,
That neuer heard'st his *Musicke* nor his *Song*.

* Dolphins.

Deafe

Deafe men are happy ſo, whoſe *Vertues* praiſe
(Vnheard of them) are ſung in tunefull layes.
And pardon me ye *Siſters* of the *Mountaine*,
Who waile his loſſe from the *Pegaſian* Fountaine,
If (like a man for portraiture vnable)
I ſet my Pencill to *Apelles* table;
Or dare to draw his *Curtaine*, with a will
To ſhew his true worth, when the *Artiſts* skill
Within that *Curtaine* fully doth expreſſe
His owne Arts-Maſtry my vnableneſſe.
He ſweetly touched, what I harſhly hit,
Yet thus I glory in what I haue writ;
Sidney began (and if a wit ſo meane
May taſte with him the dewes of *Hippocrene*)
I ſung the *Paſt'rall* next; his *Muſe*, my mouer:
And on the Plaines full many a penſiue louer
Shall ſing vs to their loues, and praiſing *he*,
My humble lines, the more, for praiſing thee.
Thus we ſhall liue with them, by Rocks, by Springs,
As well as *Homer* by the death of Kings.
Then in a ſtraine beyond an Oaten Quill
M. Chapman The learned * Shepherd of faire *Hitching* hill
Sung the heroicke deeds of *Greece* and *Troy*.
In lines, ſo worthy life, that I imploy
My Reed in vaine to ouertake his fame.
All raiſefull tongues doe wait vpon that name.
Our ſecond *Ouid*, the moſt pleaſing *Muſe*
That heau'n did e're in mortals braine infuſe,
All-loued *Draiton*, in ſoule-raping ſtraines,
A genuine noat, of all the *Nimphiſh* traines
Dra

Began

Began to tune; on it all eares were hung
As sometime *Dido's* on *Æneas* tongue.
Johnson whose full of merit to reherse
Too copious is to be confinde in verse;
Yet therein onely fitteſt to be knowne,
Could any write a line which he might owne.
One, so iudicious; so well knowing; and
A man whose leaſt worth is to vnderſtand;
One so exact in all he doth preferre
To able cenſure; for the *Theater*
Not *Seneca* tranſcends his worth of praiſe;
Who writes him well ſhall well deſerue the *Bayes*.
Well-languag'd *Daniel*: *Brooke*, whoſe poliſht lines
Are fitteſt to accompliſh high deſignes,
Whoſe pen (it ſeemes) ſtill young *Apollo* guides;
Worthy the forked *Hill* for euer glides
Streames from thy braine, ſo faire, that time ſhall ſee
Thee honour'd by thy Verſe, and it by thee.
And when thy *Temples* well-deſeruing *Bayes*,
Might impe a pride in thee to reach thy praiſe,
As in a Cryſtall glaſſe, fill'd to the ring
With the cleare water of as cleare a ſpring
A ſteady hand may very ſafely drop
Some quantity of gold, yet o're the top
Not force the liquor run; although before
The Glaſſe (of water) could containe no more:
Yet ſo all-worthy *Brooke* though all men ſound
With plummets of iuſt praiſe thy skill profound,
Thou in thy verſe thoſe attributes canſt take
And not apparent oſtentation make,

That

That any second can thy vertues raise,
Striuing as much to hide as merit praise.
Danies and *Wither*, by whose *Muses* power
A *natural* day to me seemes but an houre,
And could I euer heare their learned layes,
Ages would turne to artificiall dayes.
These sweetly chanted to the *Queene* of *Wanes*,
She prais'd, and what she prais'd, no tongue depraues.
Then base contempt (vnworthy our report)
Fly from the *Muses* and their faire resort,
And exercise thy spleene on men like thee:
Such are more fitte to be contemn'd then wee.
'Tis not the rancour of a cankred heart
That can debase the excellence of Art;
Nor great in titles make our worth obey,
Since we haue lines farre more esteem'd then they.
For there is hidden in a *Poets* name
A *Spell* that can command the wings of *Fame*,
And maugre all *Oblivions* hated birth,
Begin their immortalitie on earth;
When he that gainst a *Muse* with hate combines,
May raise his *Tombe* in vaine to reach our *lines*.
Thus *Thetis* rides along the narrow seas
Encompast round with louely *Naides*,
With gaudy Nymphs, and many a skilfull Swaine,
Whose equals, earth cannot produce againe,
But leaue the times and men that shall succeed them
Enough to praise that age which so did breed them.
Two of the quaintest Swaines that yet haue beene
Fail'd their attendance on the Oceans Queene,

Remond

Remond and *Doridon*, whose hapleſſe Fates
Late seuer'd them from their more happy mates.
For (gentle Swaines) if you remember well
When last I sung on brim of yonder dell,
And as I gheſſe it was that sunny morne,
When in the groue there by my sheepe were shorne,
I weene I told you, while the Shepherds yong
Were at their Past'rall, and their rurall Song,
The shrikes of some poore Maid fallen in miſchance,
Inuok't their aid, and drew them from their dance:
Each ran a seuerall way to helpe the Maid;
Some tow'rds the Vallie, some the green wood straid:
Here one the thicket beats, and there a Swaine
Enters the hidden Caues; but all in vaine.
Nor could they finde the wight whose shrikes and cry
Flew through the gentle ayre so heauily,
Nor see or man or beast, whose cruell teene
Would wrong a Maiden or in graue or greene.
Backe then return'd they all to end their sport,
But *Doridon* and *Remond*; who resort
Backe to those places which they erst had sought,
Nor could a thicket be by Nature wrought
In such a web, so intricate, and knit
So strong with Bryers, but they would enter it.
Remond his *Fida* cals; *Fida* the woods
Resound againe, and *Fida* speake the floods,
As if the Riuers and the Hils did frame
Themselues no small delight, to heare her name.
Yet she appeares not. *Doridon* would now
Haue call'd his Loue too, but he knew not how:

Much

Much like a man who dreaming in his sleepe
That he is falling from some Mountaine steepe
Into a soundlesse Lake, about whose brim
A thousand *Crocodiles* doe wait for him,
And hangs but by one bough, and should that breake
His life goes with it, yet to cry or speake, (tongue:
Though faine he would, can moue nor voyce, nor
So when he *Remond* heard the woods among
Call for his *Fida*, he would gladly too
Haue call'd his fairest Loue, but knew not who,
Or what to call; poore Lad, that canst not tell,
Nor speake the name of her thou lou'st so well.
Remond by hap neere to the Arbour found
Where late the *Hynd* was slaine, the hurtlesse ground
Besmear'd with blood; to *Doridon* he cride,
And tearing then his haire, ô hapleſſe tide
(Quoth he) behold! some curſed hand hath tane
From *Fida* this; ô what infernall bane,
Or more then helliſh fiend inforced this!
Pure as the ſtreame of aged *Symois*,
And as the ſpotleſſe *Lilly* was her ſoule!
Yee ſacred Powers that round about the *Pole*
Turne in your *Spheares!* ô could you ſee this deed,
And keepe your motion? If the eldeſt ſeed
Of chained *Saturne* hath ſo often beene
In Hunters and in Shepherds habit ſeene
To trace our Woods, and on our fertile Plaines
Woo Shepherds Daughters with melodious ſtrains,
Where was he now, or any other Powre?
So many ſeu'rall Lambes haue I each howre

And

And crooked horned Rams brought to your Shrines,
And with Perfumes clouded the Sun that shines,
Yet now forsaken? to an vncouth state
Must all things run, if such will be ingrate.
Cease *Remond* (quoth the Boy) no more complaine,
Thy fairest *Fida* liues; nor doe thou staine
With vile reproaches any power aboue,
They all as much as thee haue beene in loue:
Saturne his *Rhea*; *Iupiter* had store,
As *Iö*, *Leda*, *Europa*, and more;
Mars entred *Vulcans* bed, pertooke his ioy;
Phœbus had *Daphne*, and the * sweet-fac'd Boy; * *Hyacinth.*
Venus, *Adonis*; and the God of *Wit*
In chastest bonds was to the *Muses* knit,
And yet remaines so, nor can any seuer
His loue, but brother-like affects them euer;
Pale-changefull *Cinthia* her *Endimion* had,
And oft on *Latmus* sported with that Lad:
If these were subiect (as all mortall men)
Vnto the golden shafts, they could not then
But by their owne affections rightly ghesse
Her death would draw on thine; thy wretchednesse
Charge them respectlesse; since no Swaine then thee
Hath offred more vnto each *Deitie*.
But feare not *Remond*, for those sacred Powres
Tread on obliuion; no desert of ours
Can be intoomb'd in their celestiall brests;
They weigh our offrings, and our solemne feasts,
And they forget thee not: *Fida* (thy deere)
Treads on the earth, the blood that's sprinkled here

Loues of the Gods

Nere fill'd her veynes, the *Hynd* possest this gore,
See where the *Collor* lyes she whilome wore;
Some Dog hath slaine her, or the griping *Carle*
That spoiles our Plaines in digging them for *Marle*.
Looke as two little Brothers who addrest
To search the hedges for a *Thrushes* nest,
And haue no sooner got the leauy Spring,
When mad in lust with fearefull bellowing
A strong-neckt *Bull* pursues throughout the field,
One climbes a tree, and takes that for his shield,
Whence looking from one pasture to another,
What might betide to his much-loued Brother,
Further then can his ouer-drowned eyes
Aright perceiue, the furious beast he spies
Tosse something on his hornes, he knowes not what,
But one thing feares, and therefore thinkes it that;
When comming nigher he doth well discerne
It of the wondrous-one-night-seeding *Ferne*
Some bundle was: yet thence he home-ward goes
Pensiue and sad, nor can abridge the throes
His feare began, but still his minde doth moue
Vnto the worst: *Mistrust goes still with Loue*.
So far'd it with our Shepherd, though he saw
Not ought of *Fida's* rayment, which might draw
A more suspicion; though the Collor lay
There on the grasse, yet goes he thence away
Full of mistrust, and vowes to leaue that Plaine
Till he embrace his chaseft Loue againe.
Loue-wounded *Doridon* intreats him then
That he might be his partner, since no men

Had

Had cases like; he with him would goe,
Weepe when he wept, and sigh when he did so;
I(quoth the Boy) will sing thee songs of loue,
And as we sit in some all-shady grous,
Where *Philomela* and such sweetned throats,
Are for the mastry tuning various notes,
I'le striue with them, and tune so sad a Verse,
That whilst to thee my fortunes I rehearse,
No Bird but shall be mute, her note decline,
And cease her woe, to lend an eare to mine.
I'le tell thee tales of loue, and shew thee how
The Gods haue wandred as we Shepherds now,
And when thou plaint'st thy *Fida's* losse, will I
Eccho the same, and with mine owne, supply.
Know *Remond* I doe loue, but welt-a-day
I know not whom; but as the gladsome *May*
Shee's faire and louely, as a *Goddesse* she
(If such as hers a *Goddesse* beauty be)
First stood before me, and inquiring was
How to the Marish she might soonest passe,
When rusht a Villaine in, hell be his lot,
And drew her thence, since when I saw her not,
Nor know I where to search; but if thou please
'Tis not a Forrest, Mountaine, Rockes, or Seas
Can in thy iourney stop my going on.
Fate so may smile on hapless *Dorsdon*,
That he reblest may be with her faire sight,
Though thence his eyes possesse eternall night.
Remond agreed, and many weary dayes
They now had spent in vnfrequented wayes:

About the Riuers, Vallies, Holts, and Crags,
Among the Ozyers and the wauing Flags,
They neerly pry, if any dens there be,
Where from the Sun might harbour cruelties:
Or if they could the bones of any spy,
Or torne by beasts, or humane tyranny,
They close inquiry make in cauernes blinde,
Yet what they looke for would be death to finde.
Right as a curious man that would descrie
(Lead by the trembling hand of *Iealousie*)
If his faire wife haue wrong'd his bed or no,
Meeteth his torment if he finde her so.
One Eu'n e're *Phœbus* (neere the golden shore
Of *Tagus* streame) his iourney gan giue o're,
They had ascended vp a woody hill
Where oft the *Fawnes* with their Bugles shrill
Wakened the *Eccho*, and with many a shout
Follow'd the fearefull Deere the woods about,
Or through the Brakes that hide the craggy rockes,
Digd to the hole where lyes the wily Fox.)
Thence they beheld an vnder-lying Vale
Where *Flora* set her rarest flowres at sale,
Whither the thriuing *Bee* came oft to sucke them,
And fairest *Nymphes* to decke their haire did plucke them.
Where oft the *Goddesses* did run at *base*,
And on white Harts begun the *Wilde-goose-chase*:
Here various *Nature* seem'd adorning this,
In imitation of the fields of blisse;
Or as she would intice the soules of men
To leaue *Elizium*, and liue here agen.

Not

Not *Hybla* mountaine in the iocund *prime*
Vpon her many bushes of sweet *Thyme*
Shewes greater number of industrious *Bees*,
Then were the *Birds* that sung there on the trees.
Like the trim windings of a wanton Lake,
That doth his passage through a Meadow make,
Ran the delightfull Vally 'tweene two Hils:
From whose rare trees the precious Balme distils,
And hence *Apollo* had his simples good
That cur'd the Gods, hurt, by the *Earths ill brood*.
A Crystall Riuer on her bosome slid,
And (passing) seem'd in sullen murrings chid
The *artlesse Songsters*, that their Musicke still
Should charme the sweet Dale, and the wistfull Hill,
Not suffering her shrill waters as they run
Tun'd with a whistling gale in *Vnison*
To tell as high they priz'd the brodred Vale,
As the quicke *Lennet* or sweet *Nightingale*.
Downe from a steepe Rocke came the water first,
(Where lusty *Satyres* often quench'd their thirst)
And with no little speed seem'd all in haste
Till it the louely bottome had embrac'd:
Then as intrano'd to heare the sweet Birds sing,
In curled whirlpooles she her course doth bring,
As loth to leaue the songs that lull'd the Dale,
Or waiting time when the and some soft gale
Should speake what true delight they did possesse
Among the rare flowres which the Vally dresse.
But since those quaint *Musitians* would not stay,
Nor suffer any to be heard but they:

Much like a Lute-Boy who (not ouer new
To play his part amongst a skilfull crew
Of choise Musicians, on some softer string
That is not heard; the others fingering
Drowning his Art; the Boy would gladly get
Applause with others that are of his Set,
And therefore strikes a stroke loud as the best,
And often descants when his fellowes rest;
That, to be heard, (as vsuall fingers doe)
Spoiles his owne Musicke and his partners too:
So at the furthest end the waters fell
From off an high banke downe a lowly Dell,
As they had vow'd ere falling from that ground,
The Birds should be inform'd to heare their sound.

No small delight the Shepherds tooke to see
A * coombe so dight in *Flora's* finery,
Where faire *Pomona* * honour'd in the Woods,
And all the *Deities* that haunt the floods,
With powrefull *Nature* strooue to frame a plot,
Who like the Queene *Arcadia* yeelded not.

Downe through the arched wood the Shepherds
And seeke all places that might helpe their end,
When comming neere the bottome of the hill
A deepe fetch'd sigh (which seem'd of power to kill
The breast that held it) pierc'd the listning wood,
Whereat the carefull Swaines no longer stood
Where they were looking on a tree, whose barke
A Loue-knot held, which two ioyn'd hearts inwinde;
But searching round, vpon an aged root
Thicke linde with mosse, which (though to little

* Vally.
* According to that of *Silius lib. 13. Pusicor. — Iturin agros Diues vbi ante omnes colitur Feronia luco.*

Seem'd as a shelter it had lending beene
Against cold Winters stormes and wreakfull teene;
Or clad the stocke in Summer with that hue
His withered branches not a long time knew:
For in his hollow truncke and perish'd graine
The *Cuckow* now had many a Winter laine,
And thriuing *Pismires* laid their egges in store;
The *Dormouse* slept there, and a many more.
Here sate the Lad, of whom I thinke of old
Virgils prophetique spirit had foretold,
Who whilst Dame *Nature* for her cunnings sake,
A male or female doubted which to make,
And to adorne him, more then all, assaid,
This pritty youth was almost made a Maid.
Sadly he sate, (and as would griefe) alone,
As if the Boy and Tree had beene but one;
Whilst downe neere boughs did drops of *Amber* (creepe,
As if his sorrow made the trees to weepe.
If euer this were true in *Ouids* Verse
That teares haue powre an *Adamant* to pierce,
Or moue things void of sense, 'twas here approu'd.
Things vegetatiue, once, his teares haue mou'd.
Surely the stones might well be drawne in pitty
To burst that he should mone, as for a Ditty
To come and range themselues in order all,
And of their owne accord raise *Thebes* a wall.
Or else his teares (as did the others song)
Might haue th'attractiue power to moue the throng
Of all the Forrests, Citizens and Woods,
With en'ry Denizon of Ayre and Floods,

To ſit by him and grieue; to leaue their iarres,
Their ſtrifes, diſſentions, and all ciuill warres;
And though elſe diſagreeing, in this one
Mourning for him ſhould make an *Vnion*.
For whom the heauens would weare a ſable ſute,
If men, beaſts, fiſhes, birds, trees, ſtones were mute.
His eyes were fixed (rather fixed Starres)
With whom it ſeem'd his teares had beene in warres,
The diff'rence this (a hard thing to deſcry)
Whether the drops were cleareſt, or his eye.
Teares fearing conqueſt to the eye might fall,
An inundation brought and drowned all.
Yet like true Vertue from the top of State
(Whoſe hopes vile *Enuie* hath ſeene ruinate)
Being lowly caſt, her goodneſſe doth appeare
(Vncloath'd of greatneſſe) more apparant cleere;
So though deiected, yet remain'd a feature
Made ſorrow ſweet plac'd in ſo ſweet a creature.
" The teſt of miſery the trueſt is,
" In that none hath but what is ſurely his.
His armes a croſſe, his ſheepe-hooke lay beſide him:
Had *Venus* paſs'd this way, and chanc'd t'haue ſpide
With open breſt, locks on his ſhoulders ſpred, (him,
She would haue ſworne (had ſhe not ſeene him dead;)
It was Adonis; or if e're there was
Held tranſmigration by *Pithagoras*.
Of ſoules, that certaine then, her loſt-loues ſpirit
A fairer body neuer could inherit.
His Pipe which often wont vpon the Plaine
To ſound the *Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian* ſtraine,

Lay

Lay from his Hooke and Bagge cleane cast apart,
And almost broken like his Masters heart.
Yet till the two kinde Shepherds neere him stept,
I finde he nothing spake but that he wept.
Cease gentle Lad (quoth *Remond*) let no teare
Cloud those sweet beauties in thy face appeare;
Why dost thou call on that which comes alone,
And will not leaue thee till thy selfe art gone?
Thou maist haue griefe when other things are reft
All else may slide away, this still is left thee; (thee,
And when thou wantest other company,
Sorrow will euer be embracing thee.
But fairest Swaine what cause hast thou of woe?
Thou hast a well-fleec'd flocke feed to and fro,
(His sheepe along the Vally that time fed
Not farre from him, although vnfollowed)
What, doe thy Ewes abortiues bring? or Lambs
For want of milke seeke to their fellowes Dams?
No gryping Land-lord hath inclos'd thy walkes,
Nor toyling Plowman furrow'd them in balkes.
Ver hath adorn'd thy Pastures all in greene
With Clouer-grasse as fresh as may be seene:
Cleare gliding Springs refresh thy Meadowes heat,
Meads promise to thy charge their winter-meat,
And yet thou grieu'st. O! had some Swains thy store,
Their Pipes should tell the Woods they ask'd no more.
Or haue the *Parcæ* with vnpartiall knife
Left some friends body tenantlesse of life,
And thou bemoan'st that *Fate* in his youths morne
Ore-cast with clouds his light but newly borne?

" Count not how many yeares he is beseen'd,
" But those which he possest and had receiu'd;
" If I may weare no longer on this stage,
" Though others think me young; it is mine age:
" For who so hath his Fates full period told,
" He full of yeares departs, and dyeth old:
May be that *Auarice* thy minde hath crost,
And so thy sighes are for some trifle lost! (on thee?
Why should'st thou hold that deare the world throwes
" Thinke nothing good which may be taken from
Look as some pondrous weight or massie pack, (thee,
Laid to be carried on a Porters back,
Doth make his strong ioynts cracke, and forceth him
(Maugre the helpe of euery nerue and lim,)
To straggle in his gate, and goeth double,
Bending to earth, such is his burdens trouble:
So any one by *Auarice* ingirt,
And preast with wealth, lyes groueling in the dirt.
His wretched minde bends to no point but this,
That who hath most of wealth hath most of blisse.
Hence comes the world to seeke such traffique forth
And passages through the congealed *North*,
Who when their haires with *Icicles* are hung (tongue)
And that their chatt'ring teeth confound their
Shew them a glitt'ring stone, will streightwaies say,
If paines thus prosper, oh what fooles would play?
Yet I could tell them (as I now doe thee)
" In getting wealth we lose our libertie.
" Besides, it robs vs of our better powres,
" And we should be our selues were these not ours.

" He

"He is not poorest that hath least in store,
"But he which hath enough, yet asketh more:
"Nor is he rich by whom are all possest,
"But he which nothing hath, yet asketh least.
"If thou alife by *Nature* leading pleasd,
"Thou neuer shalt be poore, nor euer sicke
"Led by *Opinion*, for their riches sicke,
"*Nature* but *little* seekes, *Opinion much*.
Amongst the many buds proclaiming *May*,
(Decking the fields in holy dayes aray,
Striuing who shall surpasse in brauery)
Marke the fayre blooming of the *Hawthorne tree*,
Who finely clothed in a robe of white,
Feeds full the wanton eye with *May* delight;
Yet for the brauery that she's in
Doth neither hatchell *Carr* nor *Wheele* to spin,
Nor chaungeth robes but twice, is neuer seene
In other colours then in white or greene.
Learne then content young Shepherd from this tree,
Whose greatest wealth is Natures liuery;
And richest ingots neuer toyle to finde,
Nor care for pouerty one of the minde.

This spoke young *Rimond*: yet the mournfull Lad
Not once replyde; but with a smile, though sad,
He shooke his head, then croste his armes againe,
And from his eyes did showres of salt teares raine;
Which wrought so on the Swans, they could not smo-
Their sighes, but spent them freely as the other. (ther
Tell's (quoth *Dorilon*) thou fairer farre?
Then * he whose charmes made him a Starre,

* *Hippolitus.*

More

More fit to throw the wounding shafts of Loue,
Then follow sheepe, and pine here in a Greue.
O doe not hide thy sorrowes, shew them briefe;
"He oft findes ayde that doth disclose his griefe.
If thou wouldst it continue, thou dost wrong;
"No man can sorrow very much and long:
For thus much louing *Nature* hath dispos'd,
That 'mongst the woes that haue vs round inclos'd,
This comfort's left (and we should blesse her for't)
That we may make our griefes be borne, or short.
Beleeue me Shepherd, we are men no lesse
Free from the killing throes of heauinesse
Then thou art here, and but this diff'rence sure,
That vse hath made vs apter to endure.
More he had spoke, but that a Bugle shrill
Rung through the Vally from the higher Hill,
And as they turn'd them tow'rds the hartning sound,
A gallant Stag as if he scorn'd the ground
Came running with the winde, and bore his head
As he had beene the King of forrests bred.
Not swifter comes the *Messenger* of Heauen,
Or winged vessell with a full gale driuen,
Nor the swift *Swallow* flying neere the ground,
By which the ayres distemp'rature is found:
Nor *Mirrha's* course, nor *Daphne's* speedy flight,
Shunning the daliance of the God of light,
Then seem'd the Stag, that had no sooner croft them
But in a trice their eyes as quickly lost him.

The weeping *Swaine* ne're mou'd, but as his eyes
Were onely giuen to shew his miseries,

Attended

Attended those; and could not once be won
To leaue that obiect whence his teares begun.
O had that * man, who (by a Tyrants hand) * Plinie.
Seeing his childrens bodies strew the sand,
And he next morne for torments prest to goe,
Yet from his eyes let no one small teare flow,
But being ask'd how well he bore their losse,
Like to a man affliction could not crosse,
He stoutly answer'd: *Happier sure are they*
Then I shall be by space of one short day:
No more his griefe was. But had he beene here
He had beene flint, had he not spent a teare.
For still that man the perfecter is knowne,
Who others sorrowes feeles more then his owne.
Remond and *Doridon* were turning then
Vnto the most disconsolate of men,
But that a gallant Dame, faire as the morne,
Or louely bloomes the Peach-tree that adorne,
Clad in a changing silke, whose lustre shone
Like yellow flowres and gralse farre off, in one;
Or like the mixture *Nature* doth display
Vpon the quaint wings of the *Popinjay*,
Her horne about her necke with siluer tip,
Too hard a metall for so soft a lip:
Which it no oftner kist, then *Ione* did frowne,
And in a mortals shape would faine come downe
To feed vpon those dainties, had not hee
Beene still kept backe by *Iuno's* iealousie.
An Iuory dart she held of good command,
White was the bone, but whiter was her hand;

Of

Of many peeces, was it neatly fram'd,
But more the hearts were that her eyes inflam'd.
Vpon her head a greene light silken cap,
A peece of white Lawne shadow'd either pap;
Betweene which hillocks many *Cupids* lay,
Where with her necke or with her teares they play,
Whilst her nicke-heart will not with them dispence,
But heaues her breasts as it would beat them thence,
Who fearing much to lose so sweet repaire,
Take faster hold by her dishevell'd haire.
Swiftly she ran; the sweet Bryers to receiue her
Slipt their embracements, and (as loth to leaue her)
Stretch'd themselues to their length: yet on she goes,
So great *Diana* frayes a heard of *Roes*
And speedy follows: *Arethusa* fled
So, from the * *Riuer*, that her ravished.

* *Alpheus.*

When this braue *Huntresse* neere the *Shepherds*
Her Lilly arme in full extent she threw, (drew,
To plucke a little bough, (to fan her face)
From off a thicke-leau'd Ash: (no tree did grace
The low Grove as did this, the branches spred
Like *Neptune's Trident* vpwards from the head.)
No sooner did the grieued Shepherd see
The *Nimphs* white hand extended tow'rds the tree,
But rose and to her ran, yet she had done
Ere he came neere, and to the wood was gone;
Yet now approach'd the bough the *Huntresse* tore,
He suckt it with his mouth, and kist it o're
A hundred times, and softly gan it binde
With Dock-leaues, and a slip of Willow rinde.

Then

Then roūd the trunke he wreaths his weakned armes,
And with his scalding teares the smooth bark warms,
Sighing and groaning, that the Shepherds by
Forgot to helpe him, and lay downe to cry:
"For 'tis impossible a man should be
"Griev'd to himselfe, or faile of company.
Much the two Swaines admir'd, but pitti'd more
That he no powre of words had, to deplore
Or shew what sad misfortune 'twas befell
To him, whom *Nature* (seem'd) regarded well.
As thus they lay, and while the speechlesse Swaine
His teares and sighes spent to the woods in vaine,
One like a wilde man ouer-growne with haire,
His nailes long growne, and all his body bare,
Saue that a wreath of Iuy twist did hide
Those parts which Nature would not haue discride,
And the long haire that curled from his head
A grassie garland rudely couered.
But Shepherds I haue wrong'd you, 'tis now late,
For see our Maid stands hollowing on yond gate,
'Tis supper-time, withall, and we had need
Make haste away, vnlesse we meane to speed
With those that *kisse the Hares foot*: *Rhumes* are bred,
Some say, by going supperlesse to bed,
And those I loue not; therefore cease my rime,
And put my Pipes vp till another time.

The

THE THIRD SONG.

THE ARGVMENT.

A Redbrest doth from pining saue
Marina *shut in* Famines *Caue.*
The Golden age *described plaine,*
And Limos *by the Shepherds slaine.*
Doe giue me leaue a while to mone
My Pipe of Tauy *and his* Loué.

ALas that I haue done so great a wrong
Vnto the faireſt *Mayden* of my Song,
Diuine *Marina,* who in *Limos* Caue
Lyes euer fearefull of a liuing graue,
And night and day vpon the hardned ſtones,
Reſts, it a reſt can be amongſt the mones
Of dying wretches; where each minute all
Stand ſtill afraid to heare the Deaths-man call.

Thrice had the golden *Sun* his hot Steeds waſht
In the *Weſt Maine,* and thrice them ſmartly laſht
Out of the *Baulmy Eaſt,* ſince the ſweet Maid
Had in that diſmall *Caue* beene ſadly laid.

Where

Where hunger pinch'd her so, she need not stand
In feare of murdring by a second hand:
For through her tender sides such darts might passe
Gainst which strong wals of stone, thick gates of brasse
Deny no entrance, nor the Campes of Kings;
Since sooneſt there they bend their flaggy wings.
But heauen that stands still for the best's auaile,
Lendeth his hand when humane helpings faile;
For 'twere impossible that such as she
Should be forgotten of the Deitie;
Since in the spacious *Orbe* could no man finde
A fairer face match'd with a fairer minde.
A little *Robin Red-breſt* one cleare morne,
Sate sweetly singing on a well-leau'd Thorne:
Whereat *Marina* rose, and did admire
He durst approach from whence all else retire:
And pittying the sweet Bird what in her lay,
She fully stroue to fright him thence away.
Poore harmeleſſe wretch (quoth she) goe seeke some spring,
And to her sweet fall with thy fellowes sing;
Fly to the well-repleniſh'd Groues, and there
Doe entertaine each Swaines harmonious eare;
Trauerſe the winding branches; chant so free,
That euery louer fall in loue with thee;
And if thou chance to see that louely Boy
(To looke on whom the *Siluans* count a ioy)
He whom I lou'd no sooner then I loſt,
Whoſe body all the Graces hath ingroſt,
To him vnfold (if that thou dar'ſt to be
So neare a neighbour to my Tragedie)

As farre as can thy voyce, (in plaints ſo ſad,
And in ſo many mournefull accents clad,
That as thou ſing'ſt vpon a tree there by
He may ſome ſmall time weepe, yet know not why)
How I in death was his, though Powres diuine
Will not permit that he in life be mine.
Doe this thou louing Bird; and haſte away
Into the woods: but if ſo be thou ſtay
To doe a deed of charity on me
When my pure ſoule ſhall leaue mortalitie,
By cou'ring this poore body with a ſheet
Of greene leaues, gath'red from a vally ſweet;
It is in vaine; theſe harmeleſſe limbs muſt haue
Then in the *Caitifes* wombe, no other graue.
Hence then ſweet *Robin*; leſt in ſtaying long
At once thou chance forgoe both life and ſong.
With this ſhe huſht him thence, he ſung no more,
But (fraid the ſecond time) flew tow'rds the ſhore.
Within as ſhort time as the ſwifteſt Swaine
Can to our *May-pole* run and come againe,
The little *Redbreſt* to the prickled thorne
Return'd, and ſung there as he had beforne:
And faire *Marina* to the loope-hole went,
Pittying the pretty Bird, whoſe puniſhment
Limos would not deferre if he were ſpide.
No ſooner had the bird the *Maiden* eyde,
But leaping on the rocke, downe from a bough,
He takes a Cherry vp (which he but now
Had thither brought, and in that place had laid
Till to the cleft his ſong had drawne the Maid)

And

And flying with the small stem in his bill,
(A choiser fruit, then hangs on *Bacchus* * hill)
In faire *Marina's* bosome tooke his rest,
A heauenly seat fit for so sweet a guest:
Where *Citherea's Doues* might billing sit,
And Gods and men with *Enuie* looke on it;
Where rose two mountaines, whose rare sweets to crop
Was harder then to reach *Olympus* top:
For those the Gods can; but to climbe these hils
Their powres no other were then mortall wils.
Here left the Bird the Cherry, and anone
Forsooke her bosome, and for more is gone,
Making such speedy flights into the *Thicke*,
That she admir'd he went and came so quicke.
Then lest his many Cherries should distast,
Some other fruit he brings then he brought last.
Sometime of Strawberries a little stem,
Oft changing colours as he gath'red them:
Some greene, some white, some red on them infus'd,
These lou'd, those fear'd, they blush'd to be so vs'd.
The Peascod greene, oft with no little toyle,
Hee'd seeke for in the fatt'st fertil'st soile,
And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
And in her bosome for acceptance wooe her.
No Berry in the Groue or Forrest grew,
That fit for nourishment the kinde Bird knew,
Nor any powrefull herbe in open field,
To serue her brood the teeming earth did yeeld,
But with his vtmost industry he sought it,
And to the Caue for chaste *Marina* brought it.

* *Citheron in Boetia.*

So from one well-stor'd garden to another,
To gather *Simples* runs a carefull mother,
Whose onely childe lies on the shaking bed
Grip'd with a *Feuer* (sometime honoured
In *Rome* as if a * God) nor is she bent
To other herbes then those for which she went.
The feathred houres fiue times were ouer-told,
And twice as many floods and ebbs had rold
The small sands out and in, since faire *Marine*
(For whose long losse a hundred Shepherds pine)
Was by the charitable *Robin* fed:
For whom (had she not so beene nourished)
A hundred Doues would search the Sun-burnt hils,
Or fruitfull Vallies lac'd with siluer rils,
To bring her Oliues. Th'*Eagle* strong of sight
To Countries farre remote would bend her flight,
And with vnwearied wing strip through the skie
To the choise plots of *Ganle* and *Italy*,
And neuer lin till home-ward she escape
With the *Pomgranat*, *Lemmon*, *Oringe*, *Grape*,
Or the lou'd *Citron*, and attain'd the Caue.
The well-plum'd *Goshawke* (by th'*Egyptians* graue
Vs'd in their mystick Characters for speed)
Would not be wanting at so great a need,
But from the well-stor'd Orchards of the Land
Brought the sweet Peare (once by a cursed hand
At * *Swinsted* vs'd with poyson, for the fall
Of one who on these Plaines rul'd Lord of all.)

* *Febrem ad minus nocendum templa colebant*, ait Val. Maximus. *Vide* Tullium *in persso de Nat. Deorum, & secundo de Legibus.*

* One writes that K. *Iohn* was poison'd at *Swinsted*, with a dish of *peares*: Others, there, in a cup of *wine*: Some, that he died at *Newark* of the Flux. A fourth, by the distemperature of *Peaches* eaten in his fit of an *Ague*. Among so many doubts, I leaue you to beleeue the *Author* most in credit with our best of *Antiquaries*.

The

The sentfull *Osprey* by the Rocke had fish'd
And many a prettie Shrimp in Scallops dish'd,
Some way conuay'd her; no one of the shole
That haunt the waues, but from his lurking hole
Had pull'd the *Cray-fish*, and with much adoe
Brought that the *Maid*, and *Perywinckles* too.
But these for others might their labours spare,
And not with *Robin* for their merits share.
Yet as a Herdesse in a *Summers* day,
Heat with the glorious Suns all-purging ray,
In the calme Euening (leauing her faire flocke)
Betakes her selfe vnto a froth-girt Rocke,
On which the head-long *Tawy* throwes his waues,
(And foames to see the stones neglect his braues:)
Where sitting to vndoe her Buskins white,
And wash her neat legs, (as her vse each night)
Th'inamour'd flood before she can vnlace them,
Rowles vp his waues as hast'ning to imbrace them,
And thought to helpe them some small gale doe blow,
And one of twenty can but reach her so;
Yet will a many little surges be
Flashing vpon the rocke full busily,
And doe the best they can to kisse her feet,
But that their power and will, not equall meet:
So as she for her Nurse look'd tow'rds the land,
(And now beholds the trees that grace the strand,
Then lookes vpon a hill whose sliding sides
A goodly flocke (like winters cou'ring) hides,
And higher on some stone that iutteth out,
Their carefull master guiding his trim rout

By sending forth his Dog, (as Shepherds doe)
Or piping sate, or clowting of his shoe.)
Whence, nearer hand drawing her wandring sight,
(So from the earth steales the all-quickning light)
Beneath the rocke, the waters, high, but late,
(I know not by what sluce or empting gate)
Were at a low ebbe; on the sand she spies
A busie Bird, that to and fro still flies,
Till pitching where a heatfull Oyster lay,
Opening his close iawes, (closer none then they
Vnlesse the griping fist, or cherry lips
Of happy Louers in their melting sips.)
Since the decreasing waues had left him there
Gaping for thirst, yet meets with nought but ayre,
And that so hot; ere the returning tyde,
He in his shell is likely to be fride;
The wary Bird a prittie pibble takes
And claps it twixt the two pearle-hiding flakes
Of the broad yawning Oyster, and she then
Securely pickes the fish out (as some men
A tricke of policie thrust, tweene two friends,
Seuer their powres, and his intention ends)
The Bird thus getting that, for which she stroue
Brought it to her: to whom the *Queene of Loue*
Seru'd as a foyle, and *Cupid* could no other,
But flie to her mistaken for his Mother.
Marina from the kinde Bird tooke the meat,
And (looking downe) she saw a number great
Of Birds, each one a pibble in his bill,
Would doe the like, but that they wanted skill:

Some

Some threw it in too farre, and some too short;
This could not beare a stone fit for such sport,
But harmelesse wretch putting in one too small,
The Oyster shuts and takes his head withall.
Another bringing one too smooth and round,
(Vnhappy Bird that thine owne death hast found)
Layes it so little way in his hard lips,
That with their sodaine close, the pibble slips
So strongly forth (as when your little ones
Doe twixt their fingers slip their Cherry-stones)
That it in passage meets the brest of head
Of the poore wretch, and layes him there for dead.
A many striu'd, and gladly would haue done
As much or more then he which first begun,
But all in vaine, scarce one of twenty could
Performe the deed, which they full gladly would.
For this not quicke is to that act he go'th,
That wanteth skill, this cunning, and some both:
Yet none a will, for (from the caue) the sees
Not in all-louely *May* th'industrious Bees
More busie with the flowres could be, then these
Among the shell-fish of the working Seas.

Limos had all this while beene wanting thence,
And but iust heau'n preseru'd pure innocence
By the two Birds; her life to ayre had flit
Ere the curst *Caytife* should haue forced it.
The first night that he left her in his den
He got to shore, and neere th'abodes of men
That line as we by tending of their flockes,
To enterchange for *Ceres* golden lockes,

Or with the Neat-herd for his milke and creame:
Things we respect more then the Diademe
His choise made-dishes; O! the golden age
Met all contentment in no surplusage
Of dainty viands, but (as we doe still)
Dranke the pure water of the crystall rill,
Fed on no other meats then those they fed,
Labour, the salad that their stomacks bred.
Nor sought they for the downe of siluer Swans,
Nor those Sow-thistle lockes each small gale fans,
But hydes of Beasts, which when they liu'd they kept,
Seru'd them for bed and cou'ring when they slept.
If any softer lay, 'twas (by the losse
Of some rocks warmth) on thicke and spungy mosse,
Or on the ground: some simple wall of clay
Parting their beds from where their cattle lay.
And on such pallats one man clipped then
More golden slumbers then this age agen.
That time *Physitians* thriu'd not: or if any
I dare say, all: yet then were thrice as many
As now profess't, and more: for euery man
Was his owne *Patient* and *Physitian*.
None had a body then so weake and thin,
Bankrout of natures store, to feed the sinne
Of an insatiate female, in whose wombe
Could nature all hers past, and all to come
Infuse, with vertue of all drugs beside,
She might be tyr'd, but neuer satisfied.
To please which *Orke* her husbands weakned peece
Must haue his *Cullis* mixt with *Amber-greece*,

Phesant

Pheſant and *Partridge* into ielly turn'd,
Grated with gold, ſeuen times refin'd and burn'd,
With duſt of Orient Pearle, richer the Eaſt
Yet ne're beheld: (O *Epicurian* feaſt!)
This is his breakfaſt; and his meale at night
Poſſets no leſſe prouoking appetite,
Whoſe deare ingredients valu'd are at more
Then all his Anceſtors were worth before.
When ſuch as we by poore and ſimple fare
More able liu'd, and di'd not without heire,
Sprung from our owne loines, and a ſpotleſſe bed
Of any other powre vnſeconded:
When th'others iſſue (like a man falne ſicke,
Or through the *Feuer*, *Gout*, or *Lunaticke*,
Changing his Doctors oft, each as his notion
Preſcribes a ſeu'rall dyet, ſeu'rall potion,
Meeting his friend (who meet we now adayes
That hath not ſome receit for each diſeaſe?)
He tels him of a plaiſter, which he takes;
And finding after that, his torment ſlakes,
(Whether becauſe the humour is out-wrought,
Or by the skill which his *Phyſitian* brought,
It makes no matter:) for he ſurely thinkes
None of their purges, nor their diet drinkes
Haue made him ſound; but his beleefe is faſt
That med'cine was his health which he tooke laſt:
So (by a mother) being taught to call
One for his Father, though a Sonne to all,
His mothers often ſcapes (though truly knowne)
Cannot diuert him; but will euer owne

For

For his begetter, him, whoſe name and rents
He muſt inherit. Such are the deſcents
Of theſe men: to make vp whoſe limbe heyre
As many as in him, muſt haue a ſhare;
When he that keepes the laſt yet leaſt adoe,
Fathers the peoples childe, and gladly too.
Happier thoſe times were, when the Flaxen clew
By faire *Arachne's* hand the *Lydians* knew,
And ſought not to the worme for ſilken threds,
To rowle their bodies in, or dreſſe their heads.
When wiſe *Minerua* did th' *Athenians* learne
To draw their milke-white fleeces into yarne;
And knowing not the mixtures which began
(Of colours) from the *Babylonian*,
Nor woöll in *Sardis* dyde, more various knowne
By hues, then *Iris* to the world hath ſhowne:
The bowels of our mother were not ript
For *Mader-pits*, nor the ſweet meadowes ſtript
Of their choiſe beauties, nor for *Ceres* load
The fertile lands burd'ned with needleſſe *Woad*.
Through the wide Seas no winged Pine did goe
To Lands vnknowne for ſtaining *Indico*;
Nor men in ſcorching clymates moar'd their Keele
To traffique for the coſtly *Concheneele*.
Vnknowne was then the *Phrygian* brodery,
The *Tyrian* purple, and the Scarlet dye,
Such as their ſheepe clad, ſuch they woue and wore,
Ruſſet or white, or thoſe mixt, and no more:
Except ſometimes (to brauery inclinde)
They dide them yellow caps with *Alder* rinde.

The

The *Grecian* mantle, *Tuscan* robes of state,
Tissue, nor *Cloth of gold* of highest rate,
They neuer saw; onely in pleasant woods,
Or by th'embrodered margin of the floods,
The dainty *Nymphs* they often did behold
Clad in their light silke robes, stitcht ost with gold.
The Arras hangings round their comely Hals,
Wanted the *Cerites* web and minerals;
Greene boughes of trees which fatning Acornes lade,
Hung full with flowres and Garlands quaintly made,
Their homely *Cotes* deck'd trim in low degree,
As now the *Court* with richest *Tapistry*.
In stead of Cushions wrought in windowes laine,
They pick'd the *Cockle* from their fields of Graine,
Sleepe-bringing *Poppy*, by the Plow-men late
Not without cause to *Ceres* consecrate,
For being round and full at his halfe birth
It signifi'd the perfect *Orbe* of earth;
And by his inequalities when blowne,
The earths low Vales and higher Hils were shownc.
By multitude of graines it held within,
Of men and beasts the number noted bin;
And she since taking care all earth to please,
Had in her * *Thesmophoria* offred these.
Or cause that seed our Elders vs'd to eat,
With honey mixt (and was their after meat)
Or since her Daughter that she lou'd so well
By him that in th'infernall shades doth dwell,
And on the *Stygian* bankes for euer raignes
(Troubled with horrid cries and noyse of chaines)

Θεσμοφόρια and Δημήτρια were sacrifices peculiar to *Ceres*, the one for being a Lawgiuer, the other as Goddesse of the grounds.

(Fairest

(Fairest *Proserpina*) was rapt away;
And she in plaints, the night; in teares, the day
Had long time spent; when no high Power could giue
Any redresse; the * *Poppy* did releeue her: (her
For eating of the seeds they sleepe procur'd,
And so beguil'd those griefes she long endur'd.
Or rather since her Loue (then happy man)
Micon (ycleep'd) the braue *Athenian*,
Had beene transform'd into this gentle Flowre,
And his protection kept from *Flora's* powre.
The *Daizy* scattred on each *Mead* and *Downe*,
A golden tuft within a siluer Crowne,
(Faire fall that dainty flowre! and may there be
No Shepherd grac'd that doth not honour thee!)
The *Primrose*, when with six leaues gotten grace
Maids as a *True-loue* in their bosomes place.
The spotlesse *Lilly*, by whose pure leaues be
Noted the chaste thoughts of virginitie;
Carnations sweet with colour like the fire,
The fit *Impresa's* for inflam'd desire;
The *Hare-bell* for her stainlesse azur'd hue,
Claimes to be worne of none but those are true;
The *Rose*, like ready youth inticing stands,
And would be cropt if it might choose the hands;
The yealow *King-cup*, *Flora* them assign'd
To be the badges of a iealous minde;
The Oringe-tawny *Marigold*: the night
Hides not her colour from a searching sight.
To thee then deerest Friend (my songs chiefe mate)
This colour chiefly I appropriate,

* *Vide Seruium in Virg. Georg.* 1.

That

That ſpight of all the miſts Oblivion can
Or enuious frettings of a guilty man,
Retain'ſt thy worth; nay, mak'ſt it more in priſe,
Like Tennis-bals throwne downe hard, higheſt riſe.
The *Columbine* in tawny often taken,
Is then aſcrib'd to ſuch as are *forſaken*;
Flora's choiſe buttons of a ruſſet dye
Is *Hope* euen in the depth of miſery.
The *Panſie*, *Thiſtle*, all with prickles ſet,
The *Cowſlip*, *Honiſuckle*, *Violet*,
And many hundreds more that grac'd the Meads,
Gardens and Groues, (where beautious *Flora* treads)
Were by the Shepherds Daughters (as yet are
Vs'd in our Cotes) brought home with ſpeciall care;
For bruiſing them they not alone would quell
But rot the reſt, and ſpoile their pleaſing ſmell.
Much like a Lad, who in his tender prime
Sent from his friends to learne the vſe of time,
As are his mates, or good or bad, ſo he
Thriues to the world, and ſuch his actions be.
As in the *Rainbowes* many coloured hew
Here ſee we watchet deepned with a blew,
There a darke tawnie with a purple mixt,
Yealow and flame, with ſtreakes of greene betwixt,
A bloudy ſtreame into a bluſhing run
And ends ſtill with the colour which begun,
Drawing the deeper to a lighter ſtaine,
Bringing the lighteſt to the deep'ſt againe,
With ſuch rare Art each mingleth with his fellow,
The blew with watchet, greene and red with yealow;

Like

Like to the changes which we daily see
About the Doues necke with varietie,
Where none can say (though he it strict attends)
Here one begins; and there the other ends:
So did the Maidens with their various flowres
Decke vp their windowes, and make neat their bowres:
Vsing such cunning as they did dispose
The ruddy *Piny* with the lighter *Rose*,
The *Moncks-hood* with the *Bugloss*, and intwine
The white, the blew, the flesh-like *Columbine*
With *Pinckes*, *Sweet-Williams*; that farre off the eye
Could not the manner of their mixtures spye.

Then with those flowres they most of all did prise,
(With all their skill, and in most curious wise
On tufts of Hearbs or Rushes) would they frame
A dainty border round their Shepherds name.
Or *Poesies* make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,
As if the *Muses* onely liued there:
And that the after world should striue in vaine
What they then did to counterfeit againe.
Nor will the Needle nor the Loome e're be
So perfect in their best embroderie,
Nor such composures make of silke and gold,
As theirs, when *Nature* all her cunning told.

The word of *Mine* did no man then bewitch,
They thought none could be fortunate if rich.
And to the couetous did wish no wrong
But what himselfe desir'd: *to liue here long.*

As of their Songs, so of their liues they deem'd,
Not of the long'st, but best perform'd, esteem'd.

They

They thought that heauen to him no life did giue,
Who onely thought vpon the meanes to liue.
Nor wish'd they 'twere ordain'd to liue here euer,
But as life was ordain'd they might perseuer.
O happy men! you euer did possesse
No wisedome, but was mixt with simplenesse;
So, wanting malice: and from folly free,
Since reason went with your simplicitie.
You search'd your selues if all within were faire,
And did not learne of *others* what *you* were.
Your liues the patternes of those vertues gaue
Which *adulation* tels men now they haue.
With pouerty, in loue we onely close
Because our Louers it most truely showes:
When they who in that blessed *age* did moue,
Knew neither pouerty, nor want of loue.
The *hatred* which they bore was onely this,
That euery one did hate to doe amisse.
Their fortune still was subiect to their will:
Their *want* (ô happy!) was the want of *ill*.
Ye trueſt, faireſt, louelyeſt *Nymphes* that can
Out of your eyes lend fire *Promethian*,
All-beautious Ladies, loue-alluring Dames,
That on the banckes of *Isca*, *Humber*, *Thames*,
By your encouragement can make a Swaine
Climbe by his Song where none but soules attaine:
And by the gracefull reading of our lines
Renew our heat to further braue designes:
(You, by whose meanes my *Muse* thus boldly sayes:
Though she doe sing of Shepherds loues and layes,

And

And flagging weakly low gets not on wing
To ſecond that of *Hellens* rauiſhing:
Nor hath the loue nor beauty of a *Queene*
My ſubiect grac'd, as other workes haue beene;
Yet not to doe their age nor ours a wrong,
Though *Queenes*, nay *Goddeſſes* fatt'rd *Homers* ſong)
Mine hath beene run'd and heard by beauties more
Then all the *Poets* that haue liu'd before.
Not cauſe it is more worth: but it doth fall
That *Nature* now is turn'd a prodigall;
And on this age ſo much perfection ſpends,
That to her laſt of treaſure it extends;
For all the ages that are ſlid away
Had not ſo many beauties as this day.
O what a rapture haue I gotten now!
That age of gold, this of the louely brow
Haue drawne me from my Song! I onward run
Cleane from the end to which I firſt begun.
But ye the heauenly creatures of the *Weſt*,
In whom the vertues and the graces reſt,
Pardon! that I haue run aſtray ſo long,
And grow ſo tedious in ſo rude a ſong,
If you your ſelues ſhould come to adde one grace
Vnto a pleaſant Groue or ſuch like place,
Where here the curious cutting of a hedge,
There, by a pond, the trimming of the ſedge;
Here the fine ſetting of well ſhading trees,
The walkes there mounting vp by ſmall degrees,
The grauell and the greene ſo equall lye,
It, with the reſt, drawes on your lingring eye:

Here

Here the sweet smels that doe perfume the ayre,
Arising from the infinite repaire
Of odoriferous buds, and herbs of price,
(As if it were another Paradice)
So please the smelling sense, that you are faine
Where last you walk'd to turne and walke againe:
There the small Birds with their harmonious notes
Sing to a spring that rubbeth as she floats:
For in her face many dimples show,
And often skips as it did dancing goe.
Here further downe an over-arched Alley
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
You spie a cleere and standing Lake,
Where some ingenious Artist strives to make
The water (through a burning pipes of Lead
Through Birds of earth most liuely fashioned)
To counterfeit and mocke the Siluans all,
In singing well their owne set Madrigall.
This with no small delight retaines your eare,
And makes you think none blest but who liue there.
Then in another place the fruits that be
In gallant clusters decking each good tree
Inuite your hand to crop some from the stem,
And liking one, taste every sort of them:
Then to the arbours walke, then to the bowres,
Thence to the walkes againe, thence to the flowres,
Then to the Birds, and to the cleare spring thence,
Now pleasing one, and then another sense:
Here one walkes off, and yet anew begin'th,
As if it were some hidden *Labyrinth*;

So loath to part, and so content to stay,
That when the *Gardner* knocks for you away,
It grieues you so to leaue the pleasures in it,
That you could wish that you had neuer seene it:
Blame me not then, if while to you I told
The happinesse our fathers clipt of old,
The meere imagination of their blisse
So rapt my thoughts, and made me sing amisse.
And still the more they ran on those dayes worth,
The more vnwilling was I to come forth.
O! if the apprehension ioy vs so,
What would the action in a humane show?
Such were the Shepherds (to all goodnesse bent)
About whose *Thorps that night curs'd *Limos* went.
Where he had learn'd that next day all the Swaines,
That any sheepe fed on the fertill plaines,
The feast of *Pales* Goddesse of their grounds
Did meane to celebrate. Eith this sounds
He thought, to what he formerly intended,
His stealth should by their absence be befriended:
For whilst they in their offrings busied were,
He 'mongst the flocks might range with lesser feare.
How to contriue his stealth he spent the night.

*Villages.

The *Morning* now in colours richly dight
Stept o're the *Easterne* thresholds, and no lad
That ioy'd to see his pastures freshly clad,
But for the holy rites himselfe addrest
With necessaries proper to that feast.

The *Altars* euery where now smoaking be
With *Beane-stalkes, Sauine, Laurell, Rosemary,*

Their

Their *Cakes* of *Grummell-seed* they did preferre,
And *Pales* of *milke* in sacrifice to her.
Then *Hymnes* of praise they all deuoutly sung
In those *Palilia* for increase of young.
But ere the ceremonies were halfe past
One of their Boyes came downe the hill in haste,
And told them *Limos* was among their sheepe;
That he, his fellowes, nor their dogs cloud keepe
The Rau'ner from their flocks; great store were kild,
Whose blood he suck'd, and yet his paneh not fild.
O hasten then away! for in an houre
He will the chiefest of your fold deuoure.
With this most ran (leauing behinde some few
To finish what was to faire *Pales* due)
And as they had ascended vp the hill
Limos they met, with no meane pace and skill,
Following a well-fed Lambe; with many a shout
They then pursu'd him all the plaine about.
And either with fore-laying of his way,
Or he full gorg'd ran not so swift as they,
Before he could recouer downe the strand,
No Swaine but on him had a fattned hand.
Reioycing then (the worst Wolfe to their flocke
Lay in their powres) they bound him to a Rocke,
With chaines tane from the plow, and leauing him
Return'd backe to their Feast. His eyes late dim
Now sparkle forth in flames, he grindes his teeth,
And striues to catch at euery thing he seeth;
But to no purpose: all the hope of food
Was tane away; his little flesh, lesse bloud,

He ſuck'd and tore at laſt, and that denide,
With fearefull ſhrikes moſt miſerably dyde.
Vnfortunate *Marina* thou art free
From his iawes now, though not from miſery.
Within the Caue thou likely art to pine,
If (ô may neuer) faile a helpe diuine,
And though ſuch aid thy wants doe ſtill ſupply;
Yet in a priſon thou muſt euer lye:
But heau'n that fed thee, will not long defer
To ſend thee thither ſome deliuerer:
For, then to ſpend thy ſighes there to the maine
Thou fitter wert to honour *Thetis* traine,
Who ſo farre now with her harmonious crew
Scour'd through the Seas (ô who yet euer knew
So rare a conſort?) ſhe had left behinde
The *Kentiſh*, *Suſſex* ſhores, the *Iſle* aſſignde
To braue *Veſpaſians* conqueſt, and was come
Where the ſhrill Trumpe and the rayling Drum
Made the waues tremble (ere befell this chance)
And to no ſofter Muſicke vs'd to dance.

* Victa *quam* Veſpaſianus a Claudio miſſus ſubiugauit. *Vide* Bed. *in Hiſt. Ecc. lib. 1. ca. 3.*

Haile thou my native ſoile! thou bleſſed plot
Whoſe equall all the world affordeth not.
Shew me who can? ſo many cryſtall Rils,
Such ſweet-cloath'd Vallies, or aſpiring Hils,
Such Wood-ground, Paſtures, Quarries, wealthy Mines,
Such Rocks in whom the Diamond fairely ſhines:
And if the earth can ſhew the like agen;
Yet will ſhe faile in her Sea-ruling men.
Time neuer can produce men to ore-take
The fames of *Grenuil*, *Dauies*, *Gilbert*, *Drake*.

Or

Or worthy *Hawkins*, or of thousands more
That by their powre made the *Deuonian* shore
Mocke the proud *Tagus*; for whose richest spoyle
The boasting *Spaniard* left the *Indian* soyle
Banckrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
By winning this, though all the rest were lost.

As oft the *Sea-Nymphs* on her strand haue set
Learning of *Fisher-men* to knit a net,
Wherein to winde vp their disheuel'd haires,
They haue beheld the frolicke *Mariners*
For exercise (got early from their beds)
Pitcht bars of siluer, and cast golden sleds.

At *Ex*, a louely Nymph with *Thetis* met,
She singing came, and was all round beset
With other watry powres, which by her song
She had allur'd to float with her along.
The *Lay* she chanted she had learn'd of yore,
Taught by a * skilfull *Swaine*, who on her shore
Fed his faire flocke: a worke renown'd as farre
As *His* braue subiect of the *Troian* warre.

When she had done, a prettie Shepherds boy
That from the neare Downs came (though he smal ioy
Tooke in his tunefull Reed, since dire neglect
Crept to the brest of her he did affect,
And that an euer-busie-watchfull eye
Stood as a barre to his felicitie,)
Being with great intreaties of the Swaines,
And by the faire Queene of the liquid plaines
Woo'd to his Pipe, and bade to lay aside
All troubled thoughts, as others at that tyde,

* *Ioseph* of *Exceſter* writ a Poem of the *Troian* War according to *Dares* the *Phrigian* ſtory, but falſly attributed to *Cornelius Nepos*, as it is printed. He liued in the time of *Hen.* 2. and *Rich.* 1. See the Illuſtrations of my moſt worthy friend M. *Selden* vpon M. *Draytons Poly-olbion*, pag. 98.

And that he now ſome merry note ſhould raiſe,
To equall others which had ſung their laies:
He ſhooke his head, and knowing that his tongue
Could not belye his heart, thus ſadly ſung:

AS new-borne babes ſalute their ages morne
With cries vnto their woſull mother hurld:
My infant Muſe *that was but lately borne*
Began with watry eyes to wooe the world.
She knowes not how to ſpeake, and therefore weepes
Her woes exceſſe,
And ſtriues to moue the heart that ſenſleſſe ſleepes,
To heauineſſe;
Her eyes innail'd with ſorrowes clouds
Scarce ſee the light,
Diſdaine hath wrapt her in the ſhrowds
Of loathed night.
How ſhould ſhe moue then her grief-laden wing,
Or leaue my ſad complaints, and Pæans *ſing?*
Six Pleyad's *line in light, in darkneſſe one.*
Sing merthfull Swaines, but let me ſigh alone.
It is enough that I in ſilence ſit,
And bend my skill to learne your laies aright;
Nor ſtriue with you in ready ſtraines of wit,
Nor moue my hearers with ſo true delight.
But if for heauy plaints and notes of woe
Your eares are preſt;
No Shepherd lines that can my Pipe out-goe
In ſuch vnreſt.
I haue not knowne ſo many yeeres
As chances wrong,

Nor

Nor haue they knowne more floods of teares
From one so yong.
Faine would I tune to please as others doe,
Wert not for faining Song and numbers too.
Then (since not fitting now are songs of mine)
Sing mirthfull Swaines, but let me sigh alone.

The Nymphs *that float vpon these watry plaines*
Haue oft beene drawne to listen to my Song,
And Sirens *left to tune dissembling straines*
In true bewailing of my sorrowes long.
Vpon the waues of late a siluer Swan
By me did ride,
And thrilled with my woes forthwith began
To sing, and dide.
Yet where they should, they cannot mone,
O hapless Verse!
That fitter, than to win a Loue,
Art for a Herse.
Hence-forward silent be; and ye my cares
Be knowne but to my selfe; or who despaires,
Since pitie now lyes turned to a stone.
Sing mirthfull Swaines; but let my sigh alone.

The fitting accent of *His* mournfull lay
So pleas'd the pow'rfull Lady of the Sea,
That she intreated him to sing againe;
And he obeying tun'd this second straine:

BOrne to no other comfort then my teares,
Yet rob'd of them by griefes too inly deepe,

I cannot rightly waile my hapleſſe yeeres,
Nor moue a paſſion that for me might weepe.
Nature alas too ſhort hath knit
My tongue to reach my woe?
Nor haue I skill ſad notes to fit
That might my ſorrow ſhow,
And to increaſe my torments ceaſleſſe ſting,
There's no way left to ſhew my paines,
But by my pen in mournfull ſtraines,
Which others may perhaps take ioy to ſing.

As (woo'd by *Mayes* delights) I haue beene borne
To take the kinde ayre of a wilfull morne
Neere *Tauies* voicefull ſtreame (to whom I owe
More ſtraines then from my Pipe can euer flowe)
Here haue I heard a ſweet Bird neuer lin
To chide the Riuer for his clam'rous din;
There ſeem'd another in his ſong to tell,
That what the faire ſtreame did he liked well;
And going further heard another too,
All varying ſtill in what the others doe;
A little thence, a fourth with little paine
Con'd all their leſſons, and them ſung againe;
So numberleſſe the Songſters are that ſing
In the ſweet Groues of the too-careleſſe Spring,
That I no ſooner could the hearing loſe
Of one of them, but ſtraight another roſe,
And perching deftly on a quaking ſpray,
Nye tyr'd her ſelfe to make her hearer ſtay,

Whilst in a bush two Nightingales together
Shew'd the best skill they had to draw me thither:
So (as bright *Thetis* past our cleeues along)
This shepherds lay purfu'd the others song,
And scarce one ended had his skilfull stripe,
But streight another tooke him to his Pipe.
By that the younger Swaine had fully done,
Thetis with her braue company had won
The mouth of *Dert*, and whilst the *Tritons* charme
The dancing waues, passing the cryftall *Arme*
Sweet *Tulne* and *Plim*, ariu'd where *Thamar* payes
Her daily tribute to the westerne Seas.
Here sent she vp her *Dolphins*, and they plide
So busily their *fares* on euery side,
They made a quicke returne, and brought her downe
A many *Homagers* to *Thamars* crowne,
Who in themselues were of as great command
As any meaner Riuers of the Land.
With euery *Nymph* the *Swaine* of most account
That fed his white sheepe by her clearer fount:
And euery one to *Thetis* sweetly sung.
Among the rest a Shepherd (though but young,
Yet harsned to his Pipe) with all the skill
His few yeeres could, began to fit his quill.
By *Tauies* speedy streame he fed his flocke,
Where when he sate to sport him on a rocke,
The *Water-nymphs* would often come vnto him,
And for a dance with many gay gifts woo e him.
Now pofies of this flowre, and then of that;
Now with fine shels, then with a rushie hat,

With

With Corrall or red stones brought from the deepe
To make him bracelets, or to marke his sheepe:
WILLY he hight. Who by the *Oceans Queene*
More cheer'd to sing then such young Lads had beene,
Tooke his best framed Pipe, and thus gan moue
His voyce of *Walla, Tauy's* fairest Loue.

FAire was the day, but fairer was the Maid
Who that daies morn into the green-woods straid,
Sweet was the ayre, but sweeter was her breathing,
Such rare perfumes the Roses are bequeathing.
Bright shone the Sun, but brighter were her eyes,
Such are the Lampes that guide the Deities;
Nay such the fire is, whence the *Pythian* Knight
Borrowes his beames, and lends his *Sister* light.
Not *Pelop's* shoulder whiter then her hands,
Nor snowie Swans that iet on *Isca's* sands.
Sweet *Flora* as if rauisht with their sight,
In emulation made all *Lillies* white:
For as I oft haue heard the Wood-nimps say,
The dancing *Fairies* when they left to play
Then blacke did pull them, and in holes of trees
Stole the sweet honey from the painfull Bees,
Which in the flowre to put they oft were seene,
And for a banquet brought it to their Queene.
But she that is the *Goddesse* of the flowres
(Inuited to their groues and shady bowres)
Misslik'd their choise. They said that all the field
No other flowre did for that purpose yeeld;

But

But quoth a nimble *Fay* that by did ſtand:
If you could giue't the colour of yond hand;
(*Walla* by chance was in a meadow by
Learning to 'ſample earths embrodery)
It were a gift would *Flora* well befit,
And our great Queene the more would honour it.
She gaue conſent; and by ſome other powre
Made *Venus Doues* be equall'd by the flowre,
But not her hand; for *Nature* this prefers,
All other *whites* but *ſhadowings* to hers.
Her haire was rowl'd in many a curious fret,
Much like a rich and artfull Coronet,
Vpon whoſe arches twenty *Cupids* lay,
And were or tide, or loath to flye away.
Vpon her bright eyes *Phœbus* his inclinde,
And by their radience was the God ſtroke blinde,
That cleane awry th'*Eccliptick* then he ſtript,
And from the milky way his horſes whipt;
So that the Eaſterne world to feare begun
Some ſtranger droue the *Chariot* of the *Sun*.
And neuer but that once did heauens bright eye
Beſtow one looke on the *Cymmerij*.
A greene ſilke frock her comely ſhoulders clad,
And tooke delight that ſuch a ſeat it had,
Which at her middle gath'red vp in pleats,
A loue-knot Girdle willing bondage threats.
Not *Venus Ceſtos* held a brauer peece,
Nor that which girt the faireſt flowre of *Greece*.
Downe from her waſte, her mantle looſe did fall,
Which *Zephyre* (as afraid) ſtill plaid withall,

And

And then tuck'd vp somewhat below the knee
Shew'd searching eyes where *Cupids columnes* be.
The inside lin'd with rich Carnation silke,
And in the midst of both, *Loues* white as milke.
Which white beneath the red did seeme to shroud,
As *Cynthia's* beautie through a blushing cloud,
About the edges curious to behold
A deepe fringe hung of rich and twisted gold,
So on the greene marge of a crystall brooke
A thousand yealow flowres at fishes looke;
And such the beames are of the glorious Sun,
That through a tuft of grasse dispersed run.
Vpon her leg a paire of Buskins white,
Studded with orient *Pearle* and *Chrysolite*,
And like her Mantle stitcht with gold and greene,
(Fairer yet neuer wore the Forrests Queene)
Knit close with ribands of a party hue,
A knot of Grimson and a tuft of blew,
Nor can the *Peacocke* in his spotted traine
So many pleasing colours shew againe;
Nor could there be a mixture with more grace,
Except the heau'nly Roses in her face.
A siluer Quiuer at her backe she wore,
With Darts and Arrowes for the Stag and Boare,
But in her eyes she had such darts agen
Could conquer Gods, and wound the hearts of men.
Her left hand held a knotty Brasill Bow,
Whose strength with teares she made the red Deere know.
So clad, so arm'd, so dreft to win her will
Diana neuer trode on *Latmus* hill.

Walla,

Walla, the faireſt Nimph that haunts the woods,
Walla, belou'd of *Shepherds*, *Faunes* and *Floods*,
Walla, for whom the frolike *Satyres* pine,
Walla, with whoſe fine ſoot the flowres twine,
Walla, of whom ſweet Birds their ditties mouc,
Walla, the earths delight, and *Tauy's* loue.

This faireſt *Nimph*, when *Tauy* firſt preuail'd
And won affection where the *Siluans* fail'd,
Had promis'd (as a fauour to his ſtreame)
Each weeke to crowne it with an *Anadem*:
And now *Hyperion* from his glit'ring throne
Seu'n times his quickning rayes had bravely ſhowne
Vnto the other world, ſince *Walla* laſt
Had on her *Tauy's* head the Garland plac'd,
And this day (as of right) ſhe wends abroad
To eaſe the Meadowes of their willing load.
Flora, as if to welcome her thoſe houres,
Had beene moſt lauiſh of her choiſeſt flowres,
Spreading more beauties to intice that morne
Then ſhe had done in many daies beforne.

Looke as a Maiden ſitting in the ſhade
Of ſome cloſe Arbour, by the *Wood-binds* made,
With-drawne alone, where vndiſtride ſhe may
By her moſt curious Needle giue aſſay
Vnto ſome Purſe, (if ſo her fancy moue)
Or other token for her truſt Loue,
Varietie of ſilke about her pap,
Cy in a box ſhe takes vpon her lap,
Whoſe pleaſing colours woo'ing her quicke eye,
Now this ſhe thinkes the ground would beautifie,

And that, to flourish with, she deemeth best;
When spying others, she is straight possest
Those fittest are; yet from that choice doth fall
And she resolues at last to vse them all:
So *Walla*, which to gather long time stood,
Whether those of the field, or of the wood;
Or those that 'mong the springs and marish lay;
But then the blossomes which inrich'd each spray
Allur'd her looke; whose many coloured graces
Did in her Garland challenge no meane places:
And therefore she (not to be poore in plenty)
From Meadows, springs, woods, spraies, culs some one (dainty,
Which in a scarfe she put, and onwards set
To finde a place to dresse her *Coronet*.

A little Groue is seated on the marge
Of *Tany's* streame, not ouer-thicke nor large,
Where euery morne a quire of Siluans sung,
And leaues to chattring winds seru'd as a tongue,
By whom the water turnes in many a ring,
As if it faine would stay to heare them sing,
And on the top a thousand young Birds flye,
To be instructed in their harmony.
Neere to end of this all-ioyfome Groue
A dainty circled plot seem'd as it stroue
To keepe all Bryers and bushes from inuading
Her pleasing compasse by their needlesse shading,
Since it was not so large, but that the store
Of trees around could shade her breast and more.
In midst thereof a little swelling hill,
Gently disburd'ned of a cryst'all rill

Which

Which from the greenside of the flowrie banke
Ear downe a channell; here the Wood-nymphs drank,
And great *Diana* hauing slaine the Deere,
Did often vse to come and bathe her here.
Here talk'd they of their chase, and where next day
They meant to hunt; here did the shepherds play,
And many a gaudy Nymph was often seene
Imbracing shepherds boyes vpon this greene.
From hence the spring hasts downe to *Tauy's* brim,
And paies a tribute of his drops to him.

Here *Walla* rests the rising mount vpon,
That seem'd to swell more since she sate thereon,
And from her scarfe vpon the grasse shooke downe
The smelling flowres that should her *Riuer* crowne.
The Scarfe (in shaking it) she brushed off,
Whereon were flowres so fresh and liuely wrought,
That her owne cunning was her owne deceit,
Thinking those true which were but counterfeit.

Vnder an *Alder* on his sandy marge,
Was *Tauy* set to view his nimble charge,
And there his Loue he long time had expected:
While many a rose-cheekt *Nymph* no wile neglected
To wooe him to imbraces; which he scorn'd,
As valluing more the beauties which adorn'd
His faireſt *Walla*, then all *Natures* pride
Spent on the cheekes of all her sexe beside.
Now would they tempt him with their open brests,
And sweare their lips were Loues assured *Tests*:
That *Walla* sure would giue him the denial
Till she had knowne him true by such a triall.

Then

Then comes another, and her hand bereaues
The sone-slipt *Alder* of two clammy leaues,
And clapping them together, bids him see
And learne of loue the hidden mystery.
Braue *Floyd* (quoth she) that hold'st vs in suspence,
And shew'st a God-like powre in abstinence;
At this thy coldnesse we doe nothing wonder,
These leaues did so, when once they grew asunder;
But since the one did taste the others pliffe,
And felt his partners kinde, partake with his;
Behold how close they ioyne? and had they power
To speake their now content, as we can our,
They would on *Nature* lay a heinous crime
For keeping close such sweets vntill this time.
Is there to such men ought of merit due,
That doe abstaine from what they neuer knew?
No: then as well we may account him wise
For speaking nought, who wants those faculties.
Taste thou our sweets; come licke and freely sip
Diuinest *Nectar* from thy melting lip;
Gaze on mine eyes, whose life-inuiting beames
Haue power to melt the Icy Northerne streames,
And so inflame the *Gods* of those bound Seas
They should be faine their wing in pallages,
And teach our *Mariners* from day to day
To bring vs *Ambers* by a neerer way.
Twine thy long fingers in my shining haire,
And thinke it no disgrace to hide them there,
For I could tell thee how the *Babian* Queene
Met me one day vpon yond pleasant Greene,

And

And did intreat a slip (though I was coy)
Wherewith to fetter her lasciuious *Boy*.
Play with my teates that swell to haue impression;
And if thou please from thence to make digression,
Passe thou that *milkie way* where great *Apollo*
And higher powres then he would gladly follow.
When to the full of these thou shalt attaine,
It were some mastry for thee to refraine;
But since thou know'st not what such pleasures be
The world will not commend but laugh at thee.
But thou wilt say, thy *Walla* yeelds such store
Of ioyes, that no one Loue can raise thee more;
Admit it so, as who but thinkes it strange?
Yet shalt thou finde a pleasure more, in change,
If that thou lik'st not gentle *Flood* but-heare
To proue that state the best I neuer feare.
Tell me wherein the state and glory is
Of thee, of *Auon*, or braue *Thamesis*?
In your owne Springs? or by the flowing head
Of some such Riuer onely seconded?
Or is it through the multitude that doe
Send downe their waters to attend on you?
Your mixture with lesse Brookes addes to your fames;
So long as they in you doe loose their names:
And comming to the *Ocean*, thou dost see,
It takes in other Floods as well as thee;
It were no sport to vs that hunting loue
If we were still confinde to one large Groue.
The water which in one Poole hath abiding
Is not so sweet as Rillets euer gliding.

Nor would the brackiſh waues in whom you meet
Containe that ſtate it doth, but be leſſe ſweet,
And with contagious ſtreames all mortals ſmother,
But that it moues from this ſhore to the other.
There's no one ſeaſon ſuch delight can bring,
As *Summer*, *Autumne*, *Winter*, and the *Spring*.
Nor the beſt *Flowre* that doth on earth appeare
Could by it ſelfe content vs all the yeere.
The *Salmons*, and ſome more as well as they,
Now loue the freſher, and then loue the Sea.
The flitting *Fowles* not in one coaſt doe tarry,
But with the yeere their habitation vary.
What *Muſicke* is there in a Shepherds quill
(Plaid on by him that hath the greateſt skill)
If but a ſtop or two thereon we ſpy?
Muſicke is beſt in her varietie.
So is diſcourſe, ſo ioyes; and why not then
As well the liues and loues of Gods as men?

More ſhe had ſpoke, but that the gallant *Flood*
Replide: ye wanton *Rangers* of the wood
Leaue your allurements; hye ye to your chaſe;
See where *Diana* with a nimble pace
Followes a ſtrucke Deere: if you longer ſtay
Her frowne will bend to me another day.
Harke how ſhe winds her Horne; ſhe ſome doth call
Perhaps for you, to make in to the fall.

With this they left him. Now he wonders much
Why at this time his *Walla's* ſtay was ſuch,
And could haue wiſh'd the *Nymphs* back, but for feare
His Loue might come and chance to finde them there.

To

To passe the time at last he thus began
(Vnto a Pipe ioyn'd by the art of *Pan*)
To praise his Loue: his hasty waues among
The frothed Rocks, bearing the Vnder-song.

AS carefull Merchants *doe expecting stand*
(After long time and merry gales of winde)
Vpon the place where their braue Ship *must land:*
So write I for the vessell of my minde.

Vpon a great aduenture is it bound,
Whose safe returne will vallu'd be at more
Then all the wealthy prizes which haue crown'd
The golden wishes of an age before.

Out of the East *Iewels of worth she brings,*
Th'vnualu'd Diamond *of her sparkling* Eye
Wants in the Treasures of all Europe's *Kings,*
And were it mine they nor their cownes should buy.

The Saphires *ringed on her painting brest,*
Run as rich veines of Ore *about the mold,*
And are in sickenesse with a pale possest,
So true; for them I should disualue gold.

The melting Rubies *on her cherry lip*
Are of such powre to hold; that as one day
Cupid *flew thirsty by, he stoop'd to sip*
And fast'ned there could neuer get away.

The ſweets of Candie *are no ſweets to me*
When hers I taſte; nor the Perfumes of price
Rob'd from the happy ſhrubs of Araby,
As her ſweet breath, ſo powrefull to intice.

O haſten then! and if thou be not gone
Vnto that wiſhed traſſicke through the Maine,
My powrefull ſighes ſhall quickly drive thee on,
And then begin to draw thee backe againe.

If in the meane rude waues haue it oppreſt,
It ſhall ſuffice I venter'd at the beſt.

Scarce had he giuen a period to his Lay
When from a Wood (wherein the *Eye of day*
Had long a ſtranger beene, and *Phœbe's* light
Vainly contended with the ſhades of night.)
One of thoſe wanton *Nymphs* that woo'd him late
Came crying tow'rds him; O thou moſt ingrate
Reſpectleſſe Flood! canſt thou here idely ſit,
And looſe deſires to looſer numbers fit?
Teaching the ayre to court thy careleſſe Brooke,
Whil'ſt thy poore *Walla's* cries the hils haue ſhooke
With an amazed terror: heare! ô heare!
A hundred *Eccho's* ſhriking euerie where!
See how the frightfull Heards run from the Wood;
Walla alas, as ſhe to crowne her Flood,
Attended the compoſure of ſweet flowres,
Was by a luſt-fir'd *Satyre* 'mong our bowres
Well-neere ſurpriz'd, but that ſhe him diſcride
Before his rude imbracement could betide.

Now

Now but her feet no helpe, vnleſſe her cries
A needfull aid draw from the *Deities.*
It needleſſe was to bid the *Flood* purſue,
Anger gaue wings; waies that he neuer knew
Till now, he treads; through dels and hidden brakes
Flies through the Meadows, each where ouertakes
Streames ſwiftly gliding, and them brings along
To further iuſt reuenge for ſo great wrong,
His current till that day was neuer knowne,
But as a Meade in *Iuly*, which vnmowne
Beares in an equall height each bent and ſtem,
Vnleſſe ſome gentle gale doe play with them.
Now runs it with ſuch fury and ſuch rage,
That mightie Rocks oppoſing vaſſalage,
Are from the firme earth rent and ouer-borne
In *Fords* where pibbles lay ſecure beforne.
Low'd *Cataracts*, and fearefull roarings now
Affright the Paſſenger; vpon his brow
Continuall bubbles like compelled drops,
And where (as now and then) he makes ſhort ſtops
In little pooles drowning his voice too hie,
'Tis where he thinkes he heares his *Walla* cry.
Yet vaine was all his haſte, bending a way,
Too much declining to the Southerne Sea,
Since ſhe had turned thence, and now begun
To croſſe the braue path of the glorious *Sun.*
There lyes a Vale extended to the North
Of *Tany's* ſtreame, which (prodigall) ſends forth
In *Autumne* more rare fruits then haue beene ſpent
In any greater plot of fruitfull *Kent.*

Two high brow'd rocks on either ſide begin,
As with an arch to cloſe the valley in,
Vpon their rugged fronts ſhort writhen Oakes
Vntouch'd of any fellers baneſull ſtroakes,
The *Iuy* twiſting round their barkes, hath fed
Paſt time *wilde Goates* which no man followed.
Low in the Valley ſome ſmall Heards of Deere,
For head and footmanſhip withouten peere,
Fed vndiſturb'd. The Swaines that thereby thriu'd
By the tradition from their *Sires* deriu'd,
Call'd it ſweet *Ina's Coombe:* but whether ſhe
Were of the earth or greater progeny
Iudge by her deedes; once this is truely knowne
She many a time hath on a Bugle blowne,
And through the Dale purſu'd the iolly Chaſe,
As ſhe had bid the winged windes a *baſe*.

Pale and diſtracted hither *Walla* runs,
As cloſely follow'd as ſhe hardly ſhuns;
Her mantle off, her haire now too vnkinde
Almoſt betrai'd her with the wanton winde.
Breathleſſe and faint ſhe now ſome drops diſcloſes,
As in a *Limbeck* the kinde ſweat of Roſes,
Such hang vpon her breſt, and on her cheekes;
Or like the Pearles which the rand *Æthiop* ſeekes.
The *Satyre* (ſpur'd with luſt) ſtill getteth ground,
And longs to ſee his damn'd intention crown'd.

As when a *Greyhound* (of the righteſt ſtraine)
Let ſlip to ſome poore *Hare* vpon the plaine;
He for his prey ſtriues; th'other for her life,
And one of theſe or none muſt end the ſtrife:

Now

Now seemes the Dog by speed and good at bearing
To haue her sure; the other euer fearing,
Maketh a sodaine turne, and doth deferre
The Hound a while from so neere reaching her:
Yet being fetcht againe and almost tane
Doubting (since touch'd of him) the scapes her bane:
So of these two the minded races were,
For *Hope* the one made swift, the other *Feare*.
O if there be a powre (quoth *Walla* then
Keeping her earnest course) o'resweying men
And their desires! ô let it now be shewne
Vpon this *Satyre* halfe-part earthly knowne.
What I haue hitherto with so much care
Kept vndefiled, spotlesse, white and faire,
What in all speech of loue I still reseru'd,
And from it's hazard euer gladly sweru'd;
O be it now vntouch'd! and may no force
That happy Iewell from my selfe deuorce!
I that haue euer held all women be
Void of all worth if wanting chastitie;
And who so any lets that best flowre pull,
She might be faire, but neuer beautifull:
O let me not forgoe it! strike me dead!
Let on these Rocks my limbs be scattered!
Burne me to ashes with some powrefull flame,
And in mine owne dust bury mine owne name,
Rather then let me liue and be defil'd.
Chastest *Diana!* in the Deserts wilde,
Haue I so long thy truest handmaid beene?
Vpon the rough rocke-ground thine arrowes keene,

Haue I (to make thee crownes) beene gath'ring still
Faire-cheekt *Etesia's* yealow *Cammomill?*
And sitting by thee on our flowrie beds
Knit thy torne *Buck-stals* with well twisted threds,
To be forsaken? O now present be,
If not to saue, yet helpe to ruine me!
If pure *Virginitie* haue heretofore
By the *Olympicke* powres beene honour'd more
Then other states; and Gods haue beene dispos'd
To make them knowne to vs, and still disclos'd
To the chaste hearing of such *Nymphs* as we
Many a secret and deepe misterie;
If none can lead without celestiall aid
Th'immaculate and pure life of a Maid,
O let not then the Powres all-good diuine
Permit vile lust to soile this brest of mine!
Thus cride she as she ran: and looking backe
Whether her hot pursuer did ought slacke
His former speed; she spies him not at all,
And somewhat thereby cheer'd gan to recall
Her nye fled hopes: yet fearing he might lye
Neere some crosse path to worke his villanie,
And being weary, knowing it was vaine
To hope for safety by her feet againe,
She sought about where she her selfe might hide.
A hollow vaulted Rocke at last she spide,
About whose sides so many bushes were,
She thought securely she might rest her there.
Farre vnder it a Caue, whose entrance streight
Clos'd with a stone-wrought dore of no mean weight;

Yet

Yet from it selfe the *gemels* beaten so
That little strength could thrust it to and fro.
Thither she came, and being gotten in
Barr'd fast the darke Caue with an iron pin.
The *Satyre* follow'd, for his cause of stay,
Was not a minde to leaue her, but the way
Sharpe ston'd and thornie, where he pass'd of late,
Had cut his clouen foot, and now his gate
Was not so speedy, yet by chance he sees
Through some small glade that ran between the trees
Where *Walla* went. And with a slower pace
Fir'd with hot blood, at last attain'd the place.
When like a fearefull *Hare* within her *Forme*,
Hearing the Hounds come like a threatning storme,
In full cry on the walke where last she trode,
Doubts to stay there, yet dreads to goe abroad:
So *Walla* far'd. But since he was come nie,
And by an able strength and industry,
Sought to breake in; with teares anew she fell
To vrge the Powres that on *Olympus* dwell.
And then to *Ina* call'd: O if the roomes
The Walkes and Arbours in these fruitfull coombes
Haue famous beene through all the Westerne Plaines
In being guiltlesse of the lasting staines
Pour'd on by lust and murther: keepe them free!
Turne me to stone, or to a barked tree,
Vnto a Bird, or flowre, or ought forlorne;
So I may die as pure as I was borne.
"Swift are the prayers and of speedy haste,
"That take their wing from hearts so pure and chaste.

"And

"And what we aske of Heauen it still appeares
"More plaine to it in mirrours of our teares.
Approu'd in *Walla*. When the *Satyre* rude
Had broke the doore in two, and gan intrude
With steps prophane into that sacred Cell,
Where oft (as I haue heard our Shepherds tell)
Faire *Ina* vs'd to rest from *Phœbus* ray:
She or some other hauing heard her pray,
Into a Fountaine turn'd her; and now rise
Such streames out of the caue, that they surprise
The *Satyre* with such force and so great din,
That quenching his lifes flame as well as sin,
They roul'd him through the Dale with mighty rore
And made him flye that did pursue before.
Not farre beneath i'the Valley as she trends
Her siluer streame, some *Wood-nymphs* and her friends
That follow'd to her aide, beholding how
A Brooke came gliding, where they saw but now
Some Herds were feeding, wondring whence it came
Vntill a Nymph that did attend the game
In that sweet Valley, all the processe told,
Which from a thicke-leau'd-tree she did behold:
See quoth the *Nymph* where the rude *Satyre* lies
Cast on the grasse; as if she did despise
To haue her pure waues soyl'd (with such as he)
Retaining still the loue of puritie.
To *Tauy's* Crystall streame her waters goe,
As if some secret power ordained so,
And as a Maid she lou'd him, so a Brooke
To his imbracements onely her betooke.

Where

Where growing on with him, attain'd the state
Which none but *Hymen's* bonds can imitate.
On *Walla's* brooke her sisters now bewaile,
For whom the Rocks spend teares when others faile,
And all the Woods ring with their piteous mones:
Which *Tamy* hearing as he chid the stones,
That stopt his speedy course, raising his head
Inquir'd the cause, and thus was answered:
Walla is now no more. Nor from the hill
Will she more plucke for thee the Daffadill,
Nor make sweet *Anadems* to gird thy brow,
Yet in the Groues she runs; a *Riuer* now.
Looke as the feeling *Plant which (learned Swaines * Sensida.
Relate to grow on the *East Indian* Plaines)
Shrinkes vp his dainty leaues, if any sand
You throw thereon, or touch it with your hand:
So with the chance the heauy *Wood-nymphs* told,
The *Riuer* (inly touch'd) began to fold
His armes acrosse, and while the torrent raues)
Shrunke his graue head, beneath his siluer waues.
Since when he neuer on his bankes appeares
But as one franticke: when the clouds spend teares
He thinkes they of his woes compassion take,
(And not a Spring but weepes for *Walla's* sake)
And then he often (to bemone her lacke)
Like to a mourner goes, his waters blacke,
And enery Brooke attending in his way,
For that time meets him in the like aray.
Here WILLY that time ceas'd; and I a while:
For yonder's *Roget* comming o're the stile,

'Tis

'Tis two daies ſince I ſaw him (and you wonder
You'le ſay that we haue beene ſo long aſunder)
I thinke the louely Heardeſſe of the Dell
That to an Oaten Quill can ſing ſo well,
Is ſhe that's with him: I muſt needs goe meet them,
And if ſome other of you riſe to greet them
'Twere not amiſſe, the day is now ſo long
That I ere night may end another Song.

The

The Fovrth Song.

The Argvment.

The Cornish Swaines *and* Brittish Bard
Thetis *hath with attention heard.*
And after meets an aged man
That tels the hapleſſe loue of Pan:
And why the flockes doe liue ſo free
From Wolues *within rich* Britannie.

LOOKE as a *Louer* with a lingring kiſſe
About to part with the beſt halfe that's his,
Faine would he ſtay but that he feares to doe it,
And curſeth time for ſo faſt haſtning to it;
Now takes his leaue, and yet begins anew
To make leſſe vowes then are eſteemed true,

Then

Then saies he must be gone, and then doth finde
Something he should haue spoke that's out of minde,
And whilst he stands to looke for't in her eyes,
Their sad-sweet glance so tye his faculties,
To thinke from what he parts, that he is now
As farre from leauing her, or knowing how,
As when he came; begins his former straine,
To kisse, to vow, and take his leaue againe,
Then turns, comes back, sighes, parts, & yet doth go,
Apt to retire, and loath to leaue her so:
Braue Streame, so part I from thy flowrie banke,
Where first I breath'd, and (though vnworty) dranke
Those sacred waters which the *Muses* bring
To wooe *Britannia* to their cealleste spring.
Now would I on, but that the crystall Wels,
The fertill Meadowes, and their pleasing smels,
The Woods delightfull, and the scatt'red Groues,
(Where many *Nymphs* walk with their chaster Loues)
Soone make me stay: And think that *Ordgar's* * son
(Admonish'd by a heauenly vision)
Not without cause did that apt fabricke reare,
(Wherein we nothing now but *Eccho's* heare
That wont with heauenly *Anthemes* daily ring
And dueſt praises to the greatest King)
In this choise plot. Since he could light vpon
No place so fit for contemplation.
Though I a while must leaue this happy soyle,
And follow *Thetis* in a pleasing toyle,
Yet when I shall returne, Ile striue to draw
The *Nymphs* by *Thamar*, *Tany*, *Ex* and *Tau*,

Vide de ammiratis loci. Malmesb. 2. *lib. de gest. Pontif. fo.* 146

* *Ordulphus.*

By

By *Turridge*, *Otter*, *Ock*, by *Dert* and *Plym*,
With all the *Nayades* that fiſh and ſwim
In their cleare ſtreames, to theſe our riſing Downes,
Where while they make vs chaplets, wreaths and crowns,
Ile tune my Reed vnto a higher key,
(And haue already cond ſome of the *Lay*,
Wherein (as *Mantua* by her *Virgils* birth
And *Thames* by him that ſung her Nuptiall mirth)
You may be knowne (though not in equall pride)
As farre as *Tiber* throwes his ſwelling Tide.
And by a Shepherd (feeding on your plaines)
In humble, lowly, plaine, and ruder ſtraines,
Heare your worths challenge other floods among,
To haue a period equall with their ſong.
Where *Plym* and *Thamar* with imbraces meet,
Thetis weighes ancor now, and all her Fleet:
Leauing that ſpacious * *Sownd*, within whoſe armes
I haue thoſe Veſſels ſeene, whoſe hot alarmes
Haue made *Iberia* tremble, and her towres
Proſtrate themſelues before our iron ſhowres
While their proud builders hearts haue been inclinde
To ſhake (as our braue Enſignes) with the winde.
For as an *Eyerie* from their *Seeges* wood
Led o're the Plaines and taught to get their food:
By ſeeing how their *Breeder* takes his prey
Now from an Orchard doe they ſcare the *Iey*,
Then o're the Corne-fields as they ſwiftly flye,
Where many thouſand hurtfull *Sparrowes* lye
Beating the ripe graine from the bearded eare,
At their reproach, all (ouer-gone with feare)

* Plymouth.

Seeke

Seeke for their safetie; some into the dike,
Some in the hedges drop, and others like
The thick-growne corne, as for their hiding best,
And vnder turfes or grasse most of the rest;
That of a flight which couer'd all the graine,
Not one appeares, but all or hid, or slaine:
So by *Heroës* were we led of yore,
And by our drums that thundred on each shore,
Stroke with amazement Countries farre and neere;
Whilst their Inhabitants like Heards of *Deere*,
By kingly *Lyons* chas'd, fled from our Armes.
If any did oppose, instructed swarmes
Of men immail'd; *Fate* drew them on to be
A greater *Fame* to our got Victory.

But now our Leaders want, those Vessels lye
Rotting, like houses through ill husbandry,
And on their *Masts*, where oft the *Ship-boy* stood,
Or siluer *Trumpets* charm'd the brackish *Flood*,
Some wearied Crow it set; and daily seene
Their sides in stead of pitch calk'd ore with greene:
Ill hap (alas) haue you that once were knowne
By reaping what was by *Ibarne* sowne.
By bringing yealow sheaues from our their plaine,
Making our *Barnes* the *store-house* for their graine:
When now as if we wanted land to till,
Wherewith we might our yselesse Souldiers fill:
Vpon their Hatches where halfe-pikes were borne,
In euery chinke rise stems of bearded corne:
Mocking out idle times that so haue wrought vs,
Or putting vs in minde what once they brought vs.

Beare

Beare with me Shepherds if I doe digreſſe,
And ſpeake of what our ſelues doe not profeſſe:
Can I behold a man that in the field,
Or at a breach hath taken on his Shield
More Dants then euer * *Roman*; that hath ſpent * M. Scæua.
Many a cold *December*, in no *Tent*
But ſuch as *Earth* and *Heauen* make; that hath beene
Except in Iron *Plates* not long time ſeene;
Vpon whoſe body may be plainly told (hol
More wounds then his lanke purſe doth *almes-deed*
O! can I ſee this man (aduentring all)
Be only grac'd with ſome poore *Hoſpitall*,
Or may be worſe, increaſing at his doore
For ſome reliefe whom he ſecur'd before;
And yet not ſhew my griefe? Firſt may I learne
To ſee, and yet forget how to diſcerne;
My hands neglectfull be at my need,
Or to defend my body, or to feed,
Ere I reſpect thoſe times that rather giue him
Hundreds to puniſh, then one to relieue him.
As in an Euening when the gentle ayre
Breathes to the ſullen night a ſoft repaire,
I oft haue ſet on *Thames* ſweet banke to heare
My Friend with his ſweet touch to charme mine eare;
When he hath plaid (as well he can) ſome ſtraine
That likes me, ſtreight I aske the ſame againe,
And he as gladly granting, ſtrikes it o're
With ſome ſweet reliſh was forgot before;
I would haue beene content if he would play,
In that one ſtraine to paſſe the night away;

But fearing much to doe his patience wrong,
Vnwillingly haue ask'd some other song;
So in this differing *Key*, though I could well
A many houres but as few minutes tell,
Yet lest mine owne delight might iniure you
(Though loath so soone) I take my Song anew.
Yet as when I with other Swaines haue beene
Inuited by the Maidens of our greene
To wend to yonder Wood, in time of yeare
When Cherry-trees inticing burdens beare,
He that with wreathed legs doth vpwards goe,
Pluckes not alone for those which stand below;
But now and then is seene to picke a few
To please himselfe as well as all his crew:
Or if from where he is he doe espie
Some *Apricocke* vpon a bough thereby,
Which ouerhangs the tree on which he stands,
Climbs vp and striues to take it with his hands:
So if to please my selfe I somewhat sing,
Let it not be to you lesse pleasuring;
No thirst of glory tempts me; for my straines
Befit poore Shepherds on the lowly Plaines;
The hope of riches cannot draw from me
One line that tends to seruile flatterie,
Nor shall the most in titles on the earth
Blemish my *Muse* with an adulterate birth,
Nor make me lay pure colours on a ground
Where noughe substantiall can be euer found.
No; such as sooth a base and dunghill spirit,
With attributes fit for the most of merit,

Cloud

Cloud their free *Muse*, as when the *Sun* doth shine
On stray and dust mixt by the sweating *Hyne*,
It nothing gets from heapes so much impure
But noysome steames that doe his light obscure.
My free-borne *Muse* will not like *Danae* be,
Won with base drosse to clip with slavery;
Nor lend her choicer Balme to worthlesse men,
Whose names would dye but for some hired pen;
No: if I praise, Vertue shall draw me to it,
And not a base procurement make me doe it.
What now I sing is but to passe away
A tedious houre, as some *Musitians* play;
Or make another my owne griefes bemone,
Or to be least alone when most alone.
In this can I, as oft as I will choose,
Hug sweet content by my retired *Muse*,
And in a study finde as much to please
As others in the greatest *Pallaces*.
Each man that liues (according to his powre)
On what he loues bestowes an idle houre;
In stead of *Hounds* that make the woodded hils
Talke in a hundred voyces to the Rils,
I like the pleasing cadence of a line
Strucke by the consort of the sacred *Nine*.
In lieu of *Hawkes*, the raptures of my soule
Transcend their pitch and baser earths controule.
For *running Horses*, Contemplation flyes
With quickest speed to win the greatest prize.
For courtly *dancing* I can take more pleasure
To heare a Verse keepe time and equall measure,

For winning *Riches*, seeke the best directions
How I may well subdue mine owne affections.
For raising stately piles for heires to come,
Here in this *Poem* I erect my toombe.
And time may be so kinde in these weake lines
To keepe my *Name* enroll'd, past his, that shines
In guilded Marble, or in brazen leaues:
Since Verse preserues, when Stone & Brasse deceiues.
Or if (as worthlesse) *Time* not lets it liue
To those full dayes which others *Muses* giue,
Yet I am sure I shall be heard and sung
Of most seuerest eld, and kinder young
beyond my daies, and maugre Enuies strife,
Adde to my name some houres beyond my life.

Such of the *Muses* are the ablepowres,
And since with them I spent my vacant houres,
I finde nor Hawke, nor Hound, nor other thing,
Turnies nor Reuels, pleasures for a King,
Yeeld more delight of full mans ore possest:
As much in this as all in all the rest,
And that without expence, when others oft
With their vndoing haue their pleasures bought.

On now my louely *Muse*, and let vs bring
Thetis to heare the *Cornish Michael* sing;
And after him to see a Swaine vnfold
The Tragedie of Dr[illegible]d leaues of gold:
Then heare another G[illegible]ENVPL's name reuiue,
Which times succeeding shall perpetuate:
And make those two the *Pillers* great of *Fame*,
Beyond whose worths shall neuer sounded Name.

Nor

Nor *Honour* in her euerlasting story
More deeper graue for all enduring glory.
Now *Thesis* stages to heare the Shepherds tell
Where *Arthur* met his death, and *Mordred* fell.
Of holy *Vrsula* (that fam'd her age)
With other Virgins in her pilgrimage.
And as she forwards steeres is showne the Rocke
Maine-Amber, to be shooke with weakest shocke,
So equall is it poiz'd, but to remoue
All strength would faile, and but an infants proue.
Thus while to please her some new Songs deuise,
And others *Diamonds* (shaped angle-wise,
And smooth'd by *Nature*, as she did impart
Some willing time to trim her selfe by *Art*)
Sought to present her and her happy crew:
She of the *Gulfe* and *Syllies* tooke a view.
And doubling then the point, made on away
Tow'rds goodly *Seuerne* and the *Irish Sea*,
There meets a Shepherd that began sing o're
The *Lay* which aged * *Robert* sung of yore,
In praise of *England* and the deeds of Swaines
That wholsome fed and rul'd vpon our plaines.
The *Brittish Bards* then were not long time mute,
But to their sweet *Harps* sung their famous *Brute*:
Striuing in spight of all the mists of eld,
To haue his *Story* more authentick held.
Why should we enuy them those wreaths of *Fame*?
Being as proper to the *Troian* name,
As are the dainty flowres which *Flora* spreads
Vnto the *Spring* in the discoloured Meads.

* *Robert of Glocester.*

Rather afford them all the worth we may;
For what we giue to them adds to our Ray.
And *Britons:* thinke not that your glories fall,
Deriued from a meane originall;
Since lights that may haue powre to check the darke,
Can haue their lustre from the smallest sparke.
" *Not from Nobilitie doth Vertue spring,*
" *But Vertue makes fit Nobles for a King.*
" *From highest nests are croaking* Rauens *borne,*
" *When sweetest* Nightingales *sit in the Thorne.*
From what low Fount soe're your beings are
(In softer peace and mighty brunts of warre)
Your owne worths challenge as triumphant *Bayes*
As euer *Troian* hand had power to raise.
And when I leaue my Muliques plainer ground,
The world shall know it from *Bellona's* sound.
Nor shall I erre from *Truth*; for what I write
She doth peruse, and helps me to indite.
The small conuerse which I haue had with some,
Branches, which from those gallant trees haue come,
Doth, what I sing, in all their acts approue,
And with more daies increase a further loue.
As I haue seene the *Lady* of the *May*
Set in an Arbour (on a *Holy-day*)
Built by the *May-pole*, where the iocund Swaines
Dance with the Maidens to the *Bagpipes* straines,
When enuious Night commands them to be gone,
Call for the merry youngsters one by one,
And for their well performance soone disposes,
To this, a Garland: to woue with Roses.

To that, a carued Hooke, or well-wrought Scrip,
Gracing another with her cherry lip:
To one her Garter, to another then
A Hand-kerchiefe cast o're and o're agen:
And none returneth emptie that hath spent
His paines to fill their rurall merriment.
So *Nereus* Daughter when the Swaines had done
With an vnsparing, liberall hand, begun
To giue to euery one that sung before,
Rich orient *Pearles* brought from her hidden store,
Red branching *Corrall*, and as precious *Iems*
As euer beautifide the *Diadems*:
That they might liue what chance their sheepe betide,
On her reward, yet leaue their heires beside.
Since when I think the world doth nothing giue them
As weening *Thetis* euer should relieue them.
And *Poets* freely spend a golden showre,
As they expected *Her* againe each houre.

Then with her thanks and praises for their skill
In tuning numbers of the sacred *Hill*,
She them dismist to their contented Coates:
And euery Swaine a seuerall passage floates
Vpon his *Dolphin*. Since whose safe repaire,
Those Fishes, like, a well composed ayre,
And (as in loue to men) are euer seene
Before a tempest rough regardlesse teene,
To swim high on the waues: as none should dare
Excepting fishes to aduenture there.

When these had left her, she draue on in pride
Her prouder Coursers through the swelling tyde,

To view the *Cambrian* Cliffes, and had not gone
An houres full speede, but neere a Rocke (whereon
Congealed frost and snow in *Summer* lay,
Seldome dissolued by *Hyperions* ray)
She saw a troope of people take their seat,
Whereof some wrung their hands, and some did beat
Their troubled brests, in signe of mickle woe,
For those are actions griefe inforceth to.
Willing to know the cause, somewhat neere hand
She spies an aged man sit by the strand,
Vpon a greene hill side (not meanly crown'd
With golden flowres, as chiefe of all the ground)
By him a little Lad, his cunning heire,
Tracing greene Rushes for a Winter Chaire.
The old man while his sonne full neatly knits them
Vnto his worke begun, as trimly fits them.
Both so intending what they first propounded, (ded.
As all their thoghts by what they wrought were bou-
To them *She* came, and kindly thus bespake:
Ye happy creatures, that your pleasures take
In what your needes inforce, and neuer aime
A limitlesse desire to what may maime
The setled quiet of a peacefull state,
Patience attend your labours! And when Fate
Brings on the restfull night to your long daies,
Wend to the fields of blisse! Thus *Thetis* prayes.
Faire *Queene*, to whom all dutious praise we owe,
Since from thy spacious *Cesterne* daily flow
(Repin'd the Swaine) refreshing streames that fill
Earth's dugs (the hillocks) so preseruing still

The

The infant grasse, when else your *Lambs* might bleat
In vaine for suke, whose *Dams* haue nought to eat.
For these thy praiers we are doubly bound,
And that these Cleeues should know but (ô) to sound
My often mended Pipe presumption were,
Since *Pan* would play if thou wouldst please to heare.
The louder blasts which I was wont to blow
Are now but faint, nor doe my fingers know
To touch halfe part those merry tunes I had.
Yet if thou please to grace my little *Lad*
With thy attention, he may somewhat strike
Which thou from one so young maist chance to like.
With that the little Shepherd left his taske,
And with a blush (the Roses onely maske)
Deni'd to sing. Ah father (quoth the Boy)
How can I tune a seeming note of ioy?
The worke which you command me, I intend
Scarce with a halfe bent minde, and therefore spend
In doing little, now, an houre or two,
Which I in lesser time could neater doe.
As oft as I with my more nimble ioints
Trace the sharpe Rushes ends, I minde the points
Which *Philocel* did giue; and when I brush
The prittie tuft that growes beside the rush,
I neuer can forget (in yonder layre)
How *Philocel* was wont to stroake my haire.
No more shall I be tane vnto the Wake,
Nor wend a fishing to the winding Lake,
No more shall I be taught on siluer strings
To learne the measures of our banquetings.

The

The twiſted Collers, and the ringing Bels,
The *Morrice Scarfes*, and cleaneſt drinking ſhels
Will neuer be renew'd by any one;
Nor ſhall I eare for more when he is gone.
See; yonder hill where he was wont to ſit,
A cloud doth keepe the golden *Sun* from it,
And for his ſeat (as teaching vs) hath made
A mourning couering with aſcowling ſhade.
The dew on euery flowre, this morne, hath laine
Longer then it was wont, this ſide the plaine,
Belike they meane ſince my beſt friend muſt die,
To ſhed their ſiluer drops as he goes by.
Not all this day here, nor in comming hither,
Heard I the ſweet Birds tune their Songs together,
Except one *Nightingale* in yonder *Dell*
Sigh'd a ſad *Elegie* for *Philocel*.
Neere whom a *Wood-Dowe* kept no ſmall adoe,
To bid me in her language *Doe ſo too*,
The *Weathers* bell that leads our flocke around
Yeelds as me thinkes this day a deader ſound.
The little *Sparrowes* which in hedges creepe,
Ere I was vp did ſeeme to bid me weepe.
If theſe doe ſo, can I haue feeling leſſe,
That am more apt to take and to expreſſe?
No: let my owne tunes be the *Mandrakes* grone
If now they tend to mirth when all haue none.
My pritty Lad (quoth *Thetis*) thou doſt well
To feare the loſſe of thy deere *Philocel*.
But tell me *Sire*, what may that Shepherd be?
Or if it lye in vs to ſet him free,
Or if with you yond people touch'd with woe,
Vnder the ſelfe ſame load of ſorrow goe.

Faire

Faire *Queene* (replide the Swaine) one is the cause
That moues our griefe, & those kind shepherds draws
To yonder rocke. Thy more then mortall spirit
May giue a good beyond our power to merit.
And therefore please to heare while I shall tell
The hapleſſe *Fate* of hopeleſſe *Philocel*.

Whilome great *Pan*, the Father of our flocks
Lou'd a faire laſſe ſo famous for her locks,
That in her time all women firſt begun
To lay their looſer treſſes to the *Sun*.
And theirs whoſe hew to hers was not agreeing,
Were ſtill roll'd vp as hardly worth the ſeeing.
Fondly haue ſome beene led to thinke, that Man
Muſiques inuention firſt of all began
From the dull Hammers ſtroke; ſince well we know,
From ſure tradition that hath taught vs ſo,
Pan ſitting once to ſport him with his *Fayre*,
Mark'd the intention of the gentle ayre,
In the ſweet ſound her chaſte words brought along;
Fram'd by the repercuſſion of her tongue:
And from that harmony begun the *Art*
Which others (though vniuſtly) doe impart
To bright *Apollo*, from a meaner ground,
A *ſledge* or *parched hernes*; meane things to found
So rare an Art on; when there might be giuen
All earth for matter with the *eyre* of heauen.
To keepe her ſlender fingers from the Sunne,
Pan through the paſtures oftentimes hath run
To plucke the ſpeckled *Fox-gloues* from their ſtem,
And on thoſe fingers neatly placed them.
The *Hony-ſuckles* would he often ſtrip
And lay their ſweetneſſe on her ſweeter lip:

And

And then as in reward of such his paine,
Sip from those cherries some of it againe.
Some say, that *Nature*, while this lovely Maid
Liu'd on our plaines, the teeming earth araid
With *Damaske Roses* in each pleasant place,
That men might liken somewhat to her face.
Others report; *Venus*, afraid her *sonne*
Might loue a *mortall* as he once had done,
Preferr'd an earnest sute to highest *Ioue*,
That he which bore the winged shafts of loue,
Might be debarr'd his sight, which *sute* was sign'd,
And euer since the *God of Loue* is blinde.
Hence is't he shoots his shafts so cleane awry,
Men learne to loue when they should learne to dye.
And women, which before, to loue began
Man without wealth, loue wealth without a man.

Great *Pan* of his kinde *Nymph* had the imbracing
Long, yet too short a time. For as in tracing
These pithfull *Rushes*, such as are aloft,
By those that raid'd them presently are brought
Beneath vnseene; So in the loue of *Pan*
(For Gods in loue doe vndergoe as man)
She, whose affection made him raise his song,
And (for her sport) the *Satyres* rude among
Tread wilder measures, then the frolike guests,
That lift their light heeles at *Lyæus* feasts;
Shee, by the light of whose quick-turning eye
He neuer read but of felicitie.
She whose assurance made him more then *Pan*,
Now makes him farre more wretched then a man.

For

For mortals in their losse haue death a friend,
When gods haue losses, but their losse no end.

It chanc'd one morne (clad in a robe of gray,
And blushing on't as rising to betray)
Intic'd this lously Maiden from her bed
(So when the *Rosie* haue discouered
Their taint-like beauties, flyes the early *Bee*
About the winding Allies merrily.)
Into the Wood, and 'twas her vsuall sport,
Sitting where most harmonious Birds resort,
To imitate their warbling in a quill
Wrought by the hand of *Pan*, which she did fill
Halfe full with water: and with it hath made
The *Nightingale* (beneath a fullen shade)
To chant her vernost lay, nay, to inuent
New notes to passe all others instrument,
And (harmelesse soule) ere she would leaue that strife.
Sung her last song, and ended with her life.
So gladly chusing (as doe others some)
Rather to dye then liue and be o'recome.

But as, in *Autumne* (when birds cease their notes,
And stately Forrests d'on their *scarlet coates*,
When *Ceres* golden locks are nearely shorne,
And mellow fruit from trees are roughly torne)
A little Lad set on a banke to shade
The ripened Nuts pluck'd in a woodsy Vale,
Is frighted thence (yet his deare life afeard)
By some wilde Bull lowd bellowing for his heard:
So while the *Nymph* did earnestly contest
Whether the Birds or she recorded best,

A Rauenous *Wolfe*, bent eager to his prey
Rush'd from a thicke bush, and making way,
The twined Thornes did crackle one by one,
As if they gaue her warning to be gone.
A rougher gale bent downe the lashing boughes,
To beat the beast from what his hunger vowes.
When she (amaz'd) rose from her hapelesse seate:
(Small is resistance where the feare is great)
And striuing to be gone, with gaping iawes
The Wolfe pursues, and as his rending pawes
Were like to seise, a *Holly* bent betweene,
For which good deed his leaues are euer greene.

Saw you a lusty *Mastiue* at the *stake*
Throwne from a running *Bull*, more fiercely make
A quicke returne, yet to preuent the goare
Or deadly bruise which he escap'd before,
Winde here and there, nay ere he spie if rightly bent,
And proffring otherwhere, fight still at head:
So though the stubborn boughes did thrust him back,
(For *Nature*, loath to raise a *Greene* wracke)
Seem'd as she here and there had plash'd a tree,
If possible to hinder Destiny,
The sauage Beast foaming with anger flyes
More fiercely then before, and now he tries
By sleights to take the Maid, as I haue seene
A nimble *Tumbler* on a burrow'd greene,
Bend cleane awry his course, yet giue a checke
And throw himselfe vpon a *Rabbets* necke.
For as he hotly chas'd the Lotte of *Pan*,
A heard of Deere out of a thicket ran,

To

To whom he quickly turn'd, as if he meant
To leaue the Maid, but when she swiftly bent
Her race downe to the Plaine, the swifter Deere
He soone forsooke. And now was got so neere
That (all in vaine) she turned to and fro
(As well she could) but not preuailing so,
Breathlesse and weary calling on her Loue
With fearefull shrikes that all the *Ecchoes* moue
(To call him to) she fell downe deadly wan,
And ends her sweet life with the name of *Pan*.

A youthfull *Shepherd* of the neighbour *Wold*
Missing that morne a sheepe out of his *Fold*,
Carefully seeking round to finde his *stray*,
Came on the instant where this *Damsell* lay.
Anger and pitty in his manly brest
Vrge yet restraine his teares. Sweet Maid possest
(Quoth he) with lasting sleepe, accept from me
His end, who ended thy hard destinie:
With that his strong Dog of no dastard kinde
(Swift as the *Foales* conceiued by the winde)
He sets vpon the *Wolfe*, that now with speed
Flies to the neighbour-wood, and left a deed
So full of ruth should vnreuenged be,
The Shepherd followes too, so earnestly
Chearing his Dog, that he nere turn'd againe
Till the curst Wolfe lay strangled on the plaine.

The ruin'd temple of her purer soule
The Shepherd buries. All the *Nymphs* condole
So great a losse while on a *Cypresse* graffe
Neere to her graue they hung this *Epitaph*:

Left

Least loathed age might spoile the worke in whom
All art to delighted, Nature tooke it home.
Or angry all hers else were careless deem'd,
Here did her best to haue the rest esteem'd.
For feare men might not thinke the Fates so crosse,
But by their rigour in so great a losse;
If to the grane there euer was assign'd
One like this Nymph in body and in minde,
We wish her here in balme not vainly spent,
To fit this Maiden with a Monument,
For Brasse and Marble were they seated here,
Would fret or melt in teares to see so neere.

Now *Pan* may sit and tune his Pipe alone
Among the shaded shades, since she is gone,
Whose willing care allur'd him more to play,
Then if to heare him should *Apollo* stay.
Yet happy *Pan* and ye thy Lawes more blest,
Whom none but only death hath dispossest;
While others alone as well, you liue to be
Lesse wrong'd by Fate then by inconstancie.
The sable mantle of the silent night,
Shut from the world the euer-ioyfull light,
Care fled away, and soft'ed slumbers please
To leaue the Court for lowly Cottages.
Wilde beasts forsooke their dens on wooddy hils,
And sleightfull *Otters* left the purling Rils;
Rookes to their Nests in high woods now were flung
And with their spread wings shield their naked yong.

When

When theeues from thickets to the crosse-wayes stir,
And terror frights the loanely passenger.
When nought was heard but now & then the howle
Of some vilde Curre, or whooping of the Owle;
Pan that the day before was farre away
At shepherds sports, return'd, and as he lay
Within the bowre wherein he most delighted,
Was by a gastly vision thus affrighted:
Heart-thrilling grones first heard he round his bowre,
And then the Schrich-owle with her vtmost powre
Labour'd her loathed note, the forrests bending
With winds, as *Hecate* had beene ascending.
Hereat his curled hayres on end doe rise,
And chilly drops trill o're his staring eyes:
Faine would he call, but knew not what, nor why,
Yet getting heart at last would vp and cry
If any dweller by Hag were come abroad
With some kinde Mother late deliuer'd load,
A ruthlesse bloudy sacrifice to make
To those infernall Powres, that by the Lake
Of mighty *Styx* and blacke *Cocytus* dwell,
Aiding each Witches Charme and mistlicke Spell.
But as he rais'd himselfe within his bed
A sudden light about his lodging spread,
And therewithall his *Loue* all ashie pale
As euening mist from vp a watry Vale,
Appear'd, and weakly neere his bed she prest,
A rauell'd wound distain'd her purer brest.
(Brests softer farre then tufts of vnwrought silke)
Whence had she liu'd to giue an infant milke,

The vertue of that liquor (without ods)
Had made her babe immortall as the Gods.
Pan would haue spoke, but him she thus preuents:
Wonder not that the troubled Elements
Speake my approach; I draw no longer breath,
But am inforced to the shades of death:
My exequies are done, and yet before
I take my turne to be transported o're
The heather floods among the shades of *Dis*
To end my journey in the fields of blisse:
I come to tell thee that no humane hand
Made me to seeke wastage on the *Syrian* strand;
It was an hungry *Wolfe* that did imbrue
Himselfe in my last blood. And now I sue
In hate to all that kinde, and shepherds good
To be reuenged on that cursed brood.
Pan vow'd, and would haue clipt her, but she fled,
And as she came, so quickly vanished.

Looke as a well-growne stately headed *Oake*
But lately by the *Wood-men* strooke,
Runs gadding o're the Laynes, it nimbly strikes
Among the combrous Brakes a thousand wayes,
Now through the high-wood couerts, then by the
On euery hill-side, and each vale he lookes, brookes,
If 'mongst their store of simples may be found
An hearbe to draw and heale his smarting wound,
But when he long hath sought, and all in vaine,
Steales to the Couert closely backe againe,
Where round ingirt with Ferne more highly sprung,
Striues to appease the raging with his tongue,

And

And from the speckled Heard absent himselfe,
He be recouer'd some what of his ill
So wounded *Paridure* in his restlesse bed
But finding there all ease abandoned,
He rose, and through the wood distracted runs
Yet carries with him what in vaine he shunns,
Now he exclaimes on Eies, and wishes hence
Had mortall lou'd, or that he mortall were
And sitting lastly on an Oake bare trunke
(Where nine in Winter stood long time vnsunke)
His plaints he gan renew, but then the light
That through the boughes flew from the Queene of night,
(As giuing him occasion to repine)
Bewraid an *Eluer* imbraced by a *Vine*;
Clipping so strictly that they seem'd to be
One in their growth, one bodie, one fruit, one tree.
Her boughes his armes, his leaues so mixt with hers,
That with no winde he mou'd but streight he stirs,
As shewing all should be, whom loue combinde,
In motion one, and onely two in kinde.
This more afflicts him, while he thinkes vpon
Not on his losse, but on the substance lost.
O hapelesse *Pan*, had there but beene one by,
To tell thee (though as poore a Swaine as I)
Though (whether casuall meanes or death doe moue)
"We part not without griefe things held with loue:
"Yet in their losse some comfort may be got
"If we doe minde the time we had them not.
This might haue lessen'd somewhat of thy paine,
Or made thee loue as thou might'st loose againe.

If thou the best of women didst forgoe,
Weigh if thou foundst her so, or did it make her so;
If she were found so, know there's more then one;
If made, the *Woode-nimphs* liues, though she be gone.
Should from mine eyes the light be tane away,
Yet nigh her pleasures hath as well as day,
And my desires to heauen, yeeld little offence,
Since blindnesse is a part of innocence.
So though thy Loue sleepe in eternall night,
Yet there's in louelesse somewhat may delight.
In stead of dalliance, partnership in woes,
It wants the care to keepe, and feare to lose.
For iealousies and fortunes baser pelfe,
He rest inioyes that well inioyes himselfe.

Had some one told thee ours, or thou beheld
Of inward helpe, thy sorrow had not brought thee
To weigh misfortune by another's good?
Nor leaue thy seat to range about the wood.
Stay where thou art, turne where thou wert before,
Light yeelds small comfort, nor hath darknesse more.

A woodby hill there stood, at whose low feet
Two goodly streames in one broad channell meet,
Whose fretfull waues beating against the hill,
Did all the bottome with soft murmurs fill.
Here in a nooke made by another mount,
(Whose stately Oakes are in no little accounte
For height or spreading, then the prouder be
That from *Oëta* looke on *Thessaly*)
Rudely o're hung there is a vaulted Caue,
That in the day as sullen shadowes gaue,

As

As Euening to the woods a vncouth plaint,
(Where Hags and Goblins haue their retiring haunt)
And hated now of Shepherds, since them lies
The corps of one (let fa louing Deities
Then we affected him) that neuer lent
His hand to ought but to our dearinesse.
A man that only liu'd to liue no more,
And di'd still to be dying. Whose chiefe store
Of vertue, was, his hate did not pursue her,
Because he only heard of her, not knew her.
That knew no good, but only that his sight
Saw euery thing had still his opposite.
And euer this his apprehension caught,
That what he did was best, the other naught.
That alwaies lou'd the man that neuer lou'd,
And hated him whose hate no death had mou'd.
That (politique) at fitting time and season
Could hate the Traitor, and yet loue the Treason.
That many a wofull heare (ere his decease)
In peeces tore to purchase his owne peace.
Who neuer gaue his slaues but in this fashion,
To salue his credit, more then for saluation.
Who on the names of good-men euer fed,
And (most accursed) sold the poore for bread.
Right like the *Pitch-tree*, from whose any limbe
Comes neuer twig, shall be the seed of him.
The *Muses* scorn'd by him, laugh at his fame,
And neuer will vouchsafe to speake his Name.
Let no man for his losse one teare let fall,
But perish with him his memoriall.

Into the gate the God of Shepherds went,
The Trees in groues, the Birds in leaues lamented
His fatall chance, the Brookes that whilome slept,
To heare him play while his faire Mistresse slept,
Now left their *Eccho*, and such want of woods,
And with loud clamours fild the neighb'ring woods.
There spent he most of night: but when the day
Drew from the earth her pitchie vaile away,
When all the flowry plaines with Carols rung
That by the mourning Lake were shrilly sung,
When dusky mists rose from the crystall floods,
And darknesse no where raign'd but in the woods;
Pan left the Cave, and now intends to finde
The sacred place where lay his loue asleepe.
A plot of earth, in whose chill armes was laid
As much perfection as had euer Maide
If curious *Nature* had but taken care
To make more lasting, what she made so faire.
Now wanders *Pan* the arched Groues, and hils
Where *Fayries* often dane'd, and Shepherds quils
In sweet contentions past the tedious day:
Yet (being early) in his vnknowne way
Met not a Shepherd, nor on all the Plaine
A Flocke then feeding saw, nor of his traine
One iolly Swaine stirring yet abroad,
Of whom he might inquire, this to the loud
Of his affliction addes. Now he inuokes
* *Hamadriades.* Those * *Nymphs* that vsually inhabit Oakes
Haue equall *Pan*, each with her seuer all Trees
Receiuing birth, and ending, Destinie.

Cals

Cals on all Powres, intreats that he might haue
But for his Loue, the knowledge of her graue,
That since the *Fates* had tane the *Iem* away,
He might but see the Carknet where it lay;
To doe fit right to such a part of mold,
Couering so rare a piece, that all the *Gold*
Or *Diamond* Earth can yeeld, for value, ne're
Shall match the treasure which was hidden there!

A hunting *Nymph* awakned with his mone,
(That in a bowre neere-hand lay all alone,
Twining her small armes round her slender waste,
That by no others vs'd to be imbrac'd)
Got vp, and knowing what the day before
Was guiltie of; she addes not to his store
As many simply doe, whose friends so croft
They more afflict by shewing what is lost:
But bad him follow her. He as she leads,
Vrgeth her hast. So a kinde mother treads
Earnest, distracted, where, with bloud defil'd
She heares lyes dead her deere and onely childe.
Mistrust now wing'd his feet, then raging ire,
"For *Speed* comes euer lamely to *Desire*.

Delayes, the *stones* that waiting *Suiters* grind,
By whom at *Court* the poore mans *cause* is sign'd,
Who to dispatch a suit, will not deferre
To take death for a *ioynt Commissioner*.
Delay, the *Wooers* bane, *Reuenges* hate,
The plague to Creditors decaid estate,
The *Test* of Patience, of our Hopes the *Racke*,
That drawes them forth so long vntill they cracke,

Vertues best benefactor in our times,
One that is set to punish great mens crimes,
She that had hindred mighty *Pan* a while,
Now steps aside: and as ore-flowing *Nyle*
Hid from *Clymene's* sonne his reeking head
So from his rage all opposition fled;
Giuing him way, to reach the timelesse *Toombe*
Of *Natures* glory, for whose ruthlesse doome
(When all the *Graces* did for mercy pleade,
And *Youth* and *Goodnesse* both did intercede)
The *Sons* of *Earth* (if liuing) had beene driuen
To heape on hils, and warre anew with heauen.
The Shepherds which he mist vpon the Downes
Here meets he with: for from the neighbring Townes
Maidens and Men resorted to the graue
To see a wonder more then time e're gaue.
The holy Priests had told them long agone
Amongst the learned Shepherds there was *one*
So giuen to pietie, and did adore
So much the name of *Pan*, that when no more
He breath'd, those that to ope his heart began,
Found written there with gold the name of *Pan*,
Which, vnbeleeuing man, that is not mou'd
To credit ought, if not by reason prou'd,
And ties the ouer-working powre to doe
Nought otherwise then *Nature* teacheth to,
Held as most fabulous: Not inly seeing,
The hand by whom we liue, and All haue being
No worke for admirable doth intend,
Which *Reason* hath the powre to comprehend,

And

And *Faith* no merit hath from hence long
Where humane reason yeelds experiments.
Till now they durst not trust the *Legend* old,
Esteeming all not true that *Elders* told,
And had not this last accident made good
The former, most, in vnbeliefe had stood.

But *Fame* that spread the bruit of such a wonder,
Bringing the Swaines of places farre a sunder
To this selected plot (now famous more
Then any Grous, Mount, Plaine, had bin before
By relicks, vision, buriall or birth
Of *Anchoresse*, or *Hermit* yet on earth)
Out of the Maidens bed of endlesse rest
Shewes them a *Tree* new growne, so fairely drest
With spreading armes and curled top, that *Ioue*
Ne're brauer saw in his *Dodonian* Grous.
The hart-like leaues of each with other pyle,
As doe the hard scales of the *Crocodyle*;
And none on all the tree was seene but bore
Written thereon in rich and purest Ore
The name of *Pan*; whose lustre farre beyond
Sparkl'd, as by a Torch the *Diamond*.
Or those bright *spangles* which faire *Goddesse* doe
Shine in the haire of these which follow you.
The Shepherds by direction of great *Pan*,
Search'd for the root, and finding it began
In her true heart, bids them againe inclose
What now his eyes for euer, euer, lose. (moue
Now in the selfe-same Sphere his thoughts must
With * him that did the shady *Plane-tree* loue. * Xerxes.

Yet

Yet though no issue from her loines shall be
To draw from *Pan* a noble *pedigree*,
And *Pan* shall not as other *Gods* haue done
Glory in deeds of an heroicke Sonne,
Nor haue his Name in Countries neere and farre
Proclaim'd; as by his Childe the *Thunderer*;
If *Phœbus* on this Tree spread warming rayes,
And Northerne blasts kill not her tender sprayes,
His Loue shall make him famous in repute,
And still increase his Name, yet beare no fruit.
To make this sure (the God of Shepherds last)
(When other Ceremonies were o're past)
And to performe what he before had vow'd
To dire Reuenge. Thus spake vnto the crow'd:
What I haue lost kinde Shepherds all you know;
And to recount it were to dwell in woe;
To shew my passion in a *Funerall Song*,
And with my sorrow draw your sighes along,
Words, then, well plac'd might challenge somewhat due,
And not the cause alone, win teares from you.
This to preuent, I set *Orations* by
"For passion seldome loues formalitie.
What profits it a prisoner at the Barre,
To haue his iudgement spoken regular?
Or in the prison heare it often read,
When he at first knew what was forfeited?
Our griefes in others teares, like plates in water
Seeme more in quantitie. To be relator
Of my mishaps, speaks weaknesse, and that I
Haue in my selfe no powre of remedy.

Once

Often (yet that once too often) heretofore
The siluer *Ladon* on his sandy shore
Heard my complaints, and those cool groues that be
Shading the brest of louely *Arcady*
Witnesse the teares which I for *Syrinx* spent,
Syrinx the faire, from whom the instrument
That fils your feasts with ioy (which when I blow
Drawes to the sagging dug milke white as snow)
Had his beginning. This enough had beene
To shew the *Faiery* (and deemed fables) scene,
Here had they staid. This Adage had beene none,
"That our disasters neuer come alone,
What boot is it though I am said to be
The worthy sonne of winged *Mercury*
That I with gentle *Nymphs* in Forrests high
Kist out the sweet rime of my infancie?
And when more yeares had made me able growne
Was through the Mountains for their leader knowne?
That high-brow'd *Maenalus* where I was bred
And stony hils not few haue honoured
Me as protector, by the hands of Swaines,
Whose sheepe retire there from the open plaines?
That I in Shepherds-tuppes (^ reiecting gold)
Of milke and honie measures eight times-told
Haue offred to me, and the ruddy wine
Fresh and new pressed from the bleeding Vine?
That gleesome *Hunters* pleased with their sport,
With sacrifices due haue thank'd me for't?
That patient *Anglers* standing all the day
Neere to some shallow stickle or deepe bay.

* *Pompa, in suo Proœmio.*

* *Apollonius Smyrnæus.*

And

And *Fishermen* whose nets haue drawne to land
A shoale so great it well-nye hides the sand,
For such successe, some *Promontories* head
Thrust at by waues, hath knowne me worshipped:
But to increase my griefe, what profits this?
" Since still the losse is as the looser is.
The many-kernell-bearing *Pyne* of late
From all trees else to me was consecrate,
But now behold a roote more worth my loue,
Equall to that which in an obscure Groue
Infernall *Ioue* proper takes to her:
Whose golden slip the *Troian wanderer*
(By sage *Cumæan Sybil* taught) did bring
(By *Fates* decreed) to be the warranting
Of his free passage, and a safe repaire
Through darke *Auernus* to the vpper ayre.
This must I succour, this must I defend
And from the wilde Boares rooting euer shend,
Here shall the *Wood-pecker* no entrance finde,
Nor *Tiuy's Beuers* gnaw the clothing rinde,
Lambeders Heards, nor *Radnors* goodly Deere
Shall neuer once be seene a browsing here.
And now ye *Brittish* Swains (whose harmelesse sheepe
Then all the worlds besides I ioy to keepe,
Which spread on euery Plaine and hilly Wold
Fleeces no lesse esteem'd then that of *Gold*,
For whose exchange one *Inds Iems* of price,
The other giues you of her choisest *spice*.
And well she may; but we vnwise the while
Let ten the glory of our fruitfull *Isle*:

Miking

Making those Nations thinke we foolish are,
For baser Drugs to vent our richer ware,
Which (saue the bringer) neuer profit man
Except the *Sexton* and *Physitian*.
And whether change of *Clymes* or what it be
That proues our *Mariners* mortalitie,
Such expert men are spent for such bad *fares*
As might haue made vs *Lords* of what is *theirs*.
Stay, stay at home ye Noble spirits, and prise
Your lines more high then such base trumperies,
For best to fetch, and they'le goe dearest too,
And at your owne doores offer them as you,
Or haue their woods and plaines so ouer growne
With poisnous weeds, wood, gums & seeds vnknowne,
That they would hire such *Weeders* as you be
To free their land from such fertilitie.
Their Spices hot their nature best indures,
But 'twill impaire and much distemper yours.
What our owne soyle affords beits vs best,
And long, and long, for euer may we rest!
Needlesse of helpe! and may this *Isle* alone
Furnish all other Lands, and this Land none!

Excuse me *Thetis*, quoth the aged man,
If passion drew me from the words of *Pan!*
Which thus I follow: You whose flocks, quoth he,
By my protection, quit your industry,
For all the good I haue and yet may giue
To such as on the Plaines hereafter liue,
I doe intreat what is not hard to grant,
That not a hand rend from this holy Plant

The

The ſmalleſt branch, and who ſo cutteth this
Dye for th'offence, ſo is ſo heinous it:
And by the *Floods infernall* here I ſweare,
(An oath whoſe breach the greateſt Gods forbeare)
Ere *Phabe* thrice twelue times ſhall fill her hornes
No furzy tuft, thicke wood, nor brake of thornes
Shall harbour me, nor in thicke ſhall I breath
Nor liue one houre, if where I determ
You keepe inuiolate: To this they ſwore:
And ſince, thoſe breaſts haue ſighed vnto more
But Swaine (quoth *Theſeus*) what is this you tell,
To what you feare ſhall fall on *Phibes* head?
Faire Queene (quoth he) but ah I feare, quoth he,
Ere I haue ended my ſad Hiſtorie
Vnſtaying time may bring on his laſt houre,
And ſo defraud vs of thy wiſhed powre.
Yond goes a Shepherd, giue me leaue to runne
And know the time of execution.
Mine aged limbs I can a little ſtraine,
And quickly come (to end the reſt) againe.

THE

The Fifth Song.

The Argvment.

Within this Song my Muse doth tell
The worthy fall of Philocel,
And how his Loue, and he in thrall
To death deprivd of Funerall
The Queene of Waues doth gladly sent,
And frees Marina from her Cave.

SOone as cam *Martis* from our Towne
Fly to the Riuer vnderneath the Downe,
And backe returne with mortar in her hill,
Some little grauny in her nest to fill,
The Shepherd came. And thus began anew:
Two houres alas, onely two houres are due
From time to him, is sentenc'd so of those
That here on earth as *Destinies* dispose.

The liues and deaths of men; and that time past
He yeelds his iudgement, leaues and stretches the last.

But to the cause. *Great Goddesse* vnderstand
In *Mona*-Ile thrust from the *British* land,
As (since it needed nought of others store)
It would in ike be, and a part no more.
There liu'd a *Maid* to fame, that for her sake
Since she was borne the Ile had neuer Snake,
Nor were it fit a deadly sting should be
To hazard such admired *Symmetrie*,
So many beauties so commixed in one,
That all delight were dead if she were gone.
Shepherds that in her cleare eyes did delight,
Whilst they were open neuer held it night:
And were they shut, although the morning gray
Call'd vp the *Sun*, they hardly thought it day.
Or if they call'd it so, they did not passe
Whether in fayre that it eclipsed was.
The *Roses* on her cheekes, such as each morne
Phœbus might kisse, but had no powre to burne.
From her sweet lips distill'd so rare a dew
Then from a Cherry halfe way cut in two
Whose yeelding touch would as *Prometheus* feature
Lumps truly sensible with a *Deuse* inspire.
Who praising her would youth's desire fire:
Each man in minde would be a Husband.
Some say the slim-wited *Mercury*
Went late disguis'd professing *Palmistrie*,
And *Milk-maids* fortunes told about the Land,
Onely to get a touch of her soft hand.

And

And that a Shepherd walking on the brim
Of a cleare streame where she did vse to swim,
Saw her by chance, and thinking she had beene
Of Chastitie the pure and fairest Queene,
Stole thence dismaid, lest he by her decree
Might vndergoe *Actæons* destinie.
Did youths kinde heat inflame me (but the snow
Vpon my head, shewes it coold long ago)
I then could giue (being so faire a feature)
Right to her fame, and fame to such a creature.
When now much like a man the *Pallet* shakes,
And spectacles befriend, yet vndertakes
To limne a Lady, to whose red and white
Apelles curious hand would owe some sight;
His too vnsteady Pencell, shadowes here
Somewhat too much, and giues not ouer, cleere;
His eye deceiu'd mingles his colours wrong,
There strikes too little, and here staies too long;
Does and vndoes, takes off, puts on (in vaine)
Now too much white, then too much red againe,
And thinking then to giue some speciall grace,
He workes it ill, or so mistakes the place,
That she which sits were better pay for nought,
Then haue it ended, and so lamely wrought:
So doe I in this weake description erre;
And striuing more to grace more iniure her.
For euer where true worth for praise doth call,
He rightly nothing giues that giues not all.
But as a lad who learning to diuide,
By one small misse the whole hath falsified.

Celia men call'd, and rightly call'd her ſo:
Whom *Philocel* (of all the Swaines I know
Moſt worthy) lou'd: alas! that loue ſhould be
Subiect to fortunes mutabilitie!
What euer learned *Bards* to fore haue ſung,
Or on the Plaines Shepherds and Maidens young,
Of ſad miſhaps in loue are ſet to tell,
Comes ſhort to match the Fate of *Philocel*.
For as a *Labourer* toyling at a *Bay*
To force ſome cleere ſtreame from his wonted way,
Working on this ſide ſees the water run
Where he wrought laſt, and thought it firmely done;
And that leake ſtopt, heares it come breaking out
Another where, in a farre greater ſpout,
Which mended too, and with a turfe made trim
The brooke is ready to o'reflow the brim,
Or in the banke the water hauing got:
Some Mole-hole, runs, where hee expected not:
And when all's done, ſtill feares, leſt ſome great raine
Might bring a flood and throw all downe againe:
So in our Shepherds loue; one hazard gone
Another ſtill as bad was comming on.
This danger paſt another doth begin,
And one miſhap thruſt out lets twenty in.
For he that loues, and in it hath no ſtay,
Limits his bliſſe ſeld' paſt the Marriage day.
But *Philocels* alas and *Celia's* too
Muſt ne're attaine ſo farre, as others doe.
Elſe *Fortune* in them from her courſe ſhould ſwerue
Who moſt afflicts thoſe that moſt good deſerue.

Twice

Twice had the glorious *Sun* run through the *Signes*,
And with his kindly heat improu'd the Mines,
(As such affirme with certaine hopes that try
The vaine and fruitlesse Art of *Alchymie*)
Since our Swaine lou'd: and twice had *Phœbus* bin
In horned *Aries* taking vp his Inne;
Ere he of *Celia's* heart possession won,
And since that time all his intentions done
Nothing, to bring her thence. All eyes vpon her,
Watchfull, as *Vertues* are on truest *Honours*
Kept on the Ile as carefully of some,
As by the *Troians* their *Palladium*.

But where's the *Fortresse* that can *Loue* debar?
The *forces* to oppose when he makes war?
The *Watch* which he shall neuer finde asleepe?
The *Spye* that shall disclose his counsels deepe?
That *Fort*, that *Force*, that *Watch*, that *Spye* would be
A lasting stop to a *fifth Emperie*.
But we as well may keepe the heat from fire
As seuer hearts whom loue hath made intire.

In lotiely *May* when *Titan* golden raies
Make ods in houres betweene the nights and daies;
And weigheth almost downe the euet-euen Scale
Where night and day, by th'*Æquinoctiall*
Were laid in ballance, as his powre he bent
To banish *Cynthia* from her Regiment,
To *Latmus* stately *Hills*, and with his light
To rule the vpper world both day and night;
Making the poore *Antipodes* to feare
A like coniunction 'twixt great *Iupiter*

And some *Ale'mond* new, or that the *Sun*
From their *Horizon* did obliquely run:
This time the *Swaines* and *Maidens* of the *Ile*
The day with sportiue dances doe beguile,
And euery Valley rings with shepherds songs,
And euery *Eccho* eath sweet noat prolongs,
And euery Riuer with vnusuall pride
And dimpled cheeke rowles sleeping to the tide,
And lesser springs, which *ayrie*-breeding Woods,
Preferre as hand-maids to the mighty floods,
Scarce fill vp halfe their channels, making haste
(In feare, as boyes) left all the sport be past.

Now was the *Lord* and *Lady* of the *May*
Meeting the *May-pole* at the breake of day,
And *Celia* as the fairest on the Greene,
Not without some Maids enuy chosen *Queene*,
Now was the time to win when our gentle Swaine
Must inne his harueſt or loſe all againe.
Now must he plucke the Roſe left other hands,
Or tempeſts blemiſh what ſo fairely ſtands:
And therefore as they had before decreed
Our shepherd gets a Boat, and with all ſpeed
In night (that doth on Louers actions ſmile)
Arriued safe on *Mona*'s fruitfull Ile.

Betweene two rocks (mith or all, without mother)
That stand as if one feared another,
There ran a *Creeke* vp, intricate and blinde,
As if the waters hid them from the winde,
Which neuer waſh'd but at a higher tyde
The frizled coate which doe the Mountaines hide,

Where neuer gale was longer knowne to stay
Then from the smooth waue it had swept away
The new diuorced leaues, that from each side
Left the thicke boughes to dance on with the tide,
At further end the *Creeke*, a stately Wood
Gaue kinde shadow (to the brackish Flood)
Made vp of trees, not lesse kend by each skiffe
Then that sky-scaling *Poke* of *Teneriffe*,
Vpon whose tops the *Hirnesbew* bred her young,
And hoary mosse vpon their branches hung:
Whose rugged rindes sufficient were to show
Without their height, what time they gan to grow.
And if dry eld by wrinckled skin appeares,
None could allot them lesse then *Nestor's* yeeres.
As vnder their command the thronged *Creeke*
Ran lessened vp. Here did the Shepherd seeke
Where he his little Boat might safely hide,
Till it was fraught with what the world beside
Could not outvalew; nor giue equall weight
Though in the time when *Greece* was at her height.
The ruddy Horses of the *Rosie morne*
Out of the Easterne gates had newly borne
Their blushing *Mistresse* in her golden Chaire,
Spreading new light throughout our *Hemisphere*.
When fairest *Celia* with a louelier crew
Of *Damsels* then braue *Latmus* euer knew,
Came forth to meet the *Youngsters*; who had here
Cut downe an *Oake* that long without a peere
Bore his round head imperiously aboue
His other Mates there, consecrate to *Ioue*.

The wished time drew on: and *Celia* now
(That had the fame for her white arched brow)
While all her lonely fellowes busied were
In picking off the Iems from *Tellus* haire,
Made tow'rds the Creeke, where *Philocel* vnspide,
(Of Maid or Shepherd that their May-games plide)
Receiu'd his wish'd-for *Celia*; and begun
To steere his Boat contrary to the *Sun*,
Who could haue wish'd another in his place
To guide the Carre of light, or that his race
Were to haue end (so he might bleise his hap)
In *Celia's* bosome, not in *Thetis* lap.
The Boat oft danc'd for ioy of what it held.
The hoyst-vp Saile, not quicke, but gently swel'd,
And often shooke, as fearing what might fall,
Ere she deliuer'd what she went withall.
Winged * *Argestes* faire *Aurora's* sonne,
Licenc'd, that day to leaue his Dungeon,
Meekly attended, and did neuer erre
Till *Celia* grac'd our Land and our Land her.
As through the waues their loue-fraught Wherry ran
A many *Cupids*, each set on his *Swan*,
Guided with reines of gold and siluer twist
The sportelesse Birds about them, as they list,
Which would haue sung a *Song* (ere they were gone)
Had vnkinde *Nature* giuen them more then one;
Or in bestowing that, had not done wrong,
And made their sweet liues forfeit, one sad song.
Yet that their happy Voyage might not be
Without *Times* shortner, *Heauen-taught Melodie*,

(*Musicke*

* The Westerne winde. And supposed (with the Starres) the birth of *Aurora* by *Astraus*, as *Apollodorus*: Ἡώς δ' ἄρ' Ἀστραίῳ ἀνέμους τέκε κυδρα.

(*Musicke* that lent feet to the stable Woods,
And in their currents turn'd the mighty Floods,
Sorrowes sweet Nurse, yet keeping ioy aliue,
Sad discontent's most welcome Corrasiue,
The soule of Art, best lou'd when Loue is by,
The kinde inspirer of sweet *Poesie*, (faine
Lest thou should'st wanting be, when Swans would
Haue sung one Song, and neuer sung againe)
The gentle Shepherd hasting to the shore
Began this *Lay*, and tim'd it with his Oare.

NEuer more let holy Dee
O're other Riuers braue,
Or boast how (in his iollitie)
Kings row'd vpon his waue.
But silent be, and euer know
That Neptune *for my Fare would row.*

Those were Captiues. *If he say*
That now I am no other,
Yet she that beares my prisons key
Is fairer then Loues *Mother;*
A God tooke me, those one lesse high,
They wore their bonds, so doe not I.

Swell then, gently swell yee Floods
As proud of what yee beare,
And Nymphs *that in low corrall Woods*
String Pearles vpon your haire,
Ascend, and tell if ere this day
A fairer prize was seene at Sea.

See the Salmons *leape and bound*
To please vs as we passe,
Each Mermaid *on the Rocks around,*
Lets fall her brittle glasse,
As they their beauties did despise,
And lov'd no mirrour but your eyes.

Blow, but gently blow faire winde
From the forsaken shore,
And be as to the Halcyon *kinde,*
Till we have ferry'd o're:
So maist thou still have leave to blow,
And fan the way where she shall goe.

Floods, *and* Nymphs, *and* Winds, *and all*
That see vs both together,
Into a disputation fall;
And then resolve me, whether
The greatest kindnesse each can show,
Will quit our trust of you or no.

Thus as a merry *Milke-maid* neat and fine
Returning late from milking of her Kine,
Shortens the dew'd way which she treads along
With some selfe-pleasing since-new-gotten Song,
The Shepherd did their passage well beguile.
And now the horned *Flood* bore to our *Ile*
His head more high then he had vs'd to doe,
Except by *Cynthia's* newnesse forced to.

Not

Not *Ianuarius* snow dissolu'd in Floods
Makes *Thamar* more intrude on *Blanchden* Woods,
Nor the concourse of waters when they fleet
After a long Raine, and in *Seuerne* meet,
Rais'th her inraged head to root faire Plants,
Or more affright her high inhabitants,
(When they behold the waters ruefully,
And saue the waters nothing else can see)
Then *Neptunes* subiect now, more then of yore:
As loth to set his burden soone on shore.

O *Neptune!* hadst thou kept them still with thee,
Though both were lost to vs, and such as we,
And with those beauteous birds which on thy breast
Get and bring vp; afforded them a rest;
Delos, that long time wandring peece of earth
Had not beene fam'd more for *Diana's* birth;
Then those few planks that bore them on the Seas,
By the blest issue of two such as these.

But they were landed: so are not our woes,
Nor euer shall, whil'st from an eye there flowes
One drop of moisture, to these present times
We will relate, and some sad Shepherds rimes
To after ages may their *Fates* make knowne,
And in their depth of sorrow drowne his owne.
So our Relation and his mournfull Verse,
Of teares, shall force such tribute to their *Herse*,
That not a priuate griefe shall euer thriue
But in that deluge fall, yet this suruiue.

Two furlongs from the shore they had not gone,
When from a low-cast Valley (hauing on

Each

Each hand a woody hill, whoſe boughes vnlopt
Haue not alone at all time ſadly dropt,
And turn'd their ſtormes on her deiected breſt,
But when the fire of heauen is ready preſt
To warme and further what it ſhould bring forth,
(For lowly Dales mare Mountaines in their worth)
The Trees (as ſcreenlike *Greatneſſe*) ſhades his raye,
As it ſhould ſhine on none but ſuch as they)
Came (and full ſadly came) a hapleſſe *Wretch*,
Whoſe walkes & paſtures once were known to ſtretch
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt* ſo farre that no dike ran
For noted *bounds*, but where the *Ocean*
His wrathfull billowes thruſt, and grew as great
In ſholes of Fiſh as were the others Neat.
Who now deiected and depriu'd of all,
Longs (and hath done ſo long) for funerall.
For as with hanging head I haue beheld
A widow *Vine*, ſtand, in a naked field,
Vnhusbanded, neglected, all forlorne,
Brouz'd on by *Deere*, by Cattle cropt and torne,
Vnpropt, vnſuccoured by ſtake or tree,
From wreakfull ſtormes impetuous tyrannie,
When had a willing hand lent kinde redreſſe,
Her pregnant *bunches* might from out the Preſſe
Haue ſent a liquour both for taſte and ſhow
No leſſe diuine then thoſe of *Malligo*:
Such was this *might*, and ſuch ſhe might haue beene.
She both th'extremes hath felt of *Fortunes* teene,
For neuer haue we heard from times of yore,
One ſometime enuy'd and now pitti'd more.

Her

Her obiect, as her state, is, low as earth;
Privation her companion; thoughts of mirth
Irkesome; and in one selfe-same circle turning,
With sodaine sports brought to a house of mourning.
Of others good *her* best beliefe is still
And constant to her owne in nought but ill.
The onely enemy and friend she knowes
Is Death, who though desers must end her woes,
Her contemplation frightfull as the night.
She neuer lookes on any liuing wight
Without comparison; and as the day
Giues vs, but takes the *Glowormes* light away:
So the least ray of Blisse on others throwne
Depriues and blinds all knowledge of her owne.
Her comfort is (if for her any be)
That none can shew more cause of griefe then she.
Yet somewhat she of aduerse *Fate* hath won,
Who had vndone her were she not vndone.
For those that on the *Sea* of *Greatnesse* ride
Farre from the quiet shore; and where the tide
In ebbs and floods is ghess'd, not truly knowne;
Expert of all estates except their owne;
Keeping their station at the Helme of State,
Not by their Vertues but auspicious *Fate*,
Subiect to calmes of fauour stormes of rage,
Their actions noted as the common Stage,
Who, like a man borne blinde that cannot be
By demonstration shewne what 'tis to see,
Liue still in Ignorance of what they want,
Till *Misery* become the *Adamant*,

And

And touch them for that point; to which, with speed,
None comes so sure as by the hand of *Need*.
A *Mirrour* strange she in her right hand bore,
By which her friends from flatterers heretofore
She could distinguish well; and by her side,
(As in her full of happinesse) vntide,
Vnforc'd, and vncompell'd, did sadly goe
(As if partaker of his *Mistresse* woe)
A louing *Spaniell*, from whose rugged backe
(The onely thing (but death) she moanes to lacke)
She plucks the haire, and working them in pleats
Further the suit which *Modestie* intreats.
Men call her *Athliot*: who cannot be
More wretched made by *infelicitie*,
Vnlesse she here had an immortall breath,
Or liuing thus, liu'd timorous of death.
Out of her lowly and forsaken dell
She running came, and cri'd to *Philorel*, (where
Helpe! helpe! kinde shepherd helpe! see yonder
A lowely *Lady* hung vp by the haire,
Struggles, but mildly struggles with the *Fates*,
Whose thread of life spun to a thread that mates
Dame *Natures* in her haire, staies them to wonder,
While too fine twisting makes it breake in sunder.
So shrinkes the *Rose* that with the flames doth meet;
So gently bowes the *Virgin*-parchment sheet,
So rowle the waues vp and fall out againe,
As all her beautious parts, and all in vaine.
Farre, farre, aboue my helpe or hope in trying,
Vnknowne, and so more miserably dying,

Smothring

Smothring her torments, in her panting breſt,
She meekly waits the time of her long reſt.
Haſten! ô haſten then! kinde Shepherd haſte.
He went with her: And *Celia* (that had grac'd
Him paſt the world beſides) ſeeing the way
He had to goe, not farre, reſts on the lay. (Loue
'Twas neere the place where *Pans* transformed
Her guilded lauues diſplaid, and boldly ſtroue
For luſtre with the *Sun*: a ſacred tree
(Pal'd round) and kept from violation free:
Whoſe ſmalleſt ſpray remoou'd, we neuer prize
At leſſe then life. Here, though her heauenly eyes
From him ſhe lou'd could ſcarce afford a ſight,
(As if for him they onely had their light)
Thoſe kinde and brighter Stars were knowne to erre
And to all miſery betrayed her.
For turning them aſide, ſhe (hapleſſe) ſpies
The *holy Tree*, and (as all *nouelties*
In tempting women haue ſmall labour loſt
Whether for value nought, or of more coſt)
Led by the hand of vncontroll'd deſire
She roſe, and thither went. A wreſted Bryre
Onely kept cloſe the gate which led into it,
(Eaſie for any all times to vndoe it,
That with a pious hand hung on the tree
Garlands or raptures of ſweet *Poeſie*)
Which by her opened, with vnweeting hand,
A little ſpray ſhe pluckt, whoſe rich leaues fan'd
And chatter'd with the ayre, as who ſhould ſay
Doe not for once, ô doe not this bewray!

Nor

Nor giue sound to a tongue for that intent
"Who ignorantly sinnes, dies innocent.
By this was *Philocel* returning backe,
And in his hand the *Lady*; for whose wrack
Nature had cleane forsworne to frame a wight
So wholly pure, so truly exquisite:
But more deform'd, and from a rough-hewne mold,
Since what is best liues seldome to be old.
Within their sight was fairest *Celia* now
Who drawing neere, the life-priz'd golden bough
Her Loue beheld. And as a Mother kinde
What time the new-cloath'd trees by gusts of winde
Vnmou'd, stand wistly listning to those layes
The feather'd Quiristers vpon their sprayes
Chaunt to the merry *Spring*, and in the *Euen*
She with her little *sonne* for pleasure giuen,
To tread the fring'd bankes of an amorous flood,
That with her musicke courts a sullen wood,
Where euer talking with her onely *blesse*
That now before and then behinde her is,
She stoopes for flowres the choisest may be had,
And bringing them to please her prittie *Lad*,
Spies in his hand some banefull flowre or weed,
Whereon he gins to smell, perhaps to feed;
With a more earnest haste she runs vnto him,
And puls that from him which might else vndoe him:
So to his *Celia* hastned *Philocel*,
And raught the *bough* away. Hid it, and fell
To question if she broke it, or if then
An eye beheld her? Of the race of men

(Replide

(Replide she) when I tooke it from the tree
Assure your selfe was none to testifie,
But what hath past since in your hand, behold
A fellow running yonder o're the *Weld*
Is well inform'd of. Can there *(Lone)* insue
Tell me! oh tell me! any wrong to you,
By what my hand hath ignorantly done?
(Quoth fearefull *Celia*) *Philocel!* be won
By these vnfained teares, as I by thine,
To make thy greatest sorrowes partly mine!
Cleere vp these showres (my *Sun*) quoth *Philocel*,
The ground it needs not. Nought is so from *Well*
But that reward and kinde intreaties may
Make smooth the front of wrath, and this allay.
Thus wisely he suppreſt his height of woe,
And did resolue, since none but they did know
Truly who rent it: And the hatefull Swaine
That lately past by them vpon the Plaine
(Whom well he knew did beare to him a hate,
(Though vndeserued) so inueterate
That to his vtmost powre he would assay
To make his life haue ended with that day.)
Except in his, had seene it in no hand,
That *hee* against all throes of *Fate* would stand,
Acknowledge it his deed, and so afford
A passage to his heart for *Iustice* sword,
Rather then by *her* losse the world should be
Despiz'd and scorn'd for loosing such as she.
Now (with a vow of secrecy from *both*)
Inforcing mirth, he with them homewards go'th;

And

And by the time the shades of mighty woods
Began to turne them to the *Easterne Floods*,
They thither got: where with vndaunted heart
He welcomes both; and freely doth impart
Such dainties as a Shepherds cottage yeelds
Tane from the fruitfull woods and fertile fields:
No way distracted nor disturb'd at all.
And to preuent what likely might befall
His truest *Celia*, in his apprehending
Thus to all future care gaue finall ending:
Into their cup (wherein for such sweet Girles
Nature would *Myriades* of richest *Pearles*
Dissolue, and by her powrefull simples striue
To keepe them still on earth, and still aliue)
Our Swaine infus'd a powder, which they drancke:
And to a pleasant *roome* (set on a banke
Neere to his Cote, where he did often vse
At vacant houres to entertaine his *Muse*)
Brought them, and seated on a curious bed
Till what he gaue in operation sped,
And rob'd them of his sighs, and him of theirs,
Whose new inlightning will be quench'd with teares.

The *Glasse* of *Time* had well nye spent the *Sand*
It had to runne, ere with impartiall hand
Iustice must to her vpright *Ballance* take him.
Which he (afraid it might too soone forsake him)
Began to vse, as quickly as perforce,
And of his Loue thus tooke his latest leaue.

Celia! thou fairest creature, euer eye
Beheld, or yet put on mortalitie!

Celia

Celia that hast but just so much of earth,
As makes thee capable of death: Thou birth
Of every Vertue, life of every good;
Whose chastest sports, and daily taking food
Is imitation of the highest powres,
Who to the earth send seasonable showres,
That it may beare, we to their Altars bring
Things worthy their accept, our offering,
I the most wretched creature ever eye
Beheld, or yet put on mortalitie,
Vnhappy *Philocel*, that haste of earth
Too much to give my sorrowes endlesse birth,
The spring of sad misfortunes, in whom lyes
No blisse that with thy worth can sympathize,
Clouded with woe that hence will never flie
Till deaths eternall night grow one with it,
I as a dying *Swan* that sadly sings
Her moanfull *Dirge* vnto the silver springs,
Which careless of her Song glide sleeping by
Without one murmure of kinde *Elegie*,
Now stand by thee, and as a *Turtle* mourne,
With lamentations inarticulate,
The neere departure from her love bemones,
Spend these my boceless sighes and killing groanes.
Here as a man (by *Iustice* doome) exilde
To Coasts vnknowne, to Desarts rough and wilde,
Stand I to take my lastest leave of thee,
Whose happy and thee vn-making company
Might I enioy in *Libia's* Continent,
Were blest fruition and not banishment.

First of those *Eyes* that haue already tane
Their leaue of me: *Lamps* burning for the *Phœnix*
Of heauens most powre, & which might ne're expire
But be as sacred as the *Vestall fire*:
Then of those plots, where halfe-Ros'd Lillies be,
Not one by *Art* but *Natures* industry,
From which I goe as one excluded from
The taintlesse flowres of blest *Elizium*.
Next from those *Lips* I part, and may there be
No one that shall hereafter second me:
Guiltlesse of any kisses but their owne,
Their sweets but to themselues to all vnknowne:
For should our Swaines diuulge what sweets there be
Within the Sea-clipt bounds of *Britannie*,
We should not from inuasions be exempted;
But with that prize would all the world be tempted.
Then from her *heart*: o no! let that be neuer,
For if I part from hence I dye for euer.
Be that the *Record* of my loue and name,
Be that to me as is the *Phœnix* flame:
Creating still anew what *Iustice* doome
Must yeeld to dust and a forgotten toombe.
Let thy chaste loue so me (as shadowes runne
In full extent vnto the setting Sunne)
Meet with my fall, and when that I am gone
Backe to thy selfe returne, and there grow one.
If to a second light thy shadow be
Let him still haue his ray of loue from me;
And if as I, that like wise doe decline,
Be mine or his, or else be his and mine.

But

But know no other, nor againe be sped,
" She dyes a virgin that but knowes one bed.
And now from all at once my leaue I take,
With this petition, that when thou shalt wake,
My teares already spent may serue for thine
And all thy sorrowes be excus'd by mine:
Yea rather then my losse should draw on them,
(He that Heauen the suit which my (all soule prefers)
Let this her slumber like *Ogygia's* threaw
Make her beleeue our loue was but a dreame:
Let me be dead in her as to the earth,
Ere Nature loose the grace of such a birth.
Sleepe thou sweet soule from all disquiet free,
And since I now beguile thy destinie,
Let a free patience in thy breast arise,
To giue his name a life who for thee dies.
He dyes for thee that worthy is to dye,
Since now in leauing that sweet harmonie
Which Nature wrought in thee, he drawes not to him
Enough of sorrow that might streight vndoe him.
And haue for meanes of death his parting hence,
So keeping Iustice still in Innocence.

Here staid his tongue, and teares anew began.
" Parting knowes more of griefe then absence can,
And with a backward pace and lingring eye
Left and for euer left their company.
By this the curs'd *Informer* of the *deede*
With wings of mischiefe (and those haue most speed)
Vnto the *Priests* of *Pan* had made it knowne.
And (though with griefe enough) were thither flown

With strict command the Officers that ben
As hands of *Iustice* in her each decree.
Those vnto iudgement brought him: where accus'd
That with vnhappy hand he had abus'd
The *holy Tree*; and by the oath of him
Whose eye beheld the separated limb,
All doubts dissolu'd; quicke iudgement was awarded,
(And but last night) that hither strongly guarded
This morne he should be brought; & from yond rock
(Where euery houre new store of mourners flocke)
He should be head-long throwne (too hard a doome)
To be depriu'd of life, and dead, of toombe.

This is the cause faire *Goddesse* that appeares
Before you now clad in an old mans teares,
Which willingly flow out, and shall doe more
Then many *Women* haue seene heretofore.

But *Father* (quoth she) let me vnderstand
How you are sure that it was *Celia's* hand
Which rent the branch; and then (if you can) tell
What *Nymph* it was which neere the lonely *Dell*
Your shepherd succour'd. Quoth the good old man:
The last time in her *Orbe* pale *Cynthia* ran,
I to the prison went, and from him knew
(Vpon my vow) what now is knowne to you.
And that the Lady which he found distrest
Is *Fida* call'd, a Maid not meanly blest
By heauens endowments, and: Alas! I see
Kinde *Philocel* ingirt with misery,
More strong then by his bonds, is drawing nigh
The place appointed for his tragedie.

You

You may, walke thither and behold his fall;
While I come neere enough, yet not at all.
Nor shall it need I to my sorrow knit
The griefe of knowing with beholding it.

The *Goddesse* went: (but ere she came did shrowd
Her selfe from euery eye within a *cloud*)
Where she beheld the *Shepherd* on his way,
Much like a *Bridegroome* on his marriage-day;
Increasing not his miserie with feare,
Others for him, but he shed not a teare.
His knitting sinewes did not tremble ought,
Nor to vnusuall palpitation brought
Was or his heart or lyuer, nor his eye,
Nor tongue, nor colour shew'd a dread to dye.
His resolution keeping with his spirit,
(Both worthy him that did them both inherit)
Held in subiection euery thought of feare,
Scorning so base an executioner.

Some time he spent in speech, and then began
Submissely prayer to the name of *Pan*,
When sodainly this cry came from the Plaines:
From guiltlesse blood be free ye *Britisb* Swaines!
Mine be those bonds, and mine the death appointed!
Let me be head-long thrown, these limbs dislioynted!
Or if you needs must hurle him from that brim,
Except I dye there dyes but part of him.
Doe then right *Iustice* and performe your oath!
Which cannot be without the death of both.

Wonder, drew thitherward their drowned eyes,
And *Sorrow Philocels*. Where he espies,

What he did onely feare, the beautious Maid,
His wofull *Celia*, whom (ere night arraid
Last time the world in suit of mournfull blacke,
More darke then vse, as to bemone their wracke)
He at his cottage left in sleepes soft armes,
By powre of simples and the force of charmes,
Which time had now dissolu'd, and made her know
For what impen'g her Loue had left her so.
She staid not to awake her *mate* in *sleepe*,
Nor to bemone her *Fate*. She scorn'd to weepe,
Or haue the passion that within her lyes
So distant from her heart as in her eyes.
But rending of her haire, her throbbing breast
Beating with ruthlesse strokes, she onwards prest
As an inraged furious Lioneſſe,
Through vncouth trendings of the wilderneſſe,
In hot pursuit of late misled brood.
The name of *Philocel* speakes euery wood,
And she begins it still, and still her pace.
Her face-deckt anger, anger deckt her face.
So ran distracted *Hecuba* along
The streets of *Troy*. So did the people throng
With helpleſſe hands and heauy hearts to see
Their wofull ruine in her progenie.
As harmleſſe flocks of sheepe that neerely fed
Vpon the open plaines wide scattered,
Ran all afront, and gaz'd with earneſt eye
(Not without teares) while thus she passed by.
Springs that long time before had held no drop,
Now welled forth and ouer-went the top,

Birds

Birds left to pay the Spring their wonted vowes,
And all forlorne fate drooping on the boughes.
Sheep, Springs and Birds, nay trees vnwonted groned
Bewail'd her chance, and forc'd it from the stones.
Thus came she to the place (where aged men,
Maidens, and wiues, and youth and children
That had but newly learnt their Mothers name,
Had almost spent their teares before she came.)
And those her earnest and related words
Threw from her breast; and vnto them affords
These as the meanes to further her pretence:
Receiue not on your soules, by Innocence
Wrong'd, lasting staines; which from a fluce the *Sea*
May still wash o're but neuer wash away.
Turne all your wraths on me; for here behold
The hand that tore your sacred *Tree* of *gold*;
These are the feet that led to that intent;
Mine was th'offence, be mine the punishment.
Long hath he liu'd among you, and he knew
The danger imminent that would insue;
His vertuous life speakes for him, heare it then:
And cast not hence the miracle of men:
What now he doth is through some discontent,
Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment.
What certaine death could neuer make him doe
(With *Celia's* losse) her presence forc'd him to.
She that could cleere his greatest clouds of woes,
Some part of woman made him now disclose,
And shew'd him all in teares: And for a while
Out of his heart vnable to exile

His troubling thoughts in words to be conceiu'd;
But weighing what the world should be bereau'd,
He of his sighes and throbs some license wan,
And to the sad spectators thus began:
Hasten! ô haste! the houre's already gone,
Doe not deferre the execution!
Nor make my patience suffer ought of wrong!
'Tis nought to dye, but to be dying long!
Some fit of Frenzie hath possest the Maid,
She could not doe it, though she had assaid,
No bough growes in her reach; nor hath the tree
A spray so weake to yeeld to such as she.
To win her loue I broke it, but vnknowne
And vndesir'd of her; Then let her owne
No touch of preiudice without consent,
Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment!
O! who did euer such contention see
Where death stood for the prize of victory?
Where loue and strife were firme and truly knowne,
And where the victor must be ouerthrowne?
Where both pursude, and both held equall strife
That life should further death, death further life.
Amazement strucke the multitude. And now
They knew not which way to performe their vow.
If onely *one* should be depriu'd of breath,
They were not certaine of th'offenders death;
If *both* of them should dye for that offence,
They certainly should murder *Innocence*;
If *none* did suffer for it, then there ran
Vpon their heads the wrath and curse of *Pan*.

This

This much perplex'd and mad'd them to defer
The deadly hand of th'Executioner,
Till they had sent an Officer to know
The *Iudges* wils: (and those with *Fates* doe goe)
Who backe returnd, and thus with teares began:
The Substitutes on earth of mighty *Pan*,
Haue thus decreed (although the one be free)
To cleare themselues from all impunitie,
If, who the offender is, no meanes procure,
Th'offence is certaine, be their death as sure.
This is their doome (which may all plagues preuent)
To haue the guilty kill the innocent.

Looke as two little Lads (their parents treasure)
Vnder a *Tutor* strictly kept from pleasure;
While they their new-giuen lesson closely scan
Heare of a message by their fathers man,
That one of them, but which he hath forgot,
Must come along and walke to some faire plot;
Both haue a hope: their careful *Tutor* loth
To hinder either, or to license both;
Sends backe the Messenger that he may know
His Masters pleasure which of them must goe:
While both his Schollers stand alike in feare
Both of their freedome and abiding there,
The Seruant comes and sayes that for that day
Their Father wils to haue them both away:
Such was the feare these louing soules were in
That time the messenger had absent bin.
But farre more was their ioy twixt one another,
In hearing neither should out-liue the other.

Now

Now both inminded, because no conquest won,
Yet either ruinde: *Philarets* begun
To arme his Loue for deaths assault to be vnfit
Till *Hymens* saffron'd weed had vsher'd it.
My fairest *Celia!* come; let thou and I,
That long haue learn'd to loue, now learne to dye;
It is a lesson hard if we discerne it,
Yet none is borne so soone as bound to learne it.
Vnpartiall *Fate* layes ope the *Booke* to vs,
And let vs con it still imbracing thus;
We may it perfect haue, and goe before
Those that haue longer time to read it ore;
And we had need begin and not delay,
For 'tis our turne to read it first to day.
Helpe when I misse, and when thou art in doubt
Ile be thy prompter, and will helpe thee out.
But see how much I erre: vaine *Metaphor*
And elocution *Destinies* abhorre.
Could death be staid with words, or won with teares,
Or mou'd with beauty, or with vnripe yeeres;
Sure thou could'st doe't; this Rose, this Sun-like eye
Should not so soone be quell'd, so quickly dye.
But we must dye my *Loue*; not thou alone,
Nor onely I, but both; and yet but one.
Nor let vs grieue; for we are marryed thus,
And haue by death what life denied vs.
It is a comfort from him more then due;
"Death seuers many, but he couples few.
Life is a *Flood* that keepes vs from our blisse,
The *Ferriman* to waft vs thither, is

Death,

Death, and none else; the sooner we get o're
Should we not thanke the *Ferriman* the more?
Others intreat him for a passage hence,
And groane beneath their griefes and impotence,
Yet (mercilesse) he lets those longer stay,
And sooner takes the happy man away.
Some little happinesse haue thou and I,
Since we shall dye before we wish to dye.
Should we here longer liue, and haue our dayes
As full in number as the most of these,
And in them meet all pleasures may betide,
We *gladly* might haue *liu'd* and *patient dyde*:
When now our fewer yeeres made long by cares
(That without age can snow downe siluer haires)
Make all affirme (which doe our griefes discry)
We *patiently* did *liue*, and *gladly dye*.
The difference (my Loue) that doth appeare
Betwixt our *Fates* and theirs that see vs here,
Is onely this: the high-all-knowing powre
Conceales from them, but tels vs our last houre.
For which to *Heauen* we far-farre more are bound,
Since in the houre of death we may be found
(By its prescience) ready for the hand
That shall conduct vs to the *Holy-land*.
When those, from whom that houre conceal'd is, may
Euen in their height of Sinne be tane away.
Besides, to vs *Iustice* a friend is knowne,
Which neither lets vs dye nor liue alone.
That we are forc'd to it cannot be held;
"Who feares not Death, denies to be compell'd.

O

O that thou were no *Actor* in this Play,
My sweetest *Celia*! or diuorc'd away
From me in this: ô Nature! I confesse
I cannot looke vpon her heauinesse
Without betraying that infirmitie
Which at my birth thy hand bestow'd on me.
Would I had dide when I receiu'd my birth!
Or knowne the graue before I knew the earth!
Heauens! I but one life did receiue from you,
And must so short a loane be paid with two?
Cannot I dye but like that brutish stem
Which haue their best belou'd to dye with them?
O let her liue! some blest powre heare my cry?
Let *Celia* liue and I contented dye.

My *Philocel* (quoth she) neglect these throes!
Aske not for me, nor adde not to my woes!
Can there be any life when thou art gone?
Nay, can there be but desolation?
Art thou so cruell as to wish my stay,
To wait a passage at an vnknowne day?
Or haue me dwell within this Vale of woe
Excluded from those ioyes which thou shalt know?
Enuie not me that blisse! I will assay it,
My loue deserues it, and thou canst not stay it.
Iustice! then take thy doome; for we intend,
Except both liue, no life; one loue, one end.

Thus with embraces, and exhorting other,
With teare-dew'd kisses that had powre to smother;
Their soft and ruddy lips close ioyn'd with either,
That in their deaths their soules might meet together.

With

With prayers as hopefull as sincerely good,
Expecting death they on the Cliffes edge stood;
And lastly were (by one oft forcing breath)
Throwne from the Rocke into the armes of death.
Faire *Thetis* whose command the waues obey,
Loathing the losse of so much worth as they,
Was gone before their fall; and by her powre
The Billowes (mercilesse, vs'd to deuoure,
And not to saue) she made to swell vp high,
Euen at the instant when the tragedy
Of those kinde soules should end: so to receiue them,
And keepe what cruelty would faine bereaue them.
Her heft was soone perform'd: and now they lay
Imbracing on the surface of the Sea,
Void of all sense; a spectacle so sad
That *Thetis*, nor no *Nymph* which there she had,
Touch'd with their woes, could for a while refraine
But from their heauenly eyes did sadly raine
Such showres of teares (so powrefull since diuine)
That euer since the *Sea* doth taste of *Bryne*.
With teares, thus, to make good her first intent
She both the *Louers* to her Chariot hent:
Recalling *Life* that had not cleerely tane
Full leaue of his or her more curious *Phœne*,
And with her praise sung by these thankfull paire
Steer'd on her Coursers (swift as fleeting ayre)
Towards her Pallace built beneath the Seas:
Proud of her iourney, but more proud of these.
By that time *Night* had newly spred her *robe*
Ouer our halfe-part of this massie *Globe*,

She

She won that famous Ile which Ioue did please
To honour with the holy Drvides.
And as the Westerne side she stript along,
Heard (and to staid to heare) this heauy Song.

O Heauen! what may I hope for in this Caue?
A Graue.
But who, to me this last of helpes shall reach?
A Wretch.
Shall none be by pitying so sad a wight?
Yes Night.
Small comfort can befall in his day plight
To me poore Maid, in whose distresses be
Nor hope, nor helpe, nor one to pitie me,
But a cold Graue, a Wretch, and darksome Night.

To digge that Graue what fatall thing appeares?
Thy Teares.
What Bell shall ring me to that bed of ease?
Rough Seas.
And who for Mourners hath my Fate assign'd?
Each Winde.
Can any be debarr'd from such I finde?
When to my Last Rites Gods no other send
To make my Graue, for Knell, or mourning friend,
Then mine own Teares, rough Seas, & gusts of Wind.

Teares must my graue dig: but who bringeth those?
Thy Woes.
What

What Monument *will Heauen my body spare?*
The Ayre.
And what the Epitaph *when I am gone?*
Obliuion.
Most miserable I, and like me none
Both dying, and in death, to whom is lent
Nor Spade, *nor* Epitaph, *nor* Monument.
Excepting Woes, Ayre *and* Obliuion.

The end of this gaue life vnto a grone,
As if her *life* and it had beene but one;
Yet she as careleſſe of reſeruing either,
If poſſible would leaue them both together.
It was the faire *Marina*, almoſt ſpent
With griefe and feare of future famiſhment.
For (hapleſſe chance) but the laſt roſie morne
The willing *Redbreſt* flying through a Thorne,
Againſt a prickle gor'd his tender ſide,
And in an inſtant, ſo, poore creature, dyde.
Thetis much mou'd with thoſe ſad notes ſhe heard,
Her freeing thence to *Triton* ſoone referr'd;
Who found the Caue as ſoone as ſet on ſhore,
And by his ſtrength remouing from the doore
A weighty ſtone, brought forth the fearefull Maid,
Which kindly led where his faire *Miſtreſſe* ſtaid
Was entertain'd as well became her ſort,
And with the reſt ſteer'd on to *Thetis Court*.
For whoſe releaſe from imminent decay
My *Muſe* a while will here keepe *Holy-day*.

FINIS.